THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Isaac F. Marcosson—Rosita Forbes—Clarence Budington Kelland—Ared White
Elsie Singmaster—Kenyon Gambier—Bertram Atkey—Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

. . . and the word went around—

get Silvertowns . . They Pay Their Way

WHEN Goodrich introduced the Silvertown Cord Tire to America, tire beliefs and values were given a new ideal of performance and economy.

Overnight, Silvertowns raised the standard of tire service.

On speedway, highway, and remote trail Silvertown performance won the whole-hearted tribute of the man at the wheel, and a phrase was coined . . . *"Get Silvertowns, They Pay Their Way!"* Full recognition of it by motordom, full credit for Silvertown's matchless traction and endurance, have manifested themselves in a universal demand for Silvertown Service on every type of car.

And for every driving purpose there is a Silvertown. For utmost comfort and secure traction there are Silvertown Balloons—for general usage and economy, Silvertown Standards—for profitable bus and truck operation, Silvertown Heavy Dutys.

Every Goodrich Tire *a Cord* . . .

Our vast tire making equipment is given over exclusively to cord construction. Wherever you see the name Goodrich on a new tire, it is a cord tire . . . and a matchless one.

. . . Get Silvertowns, They Pay Their Way!

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Goodrich Silvertowns

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Men everywhere are wearing Romleys this Spring. No wonder! They're an ideal fabric for a Spring suit. Deep, solid blue—just the shade men want most this season. Blues in unusual new weaves: tilted block patterns, diagonals, tiled effects—nothing like them anywhere, nothing so smart. And Romleys are double service worsteds—that means long wear. They come only in Society Brand. Look for the Romley label on the sleeve.

Society Brand Clothes

Send for Romley folder and name of nearest dealer

ALFRED DECKER & COHN · *Makers* · CHICAGO · NEW YORK

In Canada · SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES LIMITED · *Montreal*

ACTUAL VISITS TO P & G HOMES *No. 3*

"The *pink* one, *please*, mother!"

This romper suit is still Dorothy's pride and joy after more than 50 trips to the tub

Quite by chance we discovered that romper suit.

We were asking women here and there what kind of laundry soap they preferred. When we asked Mrs. Lewis*, she said firmly, "P and G *always*."

"Why?" we asked.

As a reply, she invited us in to a pleasant living room and showed us the romper suit.

"Dorothy's favorite costume," she smiled. "She's getting so big she almost bursts out of it—but she always *will* wear it when it's clean. It's been washed more than 50 times in P and G. Yet it is still pink and fresh, as you can see."

And then she held up a dainty rose-sprigged challis dress that belonged to nine-year-old Louise. "Washed three times in P and G—you would never guess it had been washed at all. This gingham dress I have on has been washed for three years in P and G, and it hasn't faded a bit. Do you wonder I like P and G? I *have* tried other soaps but never more than once. With P and G I never have to boil. I never really rub a neckband or a wristband—that is, not what *I* call rubbing. I use P and G for my rag rugs, my curtains and all my woodwork, too. P and G is a household friend."

Millions of women all over the country feel just as kindly as Mrs. Lewis toward P and G. It gives them such beautiful white clothes with so much less rubbing and boiling. In any kind of water—hot or cold, hard or soft—it does their work in less time. There is no mystery about its supremacy—it is simply a better soap. *Of course*, it is the largest-selling soap in America! We feel sure that you will find it a better soap for *your* washing and cleaning, too.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

*We have her *real* name, if you would like to know it.

The largest-selling laundry soap in America

There is no mystery about the supremacy of P and G—it is simply a better soap.

A laundry hint from Mrs. Lewis

"After I have sprinkled my clothes, I always shake them out and fold them smoothly. Then I roll them up in something to keep them damp all over. Otherwise they dry along the edges, and when ironed, sometimes show streaks."

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The Menace of Commodity Control

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

WHEN you examine this still-troubled world, and especially the European wing of it, you discover that a curious paradox obtains. It lies in the fact that certain elements have not functioned true to form.

First came oil, generally believed to be the one certain allayer of troubled waters. Instead, it developed into such an international irritant that Foreign Offices have been more concerned about the stewardship of petroleum sources than about mandates and armaments. Oil has clogged the machinery of diplomacy.

It proved to be the prelude to another disconcerting phenomenon big with significance for us. Rubber, generally a cushion, has figuratively failed of its proverbial purpose. The crisis over what the American manufacturer, who consumes more than 70 per cent of the entire supply, regarded as an excessive price, due to British official control, brought the two main branches of the industry into sharp and acrimonious conflict. Crude rubber was, and remains, everything but an elastic proposition so far as stabilization of consumer cost is concerned.

PHOTO, COPYRIGHT BY THE GOODYEAR TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY

Tapping a Hevea Rubber Tree on a Sumatra Plantation

The rubber impasse, however, did much more than air the differences between seller and buyer. It brought home the acute realization of our dependence upon foreign sources of supply for various commodities essential to the conduct of our life and industry. Whether we get a raw deal in raw materials is not the point. The larger fact is that alien monopolies, whether direct or virtual, exist in them and they touch every American regardless of his social or fiscal status.

Our Yearly Tribute to Foreign Monopolies

FEW stop to appreciate the extent of this material subserviency, for such it is. A concrete revelation of it is a jolt to our chronic obsession of self-sufficiency. We are so accustomed to point with that well-known pleasurable pride indulged in by after-dinner orators to our vast cotton, wheat and corn crops, and likewise to our immense reserve of copper, oil and iron, that we fail to comprehend the part that other necessary products that we neither mine, grow nor dominate play in our daily lives.

The daily ride that we take in motor car or omnibus, the coffee we drink, the bread we consume, the quinine that relieves our cold, the tanning extract in the shoes we wear, the silk that adorns our person, the pepper that makes our food palatable, the nitrates for our gunpowder, the potash for our farms, the iodine that heals our wounds—I have indicated only the major ones—alone roll up the tidy tribute of $800,000,000 which we pay each year to foreign monopolies or controls of some kind. Our total annual payment for materials that are controlled, or could be manipulated under some kind of governmental supervision, is more than $2,000,000,000.

Price Flux

A RISING price in any of these imports penetrates to the humblest American farm and fireside and penalizes the family budget. The slightest fluctuation in the cost of sisal, the fiber from which twine is made, means an increased burden upon our agriculturists and therefore upon the consumers of bread. But the domestic side is only one phase of the picture, because the manufacturer gets the reaction as well. He is unable to regulate his business adequately when the policy of some government dictates the destiny of the raw materials he must employ. In the case of rubber, an artificial shortage was created by the legislative decree embodied in the so-called Stevenson Act. In consequence, what was regarded at the time of its inception as a fair price of thirty-six cents a pound expanded to the inflated rate of $1.21 a pound. Yet under the same control it went down to twenty cents a pound in London.

Though these wide extremes were not due to any premeditated action on the part of the British growers, they did result from the shrinkage of stocks which followed the operation of restriction, and these stocks are, when all is said and done, the safety valve of the business. Obviously such procedure, when investment in raw material reaches large sums—our bill for crude rubber last year was not far under the $500,000,000 mark—is likely to imperil an enterprise no matter how strongly it is financially intrenched.

For years we followed the line of least resistance in this matter of foreign manipulation of essential commodities. One reason was that in the main we are a complacent people. Another grew out of the bountiful prosperity that fattened the pay envelope everywhere. We seldom demurred even at a gouge.

Occasionally, as was the case with coffee, protest arose. We knew all along that the valorization of the São Paulo product, one of the finest little copper-riveted trusts in the world, was the creation of the government which kept millions of bags of the bean out of the market and thereby maintained an excessive price. When that price got too high, what amounted to a buyers' strike throughout the United States was declared and a boycott impended. Consumption fell 20 per cent.

The coffee situation was not difficult to meet, because there are various substitutes. Not so with rubber. The long dream of a synthetic article, which will mean a super rajah's ransom for the lucky discoverer, continues unfulfilled for all practical purposes. Science is

still in the dark regarding the understudy for the latex, or milk, that flows from the rubber tree which, when smoked, becomes the much-desired crude. Meanwhile, to make tires, you must have the real thing. Not only is it grown outside American confines, whether in the East or the West, but the bulk of the production is under the British flag, subject to restriction as to release of crop. As I have just said, we can dispense with coffee if we must, for there are a number of substitutes. On the other hand, we cannot do without rubber, and here is where the squeeze comes in.

Just how imperative our need of it is you gather from the well-known fact that there is approximately an automobile for every six persons in the United States, and therefore the spectacle of a Yankee world pneumatically awheel. So largely has the motortruck entered into our national life that a considerable portion of our transport now depends upon some kind of tire.

Rubber need begins with the cradle and ends only with the grave. It is the span from the nipple on the baby's milk bottle to the last ride in the motor hearse. Furthermore, three great American industries—rubber manufacturing, which among other things produced 59,000,000 tires last year, the automotive and the oil through the gasoline used in the automobile—depend upon the crude product. The aggregate capital invested in this trio of industries alone approximates $14,000,000,000. Then, too, steel, coal as fuel and a wide range of other productions are also linked with rubber. Thus it is not only a key industry in the fullest sense of the word but also the Achilles' rubber heel, so to speak, in the whole structure of American industry. In plainer English, it is our most vulnerable spot.

The amazing reflection, usually arrived at when the piper has been paid—and this is notably true in the case of rubber—is that, with the dependence that I have briefly outlined, we ever permitted our supply of the crude to continue in the hands of our British cousins. We produce less than 3 per cent of the rubber we consume. It has been a costly indifference.

The trade, to be sure, has a good alibi, because it did not know from year to year what the demand would be. Had we been able to make anything like an accurate forecast, British restriction might not have worked as it did. The fundamental trouble has been that the problematical thing called motor-car saturation remains elusive. Again, it takes not less than seven years for a rubber tree to bear commercial fruit. This fact, without any doubt, has operated against big production by Americans, who temperamentally are not addicted to long waits on invested money. They want quick action on the overhead, and rubber is not in the hasty-return class. Finally, unlike the British, whose love of merchant and economic adventure overseas goes back to the days of Drake and Raleigh, we are not particularly fond of venturing or planting our capital far afield. The great cultivated rubber area—that is, the plantation belt which has practically put the wild product out of commission—is in Malaya, Ceylon, Java and Sumatra.

The Raw Materials of War

HENCE the disclosures that came with the agitation over the advance in price were eyeopeners for the average American, who had heretofore renewed his tires with little thought or knowledge of where the principal material in them originated. At the peak of price inflation, rubber constituted nearly 70 per cent of the material cost of the tire.

It was only when Secretary of Commerce Hoover, first in a public speech at Erie and later in testimony before congressional hearings, arraigned alien monopolies in raw materials, using the abnormal increase in the price of crude rubber as the peg on which to hang his argument, that the fat was really in the fire.

Almost overnight everybody began to think and talk rubber. The motorist suddenly started to figure out his tire costs and wondered where they would go. Automobile and tire manufacturers were drawn together in a community of interests such as only an emergency of this kind can evoke. John Bull was pilloried as a monopolist who took the short view about his best rubber customer.

As a matter of dispassionate fact, and in simple justice to the British, let me say here that if conditions had been reversed we might have done precisely the same thing, except that the Sherman Antitrust Law would have cramped our monopolistic style. Indeed, you have only to refresh your mind on our agricultural history to discover that demands for the erection of control somewhat similar to existing rubber restriction were made on our Government between 1921 and 1923. In their plight following price deflation of farm products, the wheat growers wanted various kinds of government aid, including the purchase of surplus, help in export and a revival of the Grain Corporation.

These demands were not met, because they were more or less local—the United States is not an entirely agricultural country—and also because of the opposition to government control in any form. The truth is that but for the courage and foresight of the British, who laid out their plantations years ago, the American miracle of motor expansion might not have been possible.

Be that as it may, the issue is deeper and broader than the price of a particular commodity which happens to be vivid in the public mind.

To quote Secretary Hoover:

"It involves the whole policy that our country shall pursue toward a comparatively new and growing menace in international commerce and relations. This development not only threatens the sane progress of the world but contains in it great dangers to international good will."

To verify the truth of this observation, let us revert to the World War for a moment. Whatever the other contributory causes, the underlying motives of the struggle that shook the world grew out of conflicting ambitions for the political control of the industrial weapon, chief of which is raw materials. It was not only the sentiment involved in the loss of Alsace and Lorraine that sowed the seeds of hate and the desire for revenge in the French. Rather was it also inspired to no inconsiderable degree by the stores of steel and potash in the lost provinces. Germany was mad with what was nothing less than lust for international economic prestige. That well-known place in the world sun had to be consolidated at any cost.

In war as in peace, the acute need is for raw products. It was the breakdown on her economic front, first due to lack of food, but also to a dearth of rubber and copper, that forced the old Hohenzollern empire to its knees. During our Civil War, England was hard put for cotton because of the blockade in the South.

This sort of history is constantly repeating itself. More recently England and Turkey almost came to grips, not so much over frontiers as over Mosul oil and the determination on the part of the former to protect that long Persian flank where reposes the black gold of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, in which the British Government owns a controlling share. So it goes.

It means that where wars were once waged for territorial conquest, they now find their root in commercial rivalries. Half a dozen Locarno Pacts will not prevail against that irresistible force so often camouflaged as nationalism, which in reality is the instinct for economic self-preservation in terms of countries or empires. Any serious difference therefore over raw materials has in it possibilities for momentous international dislocation, and worse. The rubber crisis, of course, contains no such menace; but any analysis of the bigger problem involved must necessarily take cognizance of this detail.

Our Gain From the Rubber Crisis

SO MUCH for what might be termed the political aspect which is the inevitable consequence of government interference of any sort with business or production. We are not concerned with remote diplomatic entanglements over rubber. As was the case with coffee, the rubber episode has very wisely been left to the industry for adjustment.

What does interest us is the vital issue raised by the latest controversy over raw materials. The price of rubber is an incident in a much weightier problem. Price in the end will regulate itself, because the law of demand and supply is greater than arbitrary and artificial control.

Rubber, despite the price we paid for the knowledge, has served the purpose of arousing us to our dependence upon foreign sources for many of the essential materials we use. Out of all the din and dust kicked up emerges one clear-cut question. Summed up, it is: Will we heed the lesson of the agitated hour, write a declaration of commodity independence and—what is more important—translate it into action? In other words, will we profit by the avalanche of publicity about rubber and make ourselves self-sufficient as far as it is humanly possible to do so?

Here is a proposition of supreme significance to our future productive machine. To illustrate: A reduction of eight cents in the price of coffee means an annual saving to our householders of more than $110,000,000. A decrease of twenty-five cents a pound in rubber, based on our annual consumption of 900,000,000 pounds, conserves $225,000,000. If we could produce enough rubber to influence the market—it is estimated that 100,000 tons would do the job—there would be an end of the restriction that has taken such costly toll and wrought so much misunderstanding.

In this and the succeeding articles of this series an effort, based on first-hand investigation at home and abroad, will be made to interpret all the foreign monopolies in raw materials and to ascertain just what we can do to circumvent them. To achieve this it will be necessary to analyze the business of control in nine major commodities, including rubber, coffee, nitrates and potash, which comprise the big four. There are at least twenty-five others which, to coin a word from the name of the British peer whose title is attached to rubber restriction, might easily be Stevensonized. In fact, some are on the way to restriction at the moment I write, as you will presently see.

But this is only part of the task in hand.

To present an adequate picture of what we are up against, and to point the way out, many lands

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PHOTO BY GOODYEAR NEWS SERVICE

A Wild Hevea (Para) Tree in the Brazilian Forests

PROSPERITY—WHAT IS IT?

By Henry Ford—As Told to William A. McGarry

A FIVE-DAY working week would extend American prosperity rather than decrease it. The reason is that men are more conscious of new needs in their leisure time than when they are busy. Moreover, leisure affords opportunity to use what has been produced. The shorter week has heretofore been used only to keep down production during temporary periods of lessened demand. It was considered better than no work at all. I believe we are going to avoid such periods in the future by adopting the five-day week for exactly the opposite reason—to increase opportunities for the use of all products. When that is done men will need more time for spending money.

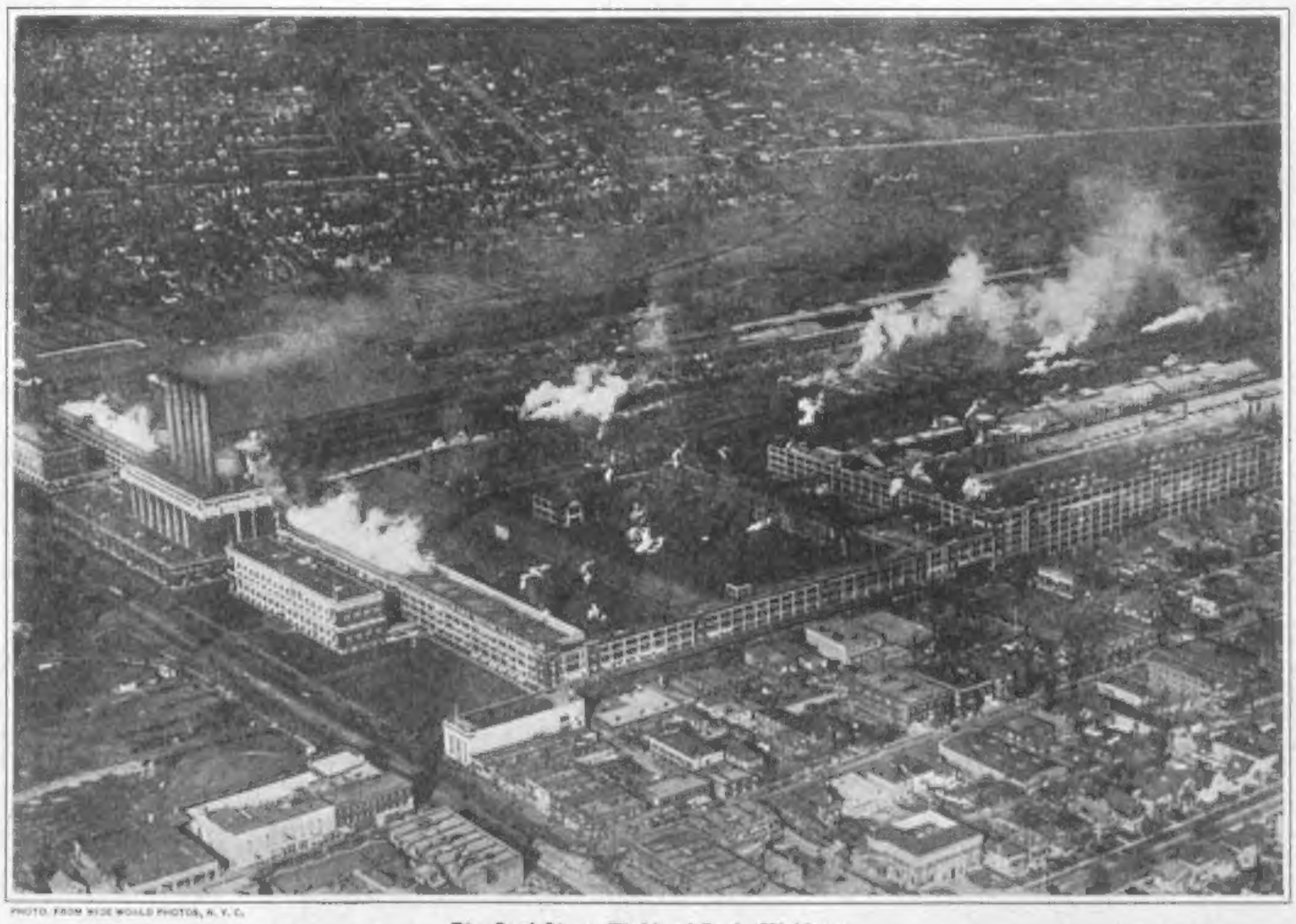

PHOTO FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, N. Y. C.

The Ford Plant, Highland Park, Michigan

The good old days, when men and women and children worked twelve hours a day, and more, were not prosperous. It was only when people got more leisure to enjoy life that they began to demand more of everything. That led to the ten-hour day and later to the eight-hour day. When the ten-hour day was first proposed many employers fought the idea. They said it would demoralize business, that all the available workers could not produce enough to keep the world supplied with its needs in such a short working day.

The same objection was raised to the eight-hour day. It was a case of keeping their customers too busy to buy. All these men knew that people are happy only when they have something to do. It never occurred to them to wonder what the workers were doing with their spare time. If they had, they would have discovered that leisure hours are full of wants which business hours must supply. The more spare time people have, the more they can arrange their lives as they want them; and they will work to keep them up to that standard.

Less Work and More Production

THAT is what I have in mind regarding the five-day week. It would help rather than hinder prosperity, just as inevitably as higher wages do. Both will come about through increased production. Men are getting four and five times the wage for the eight-hour day that was paid for fifteen hours fifty years ago. That is not because employers are more generous. It is not an indication of social enlightenment, whatever that is. It is due solely to the fact that they are producing more.

It therefore goes without saying that production in the five-day week must at least equal the output now possible in five and a half or six days. Anyone who knows about the development of machinery will not think this to be a difficult task. Labor already has been tremendously multiplied, but we are only beginning. In our plant at Dearborn we are building a complicated machine eighty feet long to perform in one operation a task now requiring several machines, and men to operate them. By the time it is finished someone may have gone back to first causes to discover an entirely new method of manufacture.

Let me illustrate: You ask me to give my opinion on the value of mass production and elimination of waste, among other factors, in the creation of prosperity. Well, take a thing like this little washer. The modern practice has been to stamp such parts out of sheets. For years engineers have been at work devising ways and means of eliminating or using the waste. Other industries have worked on the same problem, and some interesting uses have been developed for the scrap. The bulk of it, however, has been useful only when worked over—rolled into sheets again.

Until recently everybody took the sheet form for granted, and assumed there could be no substitute for it. If that were true, then we had reached the limit in eliminating the waste. But the real waste was in the sheet form itself. It was never adapted to the use of all the material. Some time ago we hit on the idea of preparing round bars instead of sheets, cutting off the washers in desired thicknesses by automatic machinery. This process, when perfected, will not only eliminate waste at the source, it will also make possible a more rapid production of washers.

Discoveries such as this check me up at times when I find myself tempted to admit that we have almost reached the limit in the elimination of waste. As a matter of fact, there is no limit now in sight. If there were some rule that industry must not discard any of its ancient first processes, then we could say that we had gone as far as it was possible to go in preventing or using waste in our plants.

The six-day week will become ancient history, because it no longer meets the demands of life. "Nothing is permanent except change," as Emerson says. That we have been changing is plain enough, and all that is needed to lop off a day from the standard working week is for enough people to see it.

When the five-day week becomes standard we shall really begin to learn something about prosperity in this country. Perhaps we shall then stop regarding prosperity as a stroke of luck which cannot last and which must be exploited to the limit while we have it. That is the only thing wrong with the present situation—the attitude of regarding prosperity as accidental and liable to accident. We can have our present rate of prosperity as long as we want to keep it. My estimate would be that it will continue until we have established even better conditions.

We cannot just stand still. We must have even greater prosperity, or we shall have less. It is not only a matter of raising the peak but of increasing the spread. We must bring prosperity to more and more people. There should be no poor class, no fringes of poverty in human society. Prosperity on the stock market alone is a great delusion. It is not prosperity until it has penetrated to the back streets and spread itself to every element of the people.

No one can ever estimate the importance of high wages in the development of a period of prosperity, because nobody knows just what a wage is. We know some of the things that enter into it, and some that ought to, but we do not know them all. All anyone can say is that wages are more or less a measurement of the value of work. The real value, of course, is in the work. Everything gets its value from the amount of work that is put into it. That is our real wealth, and wages are but a method of distributing the real wealth of work to the people.

Nevertheless, a high wage alone will not make prosperity. Wages do not create the demand for any product. They only make possible the satisfaction of a demand. The first essential is to produce something that will be of use, at the lowest possible price. Prosperity is the plentiful production and freest possible exchange of what people need for what they produce.

How to Make Prosperity Continuous

YOU will notice that I say "exchange." People must have the wherewithal to buy. It is easy to dispose of goods, but that is not necessarily exchange. Credit may be given, and too much credit is dangerous to prosperity. It is better to raise wages or to reduce prices than give too much credit.

Teaching the people that debt is easy is bad business. We should teach them instead to spend wisely. I appreciate, of course, that the prices of some things—homes, for instance—are generally beyond a workingman's immediate purchasing power. Installment payments in such cases are justified. The duration of the commodity extends beyond the life of the debt. But in how many instances, under our present indiscriminate credit, is the commodity used up before it is paid for! When a family's income is mortgaged up to the hilt by installment payments, that family is just as definitely out of the buying market for the time being as if it were saving up money for purchases later on. There is only temporary magic in credit, and the cost of it is rather higher than any of the parties like to admit.

If men would only profit by experience and have the courage to brave a period of calm rather than plunge into a riot of false prosperity, there is no reason why we should not make prosperity continuous and universal. Our people live with less sordid hardship than any other country of the world, and this has been done by the use of mass production, utilization and then elimination of waste, high wages and low prices. Yet you can pick up a newspaper any day and read warnings from experts advising business men to be prepared for curtailment of production. There still exist employers who want to reduce wages. These men do not belong in their business. Some men should never have become employers.

If business today depended only on the purchases of the so-called leisure class—those who get money without work—we should not be worrying how to sustain it. There would not be any business left to worry about. It is commonplace to say that the rich man cannot eat or wear any

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PUM! PO! PUM! PO!

"Perhaps You Would Do Well to Search Elsewhere. Unless You Prefer to be Cooked Here Instead of Donna Agatina's Fowl"

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

LUKE FERVAL was nearly thirty—that is to say, he was twenty-five. The other half decade he added by inference. He was a startling—and sometimes amusing—mixture of the practical and the romantic, of dry-as-dust erudition and dreams. There were not twenty men in the world who could follow him with complete understanding when he talked of Phœnician glass, and the playful gods had put into his fingers the trick of daubing on canvas the colors perceived by his eye. He could sell his knowledge at a price, but only very dear friends would accept his paintings as gifts—which was why he was in Taormina at the moment.

He was there because he knew, for instance, that the most perfect Grecian urn in the world is in Syracuse; and that if you would study the architecture of Hellas, the place to go was not Athens, but Girgenti. In short, he was purchasing agent for a Fifth Avenue dealer in antiques.

Now, there are persons who regard early American chairs as antiques, or Bennington pottery. There are those who hold the same view as to the Florentine *pietra dura* of Ferdinand II. Luke was aware of these things, and knew well how to distinguish the latter from the munubbutkari of Agra and Delhi, which derived from the Persian. Just as he knew that the jeweled birds which give its name to the Peacock Throne of the Emperor Shah Jehan were the work of Austin of Bordeaux, a workman in the royal manufactory of that same Ferdinand, and that the inlay of the Taj Mahal owes much of its beauty of design to Florentine influence. He knew these things, but they did not interest him.

The sculpture and stucco work and pottery of the Renaissance are antiques to some, as are the vestments of the time of Theodoric; but not to Luke. To him nothing was an antique which came into being later than the Emperor Hadrian, and he rather looked down upon the Roman as of too recent date to be of substantial value.

All of which is an odd sort of person for a young man to be. Why, even curators of museums invited him into their private offices and asked his opinions! But so did youthful poets—and he was beloved in the Salmagundi Club.

Taormina is a wonderful place for anybody to be, but more wonderful for such as Luke. There you may stand in a Greek theater and look out upon Saracen tombs and Ghibelline battlements. You may peer downward a thousand feet or more at the little bay where the first ships from Corinth anchored, and see roads over which Carthaginian armies marched. Pythagoras probably stood where you are standing, and that same Etna which lifts in fiery, silvery beauty to its clouds was gazed upon alike by Hamilcar and Archimedes and Count Roger and Verres. And the *contadini* will tell you that Mary and Joseph and the Child passed that way and climbed this hill in their flight into Egypt. But you need not believe this unless you are in the humor. But if you cannot be credulous of miracles, stay away from Sicily.

Luke was there—to buy for his principals and to paint for himself. The antiquarian side of him believed nothing his eye and touch did not confirm; the artist side of him drank in every fable and tradition and credited it as a child holds faith in Santa Claus.

Early of a morning, when Etna stood defined against a cloudless sky, and when Isola Bella below seemed a fairy islet resting upon the face of a vast emerald, Luke started with his two companions to scramble upward toward Castel Mola in search of a thing to paint. His companions were Francesco and Francini. He rode upon Francesco, the husband, while the more temperamental wife, Francini, carried upon her back his box and easel and canvas and luncheon. Somehow he always thought of them as people—those donkeys—and they appeared to return the compliment either by regarding all three of them as persons or by accepting Luke as a donkey. At any rate the relations obtaining were cordial.

Francini sang gayly as they wound upward, and made little forward rushes to bite at the flanks of Francesco, who kicked at her nose as a husband should to maintain discipline. And then she would laugh at him, and lifting her head, sing another debonair verse of her song: "Eh—eh—e-e-e—haw-w! E-e—haw! Eh—e-e-e—ha-a-aw!" It was very merry and charming, and Luke basked in the feeling of it, this Sicilian feeling of warmth and simplicity, which can be discovered no place else upon the face of the earth.

When they had picked their way laboriously to a point about midway between towering Mola and Taormina below, Luke peered down the mountainside into the clement valley, and far beneath saw what he coveted to carry away upon his canvas.

It was an oblong, stone-walled pool where the brook was made to hesitate on its way and to enter service as a laundry. About it knelt tiny figures busied with the week's washing.

Luke halted his companions, gave each of them a sandwich filled with *salami*, tied them to stunted trees and started down with his painting contraptions. Francini yodeled after him protestingly and bit her husband, because it was only right she should blame him for this desertion. Francesco dropped his ears, kicked her soundly in the ribs and went to sleep. The descent was not easy, but Luke managed it after an abrased fashion, nor was he observed until he had beetled his way to within half a hundred yards of the chatterers. They thereupon reared back on their haunches, fell silent and watched him with interested aloe-black eyes. He approached and bowed; then, addressing the oldest member of the washers, he said in his best Sicilian, "Donna, is it permitted to paint as you wash?"

The old woman, lean, brown as chocolate, wrinkled, but pert as a parrot, allowed herself to scrutinize him.

"Your Lordship is from beyond the ocean sea. Doubtless from New York."

"That is true, Donna."

She waggled her head. "Of my grandsons one is in that place, a great teller of lies. He recounts miracles in every letter that comes—of trains that rush with a great noise under the ground and of buildings high as Etna." She waited inquiringly.

"He does not lie, Donna, for so it is with these things."

"Now," said the old woman resignedly, "by the sacred beheaded dead, how is one to know the truth?"

"But may one paint a little?"

"It is not for me to say, Your Lordship. Yet I cannot persuade myself there can come harm from it. Vossia"—she turned to address a young woman who sat somewhat apart, granting her this formal title of superiority—"is it permitted?"

Luke gave himself the privilege of looking at the young woman thus addressed as Your Ladyship and conceived it to be one of the nicknames so universally applied throughout the island—to one another by the *contadini*—and to unsuspecting tourists as well, who may go about for weeks bearing some name of which they have not the least comprehension, but which holds them up to constant ridicule. He saw a peasant girl in short dress, with a bright scarf wound about her head—a girl whose purpose there was sociability and not labor, for she wore shoes and stockings.

But that is not all he saw, for her olive face was lovely enough to have graced a *cinquecento* Madonna. Her nose was straight, a trifle debonair as noses go, and sensitive as to nostril. Her eyes were not only beautiful but quizzical, which is a remarkably charming thing. Altogether she showed herself to his gratified eye as the most beautiful peasant girl he ever had beheld.

She smiled in her quizzical way and nodded twice rapidly.

"It is permitted," she said.

"There will be soldi for each," said Luke.

"That is as God wills," she replied, and watched him with some interest as he set up his easel on a level spot, opened his box, spread his stool and resolved himself into the character of a painter.

Work resumed itself, and presently, when it was seen how quiet he was and how intent upon his painting, chatter recommenced.

"But, Gna Agatina," said a plump young woman with dumpling cheeks, "how comes the affair of Peppino?"

"A grasshopper has looked upon you," said the old woman testily. Swiftly the young questioner made the sign of the horns demanded by this allusion to the evil eye, but persisted: "Did you make the love charm?"

"What is it to you, who will never be loved?" said Gna Agatina crossly. "But, all the same, I spoke my charm and wet the salt, and matters will befall as they befall."

Luke was interested, for here was a wise woman, one who knew the ancient charms and incantations; but he was to overhear little more upon that fascinating topic. One by one the washers finished their tasks, accepted their soldi with grave courtesy, until none remained but Gna Agatina and the young woman she had addressed as Vossia.

"The signorinetta is perhaps your daughter, Gna Agatina?" Luke said by way of making conversation.

"Pum! Po! Pum! Po!" said the ancient one, evidently nonplused, so that the young woman laughed aloud and said, "What Gna Agatina means by that is 'All the saints forbid!'"

"I am at fault," Luke said.

The guest in the house arose to her feet and Luke saw that she was not tall, but graciously slender and admirably straight. She carried her shoulders and her head tilted, and her ankles were by no means thick, but quite the contrary.

He glanced at her hands; but she, following the thought back of his eyes, hid them behind her so that he was unable to see if they were hardened by labor. That answered his question, for if they had been peasant hands there had been no need to hide them; and instantly she became glamorous with mystery. Not that there was patently a mystery, but Luke was in the mood for it—and for romance.

Luke painted on a moment or two and then shot a hopeful arrow into the air.

"Gna Agatina," he said, "doubtless you know everyone between here and the sea."

"*Ecco!*" She waggled her lean old head with pride as she vented the exclamation. "I know them all, and may a painful boil appear upon the necks of some."

"I want to see," said Luke, "a fine *presepio*."

"Ah, he wished to paint women washing; now it is his desire to see a *presepio*."

The young woman's eyes twinkled roguishly. "But, Gna Agatina," she said, "yours is the finest *presepio* in all Sicily."

"Are these the manners I have taught you—to be displayed before a stranger from America? Yet an unexpected guest brings a blessing upon the house." She waggled her ancient head once more in dubiety. "However, I do not persuade myself."

"It is not a small thing," said Luke craftily, "to have your *presepio* described on the other side of the earth."

"Come," said Gna Agatina with decision. "As well have my *presepio* talked of in this New York as that of Ciccia or Vanna, who already are bloated with pride. It is but a step, signore."

And so Luke dismantled his impromptu studio and accompanied the women down the winding road, maintaining a discreet silence until, presently, they stood before a tiny and very venerable and dingy house with a wall of lava blocks around its dooryard. The door stood open, but Gna Agatina must dismiss the chickens from the threshold before they could enter, and then drive two hens from the best chair before it could be tendered to the guest.

"Uncle January is gone with his winds, which are not clement for old bones," said Gna Agatina amiably, gazing with satisfaction at the *objets d'art* which adorned her abode. The walls were hidden under them—pictures of the royal family, a highly colored lithograph advertising an article manufactured in New England, holy pictures and the like. But in the corner, against the smoke-blackened walls, was a table and upon the table the *presepio* remaining intact from the Christmas season.

It was, indeed, worthy to be spoken of even in America. It was an immense and elaborate *presepio*, a landscape compounded of bits of lava, carved pieces of wood, sand, lichens, moss—all laid out with an admixture of paint to present a scene fitting for the Nativity. At the back was a grotto of lava embellished with twigs of orange and lemon and the sacred buckthorn, and here in a manger slumbered a waxen Child, while the Madonna and Joseph and the Magi gathered around in adoration. Shepherds were there, and chickens all done in reds and yellows and blues and grays. In front of the grotto were gifts of oranges and nuts and pennyroyal. But there was something else! At the side, and somewhat out of proportion, was a vase. This was no drawback, because proportion did not seem essential. One chicken, for instance, was bigger than all three of the Magi. The vase held an offering of paper flowers, and when Luke saw it he all but lost his breath.

Every lover of the ancient arts hopes some day, in some out-of-the-way spot, to happen upon the Great Discovery—to chance upon some object so beautiful, so exquisite, so veritable, of such age and from such a source as

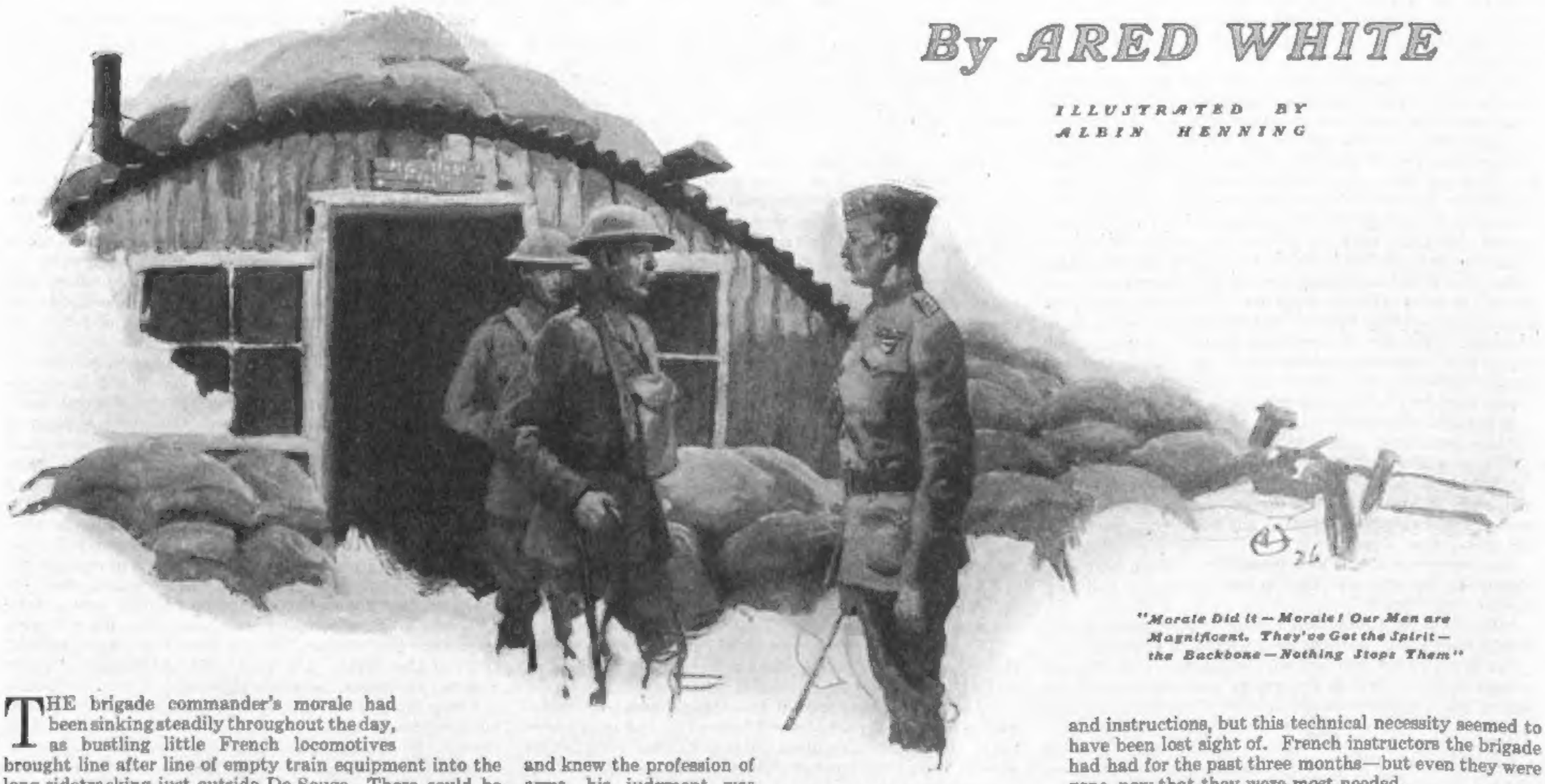
(Continued on Page 126)

"You," He Said, After Gazing Long at Her Eyes—for the Reason That He Must Paint Them Accurately—"are Very Beautiful"

ON A SILVER PLATTER

By ARED WHITE

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING



"Morale Did It — Morale! Our Men are Magnificent. They've Got the Spirit — the Backbone — Nothing Stops Them"

THE brigade commander's morale had been sinking steadily throughout the day, as bustling little French locomotives brought line after line of empty train equipment into the long sidetracking just outside De Souge. There could be little question as to the use intended for the cars; for the engines brought flat cars, third-class passenger coaches and innumerable of the battered little red boxes on wheels that convey eight horses or forty men with equal facility.

His one forlorn hope that it might all be a French railroad mistake sank as a commissioned courier rolled into De Souge, brought his fast-moving military car to a clashing halt in front of brigade headquarters and handed the general a communication in two envelopes, the innermost of which was marked, in conspicuous red letters, Secret.

The old general's somber, heavy face turned ashen and his hands trembled until the crisp official letter crackled as he read the final details of the order. It directed him to entrain his entire brigade with all *matériel* and proceed to the vicinity of Meaux, where he would establish his brigade on the road for movement and await orders for action against the enemy. He turned a face racked by fear upon the rigid young courier.

"Did they get my report at headquarters on the state of training of this brigade?" he asked in a dazed sort of way.

"Sir, I am a courier working out of the Post Express Section of the Adjutant General's Office, and all I know, sir, is that I was to hand this to you in person, take your personal receipt and proceed to Limoges."

The brigade commander slowly seated himself at his desk, read the communication again with the painstaking care and thoroughness that were a part of his very being, attached his name to the outer envelope of the tragic missive and handed it to the courier without further word. The courier saluted, held the salute for the better part of a minute while awaiting a return of the courtesy, then turned sharply on his heel and sped away for the long grind of a hundred and forty kilometers to Limoges, via Bordeaux.

Gen. Ernest Hylands, commander of the ——th Artillery Brigade, 155-millimeter rifles, stared blankly at the order before him for many long minutes. It meant his utter ruin, as he saw it. After thirty-seven years of honorable service, that had prepared him for this great emergency of the World War and equipped him with mature judgment, his own judgment now had been ruthlessly cast aside without a word of explanation; he had been ordered to do the very thing he recommended against—the very thing that he had shown concisely, in a mature memorandum to G. H. Q., could not be done.

"I can't believe General Pershing knows a thing about this or that his judgment has been consulted," the general said aloud to himself, his words spoken slowly and with a pathetic hopelessness. For regardless of whether the commander of the Expeditionary Forces had issued the order, it was issued in his name by competent authority, and the brigade commander must obey, regardless of his own views or the consequences to himself. Even though he were one of the old Army, a man who had given his best into the service and knew the profession of arms, his judgment was nothing once he was ordered to do something—even though that order did emanate from the brain of some immature staff officer.

"Report not later than June fourth at the point near Meaux indicated on the accompanying map."

That part of the order detached itself from the communication and danced before him tragically. His spirit of protest had gone. His first thought of telegraphing the commander in chief personally had vanished. Long training had taught him the habit of unfaltering obedience. This decision was now his decision, no matter what the consequences might be. His brigade would be at Meaux, at the point indicated on the "accompanying map," June fourth.

It meant the end of his career, his dream of a place among the great artillery leaders of the war. It was nothing short of insanity to send these half-trained rookies of his into the hell of fire against the seasoned veterans of the Imperial German Government. There could be but one result—a pitiable, tragic mess, the destruction of his brigade by shell fire, and at best a hopeless, impotent withdrawal of the battered remnant of his defeated command. Perhaps it would be his good fortune to die with his officers and men, in action. The thought came to him not as a fear but as a spark of comfort. Failure and disgrace were the phobias that dogged the brigade commander's heels. Death itself was nothing to him. His pulse had not quickened one beat in passing through the submarine zone.

He had exactly five days in which to reach Meaux. The details of such a move were familiar to him, for he had studied them out in infinite detail for his report to G. H. Q., in which he had shown the utter impracticability of throwing his brigade into action short of September thirtieth. It would take thirty hours on the French rails, allowing for appreciable operating delays. If he had the right of way on the railroad, he could cut that running time down to twenty hours. But who could tell what movements of French troops would interfere? Had it not taken him eighty-four hours to get to De Souge from Le Havre? As he reviewed the situation now, he decided to allow thirty-four hours for the travel period—this as a matter of precaution; that would give him three and a half days in which to clear De Souge.

Clearing De Souge! That was the great problem. The brigade had barely grown accustomed to moving its *matériel*. Drivers and mechanics were just back from the big French mechanical school and were not assimilated yet by their batteries. Not once had he seen a pamphlet, textbook or instruction sheet of any sort on loading a tractor-drawn artillery regiment on trains for transportation by rail. Captain de la Rivière, head of the French mission at De Souge, had no special information on the subject. He had written to French G. H. Q. repeatedly for regulations and instructions, but this technical necessity seemed to have been lost sight of. French instructors the brigade had had for the past three months—but even they were gone, now that they were most needed.

General Hylands awakened his aide, a sober-faced youth of no imagination, who had been selected from the available material probably because there was some sort of natural likeness of natures between the two men. The aide was a putterer who could spend days on some matter of detail. But when the task was done, no detail had been overlooked.

"We are fighting the most thorough enemy in the world. To win, we must learn to be as thorough as the Germans."

This was General Hylands greatest contribution to the theory of America's part in the World War. He had preached it to his staff, to his regimental battalion and battery commanders. He had hammered it into his non-commissioned officers and even megaphoned it to the whole brigade. His aide had agreed whole-heartedly.

"They've ordered us to proceed to the zone of operations and be ready for battle in five days," General Hylands now told his aide, when that officer emerged, fully attired, even to his collar and spurs. The aide forgot no detail of attire, no matter what the occasion.

Lieutenant Simmons reflected his general's horror, his eyes opening wide. He swallowed hard by way of reply, and said nothing.

"It means ruin!" the general went on in protest, since there is no military rule or inhibition that guides a man's innermost thoughts or his remarks to his aide-de-camp.

"Yes, sir—the order surprises me, in view of the general's memorandum to General Headquarters," Lieutenant Simmons ventured, with that rare sympathy and understanding which distinguish the competent aide.

"We are fighting the most thorough enemy in the world, Simmons," the general fretted. "To win, we must learn to be as thorough as the Germans.

"My God," he went on, in anguish, "here we are being sent in after three months of training! Why, there aren't a dozen officers in the brigade that know the least thing about Army Regulations! My own adjutant can't write a movement order to save his soul. We've got a mob, Simmons, a mob—a lot of civilians put in uniform overnight and some of them designated as commanders!"

"It's a terrible mess, sir," the aide agreed.

"And now they're ordering me to take this mob up to the Front and use it as G. P. F. artillery. And the very people who order it know that you can't make a decent private in less than two years, let alone officers. One of my colonels has had less than two years, and two-thirds of the officers have their first year to finish yet. Some of the older army men know what a red mess we're going to make of the war and wanted to keep our armies at home until we could make soldiers of them. But the politicians wouldn't listen.

"We're going to pay an awful price, Simmons—an awful price—and my standing as a soldier will probably be ruined by this order."

The old general, overcome by his emotions, arose from his desk and paced, with measured tread, slowly back and forth across the little room at the old French headquarters shack. There was no irritation or anger in his manner—just anguish. He was not a man to rage and foam, but rather one to fume and fuss when things did not go well. All his life had been spent in the field artillery. He outraged every ordinary conception of a dashing artilleryman.

Lean and wiry, as becomes a mounted officer, his military appearance ever had been marred by a drooping of the shoulders, and legs that the most adept bootmaker could not coax into an appearance of bow. His face was long and narrow, with a small, sour mouth that seemed to suggest an eternal pout, and his eyes had a far-away academic cast to them, rather than the steady, alert eyes of a natural leader of men.

Ponderous of mental processes, slow to decision, he had nevertheless made a name for himself in the Army by reason of his habit of thoroughness in an Army where attention to detail cannot fail to attract attention—the attention of higher authority. A lieutenant colonel of the old school when war broke out, it was inevitable that he should be made a general officer. There was really an insufficient number of these tried-and-true old warriors to go around in an Army suddenly increased, by the advent of war, from a few scattered regiments to immense field armies.

General Hylands prided himself that he had never guessed. In his reports no such phrase could be found as "approximately" or "estimated at." He dealt in facts. It was recorded of him that when he was in the Philippines, he was called upon for a statement of the number of shells in the coast defenses. No one could tell him the exact number. All subordinate commanders reported the approximate quantity—and so he had the department commander order a physical count made that he might make a proper report to Washington.

So, too, when he had been named on a board to report upon the feasibility of changing the type of shelter tent used by the field artillery he had spent two years in exhaustive experiments and studies before reaching his conclusions. An invaluable officer he had been acclaimed in time of peace, when so few seemed inclined to concern themselves too seriously with the hard, exacting intricacies of detailed reports and administration.

Now, contrary to the experiences of a mature life of observation and practical application, he was being rushed against his will into a piece of hodgepodge, immature action—forced to take a half-baked, practically untrained brigade of young Americans to their certain destruction at the hands of a thoroughly trained and thoroughly seasoned force of German veterans—foemen born and bred in the ways of military thoroughness, trained and hardened to the exacting thoroughness of battle in the very throes of battle itself. A successful surgeon ordered to operate in a case where his reputation was at stake, and when every principle of his training, every ounce of his active intelligence, forbade the operation, could not have been more apprehensive, more inwardly critical of the foolhardy decision.

"Send for the adjutant. We must work all night and at least get a start on the problem," the general finally directed his aide.

Not that he expected a great deal of help from his adjutant. Time and again he had asked General Headquarters for a competent adjutant—an officer of the Regular Army, with some training of a military character. His major was a mere civilian, as hopeless as the others, and knowing as little of Army Regulations and army procedure. He had been a broker in civil life and in three months at a training camp, plus the year he had been in the service, had gained his meager knowledge of the exacting profession of arms. Some preceding brigade commander had taken him as adjutant, and here he was, despite repeated requests of General Hylands that he be replaced.

Major Bronson's eyes brightened as he heard of the calamity that had befallen the brigade.

"That's certainly good news, sir!" he exclaimed. "It is hard to sit here in training when Paris is threatened."

"Bronson," the old general responded complainingly, "we are fighting the most thorough army in the world, are we not?"

"Yes, sir," agreed the major, realizing too late that he had struck the wrong chord in accepting the news of the orders to move.

"And to win we must learn to be as thorough as they, must we not?"

Major Bronson studied the question carefully. He had heard the general's theory so often that it sometimes rang in his ears at night. He had never accepted it, nor had he ever intimated to anyone that it was not a proper theory But now the theory was being put to him in the form of a question.

"No, sir," he replied firmly, again meeting the general's fixed gaze.

"What do you mean, Bronson—what do you mean?" the general muttered. It was unthinkable that the adjutant, his own upstart adjutant, would disagree with him on any positive statement.

"Thoroughness," replied Major Bronson evenly, putting his own theory of it all in words for the first time—"thoroughness is German. They have practiced thoroughness for ages—those Germans. We can never learn to be as thorough as they. But we can beat them—and we will beat them—not by simulating their characteristics, but by the application of our own great characteristics as American citizens. I refer, sir, to the great American traits of initiative and energy, and the habit of putting things across regardless of difficulty."

General Hylands regarded his adjutant with abject pity and scorn.

"I didn't bring you in here, Bronson, to discuss abstract theories, but to try to get some useful work out of you," he retorted disgustedly. "If you were thorough as an adjutant, I would need only to tell you to prepare the order. If this brigade were trained, your prepared order only would be necessary. As it is, I shall work all night without sleep, getting some essential facts. What I want you to do is go through all the papers in your office for anything on the subject of moving a tractor brigade by rail. See De la Rivière. Work out a plan. Report here ten minutes before breakfast in the morning. By that time we should have something of a foundation for beginning our loading plans."

"Sir, is the brigade to move at once?" inquired Major Bronson, his face and voice still buoyant despite the disagreeable rebuke he had received.

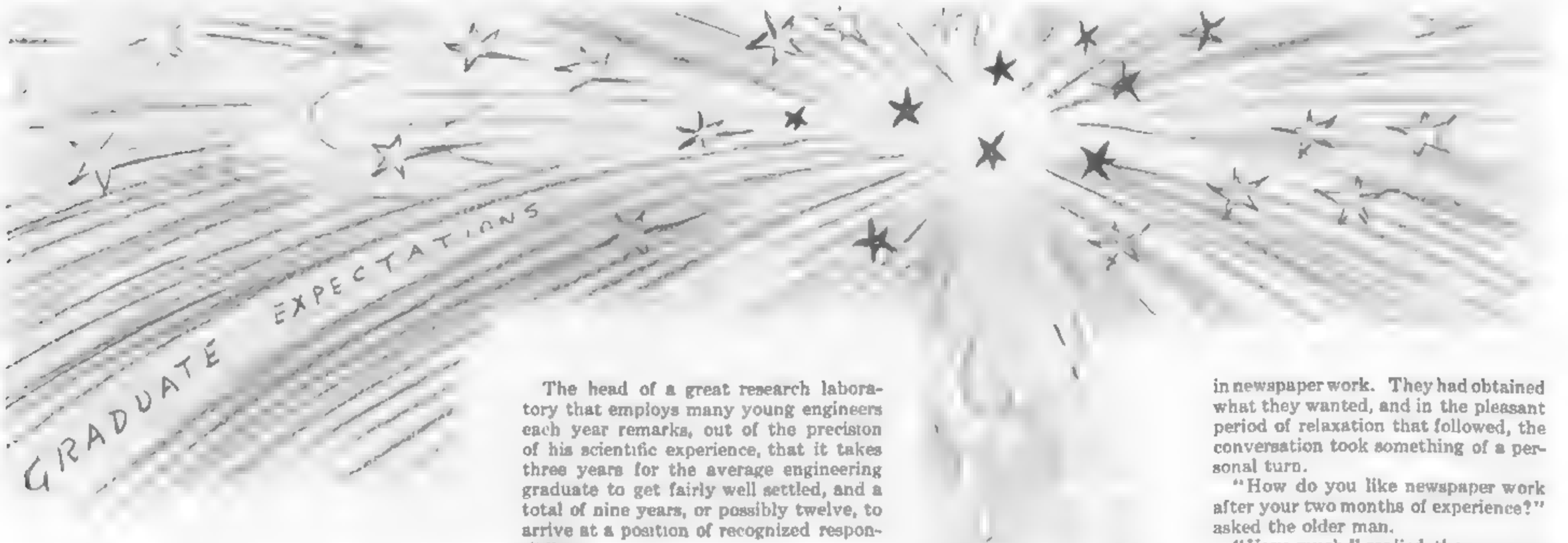
(Continued on Page 122

"Bronson," the Old General Responded Complainingly, "We are Fighting the Most Thorough Army in the World, are We Not?"

IMPATIENT YOUTH IN THE BUSINESS WORLD

By Albert W. Atwood

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON



IT IS a question surely worth the raising whether the young men of today are not too ambitious in proportion to their abilities and opportunities. Ambition, of course, is essential to the individual and the race, and if young men do not look out for themselves, no one else will. But is there not a prevailing overanxiety for promotion and a vaulting impatience with the realities of life that leads to discontent and to restless shifting from job to job?

What follows is not a treatise on the labor problem so-called. I am not writing about the privates of industry, the farm and factory hands, the waitresses and elevator boys, the laborers with pick and shovel. Nor is it an article on management or big executives or captains of industry.

This has to do with lieutenants rather than with colonels and generals, with that great and ever-increasing group of young men, the junior-officer material, as it were, that pours out of the colleges or schools each year in a sort of tidal wave of eagerness and vitality. What is said here has to do very much with turnover, but not with the turnover that writers on labor subjects mean when they use the phrase. It deals with discontent, but not with the discontent of professional reformers.

Yet if what follows cannot be read by men of thirty-five, forty-five and fifty-five, as well as those of twenty-five, it is not worth the reading. "Young men" is an expression with more than one meaning. It is used in the world of industry and of affairs in a sort of figurative as well as in a literal sense. Nearly all those who are fighting their way upward in the race of life, who are in search of success, are to be classed as young.

Young Men of Fifty-Three

IT IS hard for the middle-aged to understand and reproduce the state of mind of the rightly and admirably ambitious youth. Not long ago a gentleman called upon the writer to inquire as to the possibilities of a particular line of business for a young man. He brought with him his son, a college junior, who has already shown some interest in the occupation in question.

The two men had hardly left when my wife, with the quicker feminine insight, remarked that the young man need not worry; there was so much character in his face that he was sure to succeed in anything he might undertake. It was true enough, and I feel certain that ten years hence the young man will smile amusedly at his 1925 concern over the future.

But that does not help him now. His mother later reported that he actually lay awake nights worrying about his future.

It is not for the middle-aged or elderly to bridge the gap for youth or prove to them how quickly, after all, the years unfold their treasures. Each generation must go through this painful process for itself. Each generation must learn in its own way that the path quickly narrows down to where it is a case of stick and finish, although at the start all is confusion and indirection.

The head of a great research laboratory that employs many young engineers each year remarks, out of the precision of his scientific experience, that it takes three years for the average engineering graduate to get fairly well settled, and a total of nine years, or possibly twelve, to arrive at a position of recognized responsibility.

With almost monotonous regularity, the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey or California announces that John Smith has been elected a director, or at least a vice president.

The announcement does not state the salary, but discreet reference to page 2187 of some Senate or Federal Trade Commission hearing of a few years ago will reveal the fact that salaries for such positions range from about $30,000 a year upward to very much larger figures. No mean position!

John Smith, says the announcement, has been with the company thirty-five years, and started as a tank-wagon driver's helper, or something of that kind. But do such announcements make any impression upon the junior or senior in college, or upon the thirty-two-year-old clerk who did not go to college? As well talk to them about the wonderful possibilities for mankind at the end of the process of creative evolution.

Thirty-five years, even nine years—nay, even three years—seems to the young man like eternity itself. He cannot contemplate looking so far as that down the corridors of time.

"But," says the shocked publicity man for the Standard Oil Company, "John Smith is even now only fifty-three years old; and Mr. Brown, who was made a director a few months ago, is only forty-nine, having entered the employ of the company when he was fourteen."

It is of no avail, fifty-three and forty-nine are old age to the onsweeping generation.

Nearly twenty-five years ago a very new reporter was crossing City Hall Park in New York on his way to the Sun office. He walked beside a somewhat older reporter for the World, whom he had met on a very difficult assignment, the excitement of which had made them rather friendly, as so often happens to strangers in newspaper work. They had obtained what they wanted, and in the pleasant period of relaxation that followed, the conversation took something of a personal turn.

"How do you like newspaper work after your two months of experience?" asked the older man.

"Very much," replied the younger. "It's great. But I get only fifteen dollars a week, and it takes all of that to pay for room and meals. I have nothing left for clothes. I can't see how I am going to get along."

"Oh, you'll be making thirty-five dollars a week in a couple of years," remarked the older man with what seemed to his companion a brutal callousness.

Crowding Their Chances

IN THE mind of the younger man, now nearing fifty, the conversation, and his bitterness at the lack of understanding of what had seemed till then a sympathetic competitor, are stamped today as vividly as if it had all happened early this morning. To him at that moment the prospect of thirty-five dollars a week seemed as far remote in the future as the reign of the Ptolemys lay in the past. Yet in a little more than two years his salary was forty dollars a week.

There is a form of impatience and restlessness which is the especial property of youth. Aggressive and ambitious young men will always crowd for promotion and opportunities. Even the

He Takes a Drop and Lands Upon a Hard Bottom of Dull Routine and Doldrums, Where He Generally Must Remain for Several Years

floating about from job to job, the restless turnover itself, must be credited in part to experience, to a necessary search for the right place.

There is in youth a normal, a natural champing at the bit. There is a vivid, an almost divine ardor which, like love, makes the world go round.

"A certain amount of restlessness is, of course, a highly desirable quality there would be no progress without it," said a representative of Yale University at a recent conference of employment and personnel specialists. "On the other hand, an overdevelopment of this characteristic acts as a distinct bar to the progress of both industry and the individual, and all the evidence seems to indicate that the latter condition obtains now among a very considerable proportion of the graduates of our American colleges and universities."

To deny that impatience with the slowness of promotion, that restlessness, dissatisfaction and the wrong kind of ambition are proving wasteful both to the individual and to industry itself would run contrary to prevailing experience. The causes are numerous and complicated. To begin with, vast numbers of young men were pushed beyond their ability by the war.

Then, too, the rising standards of living, the universal thirst and desire for costly objects and habits, spur young men to seek large rewards. For many years now the newspapers and magazines have been filled with stories of success, of new fortunes and of new millionaires. Each wave of college graduates and each new batch of young men, whether college bred or not, are eager to share in the riches about which no one can avoid hearing and reading.

The Desire to Start at the Top

NOR is the educational system which drives the youth into white-collar occupations wholly blameless. Of this more later. Turn where he may, the youth is incited and goaded to impatience with his immediate lot. In one place he reads the advertisement of a course which suggests the doubling of his salary within a year; in another place he gazes upon an illustration of a handsomely dressed and assured-looking young man being shown out of his limousine by a perfectly appointed chauffeur. The reading matter that goes with this picture insinuates that such rewards come from studying the course as advertised.

"We are greatly interested in this whole subject of the steps which have had to be taken by certain business houses to tone down the overambitious men in their employ," writes the promotion manager of all the schools conducted by the Y. M. C. A. in one of the largest cities in the country, "as in my opinion the schools have been somewhat responsible for the dissatisfied attitude found among so many young men. Courses are advertised, lasting from ten weeks to six months, at the end of which term the student is led to believe he can increase his salary from ten dollars a week to ten dollars a day.

"The schools conducted by the Y. M. C. A.'s throughout the country, through a special commission, have studied this whole question of advertising appeals with a view of eliminating as far as possible any addition to the dissatisfied state which exists."

But whatever the cause, the state of mind does exist; it is a condition and not a theory. I asked one of the interviewers of applicants at the placement bureau conducted by a group of engineering societies if in fact this condition does exist. He replied:

"One fellow just out of college might have had a job at from $100 to $125 a month, learning how to take batteries apart, so that a little later he could sell them. He could easily earn $4000 a year at the end of five years, selling batteries. But he would not take the job because he said he must have $175 a month to start with.

"A young fellow of twenty-three changed the date of birth on his application blank from 1902 to 1897 so as to warrant the $3000 salary he demanded.

"Such cases are unusual, but 50 per cent of the college graduates under twenty-five are looking for executive positions. They all want to tell the other fellow what to do. On the other hand, 95 per cent of the foreign-born engineers are willing to do drafting."

All over the country scores of thousands of young college men are seeking immediate success—"a grand job, a big salary and the ability to boss others," as one educator has expressed it.

The assistant vice president of one of the great corporations of the country, in charge of the employment of several thousand college men each year, told me that in his speeches to collegians he stressed the necessity of their entering industry with a less exalted idea of their own value and with more humility.

"There are so many courses for higher executives in the schools of commerce and business administration," he said, "that young men come into industry with the idea that all they need do is to sit at a desk, push buttons for office boys and stenographers, and in a short time tell the writers for inspirational magazines how they have succeeded."

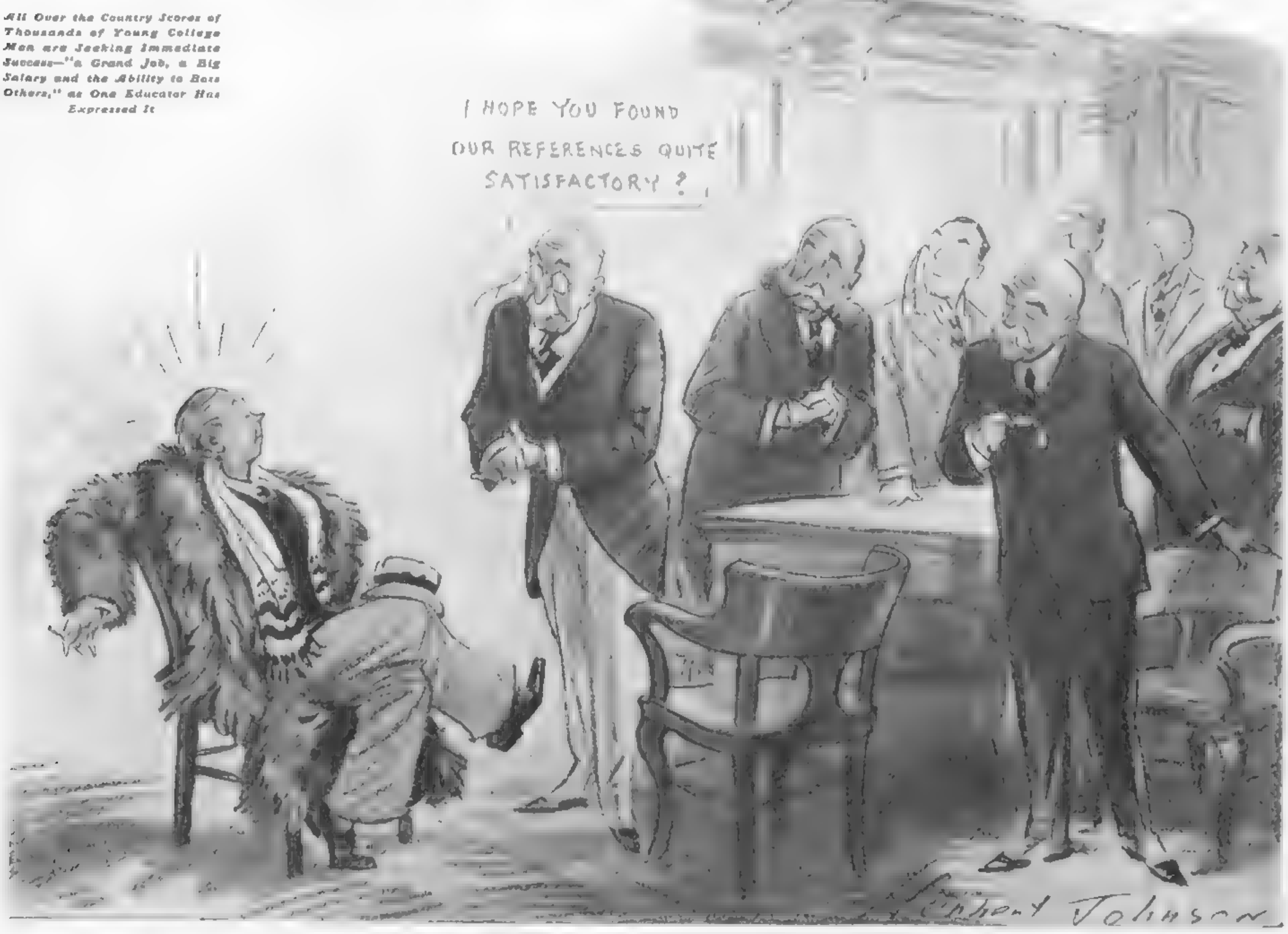
Going to College to Learn How to Work

"ONE of the pitiable struggles in society today," says the president of a Western state university, "is the struggle to get away from hard work. University education should not be to get men away from hard work, but to enable a man to work ten times harder."

A good many years ago the late Professor Münsterberg said that the majority of men and women who have to fight for themselves in the struggle for existence "have the feeling that they do not stand in the right place. They feel disappointed, perhaps they consider themselves failures, and yet they are instinctively convinced that in some other place and under some other conditions they would have done better and succeeded to a higher degree."

But enough of generalities, however telling. The Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education published in October, 1925, a study of engineering graduates. This showed that out of 1260 graduates of the class of 1922,

(Continued on Page 205)



All Over the Country Scores of Thousands of Young College Men are Seeking Immediate Success—"a Grand Job, a Big Salary and the Ability to Boss Others," as One Educator Has Expressed It

SQUASHES

By HUGH MacNAIR KAHLER

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"You Get Out and Stay Out!" The Voice Had Risen to Shrill Exasperation. "I've Told You Fifty Times I Never Ordered No Squashes"

THE three men who leaned their elbows on the corner table were singularly unlike until their low-voiced talk was interrupted by the bustling, assiduous proprietor, doing duty as waiter and cashier. As the plump little man in the grease-spotted apron stopped at the end of the table the three watchful glances that turned toward him exhibited a sudden similarity.

"What else, gents?" The fellow fawned on them, his fat body quivering with the fervor of his friendliness, as a dog vibrates to the oscillations of his tail. "We got some fresh squash pie right out of the oven ——"

The young fellow in the high-waisted, narrow-shouldered coat shook his head in annoyed refusal; the older man beside him, slight and swarthy and tight of mouth, repeated the gesture more deliberately; the third, bald-headed, neatly dressed, with an aspect of quiet, substantial prosperity, beamed through his rimless eyeglasses.

"Fresh squash pie? Fine!" He spoke cordially. "And bring me also another cup of coffee, will you? Best I've had since I left home."

The proprietor showed all his teeth as he shuffled toward the swing door. The youngest of the three muttered sullenly and the eyeglassed man drew in his breath audibly between tongue and teeth, a patiently reproachful sound.

"That's a-b-c, Lefty," he said. "If we sit here and talk without eating even that fathead would begin to wonder what we're framing up. All he's going to remember now is that somebody was strong for his homemade squash pie."

Lefty scowled. "If we'd gone to Gyp's ——" he began.

"If we'd gone to Gyp's you'd have had by this time three or four shots of synthetic redeye and be telling all you know to some classmate of yours from Stillburn. Maybe these Pittland bulls aren't looking for you right now, but it's a safe bet that they're looking at Gyp's. And if those two reasons aren't enough, here's another: Tony wouldn't have come within a block of Gyp's, would you, Tony?"

The third man moved his head in deliberate negation. "Not me. I'm not advertising."

He tilted back his chair, his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, a toothpick between his lips; the proprietor achieved a prideful flourish with the wedge of pie and the refilled mug of coffee; the eyeglassed man thanked him; the three heads drew together again as he retreated to his post at the front of the frowzy restaurant.

"I guess I could let you have a stolen car, Perlman," said Tony. "But I got to know why you want it."

"It's a two-car job." Perlman spread his hands. "One stays behind, after the play, while we get away in the other. You let us have both of 'em, and you get one back."

Tony nodded slowly, his small black eyes half shut. "How good does it have to be—the one we lose?"

"A flivver'd do, as long as it'll run. The other's got to have speed, but you get that one back."

"Maybe," said Tony. "It's worth more than a grand, either way."

Lefty snarled. "Say, how do you get that way? It's all velvet for you, ain't it? You get a grand for a flivver that you'd be lucky to sell for a hundred." His eye flickered spitefully at Perlman. "If I had my way you wouldn't cut in for a nickel. Moe and I can swing it alone."

Perlman repeated the patient, reproachful hiss.

"No wonder your cut isn't bigger, Lefty. Here we been three weeks framing up this play and it's absolutely right for tomorrow. If you had your way we'd go out and try to pick up two cars so as to save Tony's cut. How do we know we can do it by tonight? Don't we take a chance, anyhow, of a pinch? Be yourself, Monahan! Me, I'm agreeable to cutting Tony in for a grand and a half if he puts up the cars."

"Two grand," said Tony. "Take it or leave it."

"Leave it!" Monahan snapped. Perlman shook his head.

"I'm agreeable," he said. "Provided we get a good speedy boat for the get-away."

Tony nodded. "That's all right. Now, what's the play? I don't touch it blind."

Perlman shrugged. "Fair enough, Tony." He tasted the pie, smacked his lips, and attacked it with a sudden, curious eagerness, as if afraid of interruption before he finished it. "This is elegant pie, Tony—elegant. You should try a piece too."

"What's the play?" said Tony. Perlman wiped his lips.

"It's a pay-roll job," he said. "Like money from home, Tony. You know the Tilton Mills?"

Tony nodded, frowning. Perlman leaned forward. He pulled the menu toward him and fumbled for a pencil.

"Every Thursday they bring the pay roll over from the express office at the Junction. Look. Here is the station and the road runs over to the mills like this." He sketched a crude map on the paper. "Here is a sharp corner, where we make the play, and here is a dirt road that runs across to the main pike. We leave the get-away car in here, where there is a piece of woods. They only see us in the flivver. We leave it in the woods." He snapped his fingers.

"The get-away looks all right," said Tony, "but how about the job itself? Can the two of you swing it?" There was doubt in the glance that rested on Perlman's unimpressive figure. Monahan chuckled harshly.

"Two of us? Think Moe figures in that end of it? I handle that by my lonesome."

"It's easy, Tony." Perlman leaned closer. "They're trying to keep it quiet, see? Only a couple of men go over after the money—a bookkeeper and a driver. There won't be any gun play."

He elaborated his map. "Look. Here is the nearest house—maybe a quarter of a mile from the corner. On both sides of the road it is all thick woods, but in the point, where the road bends, you can see half a mile in each direction, so if another car should come along I would know it in plenty of time. One man is plenty to handle this play, take it from me."

Tony, listening thoughtfully to more explanation, yielded reluctantly. "I'll take a chance," he said, "but if I don't get the car and my cut ——"

Perlman's hands expostulated. "With what you know, I got to play level with you, haven't I? I'll bring the car and your split to your place by tomorrow night, sure."

"Not!" Tony wagged his head decisively. "I'm not taking any chances or my split would be a lot bigger. You can come around to my place for the two cars in the morning, but afterward I don't want you near it, see? I'll meet you somewhere else."

"All right. That's sensible." Perlman nodded. "We'd meet you right here, if you're agreeable. It's a good place. I'll phone you as soon as we get here."

"Not!" Again Tony was emphatic. "No phone calls to my number either. If you get by with it be waiting here for me between six and seven, say. That ought to give you plenty of time to get back."

He rose and Monahan would have followed him, but Perlman sat still and clapped his hands.

"Wait, Lefty. I guess I would have another piece of pie," he said. "It's elegant pie, Lefty. Elegant."

II

THE little tin car stood at the side of the rough road through the woods, a little way beyond the bend that concealed it from the paved highway. Lefty Monahan leaned against it, a cigarette drooping sullenly from his lower lip, his hands in the pockets of the high-belted shoddy

"Look. Here is Forty Dollars Anyhow"

overcoat. Perlman, at the wheel of a dingy Randall runabout, drew abreast of him and slid down.

"It ain't much on looks," he said cheerfully, "but it's got the speed." He rubbed his hands. "So far, pretty good."

"As f'r instance?" Monahan scowled. "What's so good about being up here half a day ahead of time, freezing to death?"

Perlman sighed good-naturedly. "For one thing, we're here, Lefty. Both the cars are O. K. And it's freezing, so this road's hard instead of being mush, like it was the first time we went over it. We won't leave tracks on it either."

"What's the difference? We won't leave any tracks on the concrete, will we?"

"Sure we won't," admitted Perlman. "But it makes it just that much safer if they don't find this flivver for a while, and if there's no marks in the ground to show where we hide this Randall either. I like to play safe, Lefty. That's one reason I never had a Stillburn haircut."

"Where's the safe part of it—coming up here ahead of time like this?" Monahan's face twisted at the reference to his prison adventures. Perlman spread his hands.

"That's why you been unlucky when you tried to work alone, Lefty. You figure on bulling through without using your head, if any. You want to gamble; you bet that you'll get all the breaks, when you're lucky if you get a fifty-fifty deal on the luck."

"Well, let it go at that. Where's the headwork in waiting up here, freezing, till ——"

"Lefty, I guess I better show you, instead of trying to tell it." Perlman inhaled hissingly again. "First off, we hide the Randall in behind those bushes, headed out for the road, so we don't have to turn when we're ready to start. We might want to save the time. You can't tell."

Monahan started the motor and drove the larger car deftly into the woods until Perlman, leading the way, signaled for a stop. Sullenly he maneuvered it among the young trees till it pointed back toward the lane. Perlman, removing the ignition key, stowed it carefully in his vest pocket and moved back toward the flivver, stopping every few paces to look behind him. At the road he nodded contentedly.

"You can't see it from here anyhow," he said. "Somebody out hunting might find it, but that's one chance we got to take. Come on, Lefty. We'll drive over to the Junction road."

Monahan grumbled but complied. The light car jolted and careened in the frozen ruts, and once Perlman insisted on stopping to pull a fallen branch out of the way and pile stones in a particularly deep hole. He drew Monahan's attention to these precautions as he climbed back to his place. The driver grunted.

"Huh! I wouldn't have had to slow down for that."

"I know," Perlman was patiently good-humored. "And maybe we both go out on our necks, or maybe you break an axle. I like to be sure. Besides, how did we know the road was open? There might be a tree down. It don't hurt to find out, does it?"

At the Junction road they turned to the south and drove away from the railway past the house and outbuildings of a farm that looked thriftily prosperous. Perlman nodded approvingly at the piled cordwood under the bare apple trees and his lips made a soft smacking sound at the sight of a heap of huge winter squashes on a side porch.

"Pies for all winter," he said wistfully. "Elegant, Lefty."

Monahan's lips twisted contemptuously but he made no other answer. At the edge of the woods beyond the field where the white frost still showed in the shadow of the corn shocks, he threw up his head, listening. The clear ringing note sounded again. Perlman chuckled softly and pointed.

"Now you see why I like to play it safe, Lefty. Look."

Ahead, in the tongue of woods about which the road bent backward, Monahan saw a light farm truck and near it a man at work upon a felled tree. The light winked on the ax and again the clear sound of it carried above the rattle of the car.

"It's off for this week," said Monahan. He cursed the farmer under his breath. Perlman chuckled again.

"Maybe not. Go ahead and let's see what I can do."

"What's the use? We can't take a chance on croaking that hick, can we, when we got to wait around here till three o'clock?"

"Croaking!" Perlman's voice hardened. "I guess you didn't see the little green door when you were up at Stillburn! Who's talking about croaking anybody? Is that a business, taking chances where if you would lose it would cost you your life? Pfui!" He gave the sound a quality of disgust. "Stop the car and see what it is to have brains!"

The woodcutter rested huge misshapen hands on his ax helve as he watched Perlman's approach. He was big, with a suggestion of awkward strength, and his face had the look of dull obstinacy, the heavy jaw swung forward, the eyes steady, incurious. Perlman spoke with brisk good humor.

"Is that your place, a ways back, with the squashes on the porch?"

The farmer nodded. Perlman struck his thigh.

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"It's a Pay-Roll Job," He Said. "Like Money From Home, Tony. You Know the Tilton Mills?"

FILL YOUR HAND

As Told by Fred E. Sutton to A. B. Macdonald

ON ONE of President Roosevelt's visits to Oklahoma I was one of his bodyguard while within the state. In Oklahoma City, Bill Tilghman was introduced to him. As they shook hands I heard the President ask him, "Are you the Bill Tilghman, United States marshal, of whom I have been hearing and reading for twenty years or more?"

Tilghman was a modest man, and his face flushed as he answered, "I have been a field marshal for the Government for a good many years, Mr. President."

Roosevelt's teeth gleamed and he shook Tilghman's hand again.

"Marshal Bill, I'm dee-lighted," he said. "For years I have wanted to ask you a question. As a gunman on the side of the law, you have had a hundred fights with some of the deadliest experts with the six-shooter in the world, all bent on killing you. How do you account for the fact that none got you?"

"It's a mathematical proposition, Mr. President."

"How so, Marshal Bill?"

"I always managed to beat the other fellow to it by the sixteenth part of a second," was the answer.

"But how did you beat them to it? That is what I should like to know. Many of those killers you have worsted were lightning on the draw too."

"Well," the veteran marshal said, embarrassed and wishing to avoid the subject, "I can't just explain it; but there's one thing always counts in a fight of that kind—the man who knows he is right always has a shade on the man who knows he is wrong."

But that was far from all of it.

Front Street, Dodge City, Kansas, in 1878

Wild Bill as Goldilocks

WILD BILL HICKOK, the deadliest shot of them all, was a close friend of Bat Masterson, and that made Hickok my friend too. I was with him often in Dodge City and Hays City, Kansas. At that time Wild Bill was the most celebrated gunman in the 1000-mile stretch between Ogallah and Laredo. In every barroom and gambling house, cow camp and camp fire, men who lived by the six-shooter talked of his surpassing skill, his nerve and the notches on his gun. Even then the stories told of him were becoming legendary. I never asked him for the true versions. He was touchy on the subject; but after Wild Bill was killed at Deadwood, Bat Masterson, who had every reason to know, told me that he had counted up eighty-seven men, Indians not included, that Hickok had killed.

I first saw Wild Bill when I was a boy. My father, a contractor who had helped build the Santa Fe railroad across Kansas, took me with him to the sutler's store at Fort Leavenworth, and there I saw Gen. George A. Custer and his two scouts, Wild Bill and Buffalo Bill, buying goods. They were young men then, and dressed in fringed buckskins that fitted them beautifully. I never saw three such strikingly handsome men together before or since. They were tall, finely proportioned men. Each had hair that fell like a cataract around his shoulders, and each obviously was proud of it.

Most of the plainsmen of that period wore their hair long. Easterners, who knew no better, thought it was an affectation, but there were good motives for it. When a man was out on the plains or in the mountains he was beyond reach of barbers or shears, his hair grew long, there was warmth and comfort in it in winter, he got to like it that way, and long hair became the style on the frontier. Another reason was that the Indians believed a man who cut his hair short was a coward. It was hard to lift a short-haired scalp, and the Indians thought that was why the pale-face cut it—to save his scalp. But a white man with long hair was held to be a bold warrior, and it gave him prestige.

Wild Bill was not wild. He was a cool, soft-spoken man of few words. And his name was not William; it was James. The name was given him when the McCandless gang cornered him in a cabin and he killed six or eight of them. His rescuers found him almost bled to death, in the semi-darkness of the cabin, staggering and groping among the bodies strewn about the floor; and Doctor Thorne, who found seven bullets in his flesh and sewed up numerous cuts from that fight, asked him how he could stand up and fight in such a condition.

"When they all jumped me I went wild," he answered, and the name stuck. "Bill" was the usual frontier tag.

Wild Bill was a good deal of a dandy. I have seen him in a Prince Albert coat, checkered trousers, a silk waistcoat embroidered with colored flowers, and over his shoulders a cape with flowered-silk lining He took as much pride in his boots as in his wealth of blond hair. They were made to his order in Leavenworth and I have known him to pay as high as sixty dollars for a pair. The tops were of black patent leather embroidered in various devices in curves and spirals, and the heels were two inches high.

When I went to Dodge City, Bat Masterson was a good deal of a dandy too. His spurs were gold-mounted, and wrapped twice around his waist, its fringed ends hanging to his knees, was a crimson sash of Mexican work. He wore a red silk neckerchief. His gray sombrero was banded by a rattlesnake skin of gold and silver, with glass eyes. His revolvers were silver-plated and ivory-handled, and belt and holster were studded with silver. Later he discarded these gaudy trappings, but he patronized a good tailor.

An Easterner who had heard of Bat's contributions to Boot Hill Cemetery and had seen the Western gunman pictured as an unshaven ruffian in flannel shirt, and baggy trousers tucked into high boots, stopped off at Dodge once and asked Chalk Beeson where he could see the famous Bat.

Fred E. Sutton, When Dodge City Called Him the Crooked S. Kid

A Peace-at-Any-Price Officer

"WHEN you meet the best dressed and best looking man in town, that will be Bat," Beeson advised him. Wild Bill Hickok was a peace officer on the border when it was at its wildest and woolliest. His trade was the taming of outlaws and drunken gun fighters, and he worked hard at his job. His six-shooters were his tools and he used them as a lion tamer uses his whip and pistol—to frighten and overawe if possible, to kill when in doubt.

Many of the men he shot down were noted from the Rio Grande to the Red River of the North as killers. Wild Bill, of course, in his activities as peace officer, made hosts of enemies, and numerous plots were laid to assassinate him. When he was marshal of Hays City I was walking up the plank sidewalk there and I saw Bill coming down the middle of the street, walking slowly, a sawed-off shotgun in the crook of his left elbow.

He came over to shake hands and I asked him, "Why the middle of the street, Mr. Hickok? Isn't the sidewalk good enough for you?"

He explained that a short time before, it had been necessary for him to kill, in self-defense, a couple of drunken cowboys who were shooting up the town and resisting arrest. They were popular hands on a ranch in the short-grass country and their friends had

raised a purse of $2000 as a reward for anyone who would kill him. So he was avoiding the sidewalks, where doorways and the openings between buildings might give cover to some aspirant for the reward.

When he was marshal of Abilene, the gamblers hung up a big purse for anyone who would remove him. There was always someone with an ambition to strut in the cattle camps, saloons and dance halls as the bad man who had killed Wild Bill, and, of course, Bill was simply forced to destroy those fellows when they came against him.

I saw the body of a desperado from the Brazos country of Texas who was reputed to be phenomenally quick with his guns, who rode horseback all the way to Hays City to kill Wild Bill. At every place he stopped along the route he bragged that he would be back that way within a few weeks with Wild Bill's scalp. Wild Bill heard all about it, but he said nothing. He was used to threats of that kind. He kept on his usual way, quietly patrolling the streets, twisting the ends of his long mustache, until one day he and that bad man from Texas met in the street and Bill had him covered before he could move a finger.

"Fill your hand," Bill remarked.

Wild Bill Hickok When He Was Marshal at Abilene

Bill's Only Retreat

ALTHOUGH the man from Texas had two six-shooters in his belt, and Bill knew he had come especially to kill him, he would not shoot him until he had a chance to draw. That was a matter of ethics with the old border marshals and sheriffs. They always gave the other fellow a chance, even when it was exceedingly dangerous to do so. Texas drew; but before he could shoot, Bill killed him, and instead of going back to Texas in triumph he went to Boot Hill.

A drunken soldier rode his horse into a saloon in Hays City one day and tried to make it mount a pool table. Wild Bill interfered, the soldier reached for his gun and Bill killed him. The following day a troop of the Seventh Cavalry, stationed at Fort Hays, turned out to slay Bill. Seven of them set upon him. He killed three and fled. He came over to Dodge City, ninety miles across the prairie, to visit with Bat Masterson, who was sheriff then.

I heard him telling the story to Bat, and Bat, who was a good deal of a wag, inquired, "What did you run for, Bill?"

"Huh! I couldn't fight the whole Seventh Cavalry," he replied.

So far as I know, that was the only time he ran away from a fight, yet he survived them all. A writer of moving picture titles might say "He led a charmed life"—until at last he was shot down from behind and died with his boots on.

Bat Masterson, as peace officer at Dodge City when it was the most lawless and disorderly town in America, added thirty-seven to the graves on Boot Hill, and the bulk of those men he killed were noted gunmen who tried to shoot him first, and yet he lived unhurt through it all and breathed his last peacefully at a desk in New York City.

Tilghman, scout, plainsman, buffalo hunter, Indian fighter, sheriff, United States marshal, when "there was no Sunday west of Kansas City and no God west of Fort Smith," for fifty-one years a gunman on the side of the law, was the bull's-eye in hundreds of gun fights, and yet in all those years and in all those battles he was wounded only once, until two years ago, when he was killed by a man he was trying to arrest.

The prime reason why they escaped from so many attempts to destroy them lay in their method of handling a six-shooter. Those expert gunmen of the West did not shoot in the fashion they are pictured in the movies and described in the popular literature about the old West.

A few years ago Sam Dunn and I were killing time in Amarillo, Texas, and we went to see a moving picture. In the first scene the movie hero leaped into a saloon filled with outlaws and drew two six-shooters, aimed them, one in each hand, at the gang of bad men in front of him, and cowed them and held them at bay, while he stood there sighting along the barrels.

Sam prodded me with his elbow and growled, "Fred, look at that blamed fool. Let's go out."

"Wait, Sam, we've paid our money! Let's see what this hombre will do next," I urged.

A desperado raised cautiously up from behind a faro table and hurled a bowie knife at the hero, who thereupon began to pump lead into the company.

"Durned if I'll set and watch that stuff," said Sam, and we went.

The thing that so provoked Sam was that this outlaw tamer had pulled his guns from holsters on his hips, had raised them to the level of his eyes, with a forefinger on the trigger of each, and when he began to shoot he sighted along the barrels and pulled the triggers with each shot until six bullets had been fired from each gun.

"Je-rusalem!" Sam grumbled as we walked together up the street.

Sam Dunn had been brand inspector for the Texas Cattle Raisers' Association for years when the Panhandle and all Oklahoma was open range, when the six-shooter was judge, jury and executioner in the settlement of all serious disputes. He knew that no Western gun fighter, either on the side of the law or against it, ever handled a six-shooter in the manner shown in the movie. In a fight with a real gunman he would shoot in that way only once; he would not live to do it again.

Mr. Sutton Holding the Belle Starr Winchester, the Most Famous Rifle in His Collection

The best gun fighters never touched the triggers of their six-shooters. In the last fifty years I have known most of the marshals, sheriffs and bad men who earned reputations, and few of them ever pulled a trigger, or owned a six-shooter with a trigger that could be pulled. The majority were fanners and they used single-action guns.

Single-Action and Double-Action

THE difference between a single-action and a double-action gun is this: Two separate motions must be made to shoot a single-action gun. The hammer must be pulled back with the thumb and cocked, and then the trigger must be pulled with the forefinger. To shoot a double-action gun only one motion is required. The pulling of the trigger raises the hammer, releases it and lets it fall. One may shoot the six bullets, one after the other, from a double-action gun as quickly as he can pull the trigger six times. With a single-action gun he must cock the hammer with each shot.

A novice would choose the double-action gun, but the frontiersman discovered, early in the game, that in the desperate haste of drawing a gun and in getting the forefinger quickly and rightly placed for action upon the trigger, there was often a fumble and a miss. When a man's life hangs upon the certainty of his shot being on its way the minutest fraction of a second ahead of the other fellow's, he cannot risk chances of a forefinger groping to get within the trigger guard; he must achieve the draw, the aim and the shot with the least possible expense of motions.

So the most expert gunmen I have known

(Continued on Page 168)

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF MRS. JOE A. TILGHMAN, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

Bill Tilghman (With Hand on Rail) at the Dedication of the Dobe Walls Battle Marker, Five Months Before He Was Killed. Andrew Johnson, a Survivor of the Battle, is Standing Against the Monument

DESCENT IS EASY

"The Postman Handed It to Me and I Read It. But I Belong to You, Mother! Mother, Say I Belong to You!"

By Elsie Singmaster

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

ON WEDNESDAY morning, January second, Henry Dallas sat in the back room of his drug store in Carleon. Lighted by sunshine, it was a pleasant place, smelling of aromatic drugs, perfumes and soap. Beside one of the three windows stood a desk, with a typewriter on a rack at the side. The typewriter was of an old design, but kept in order by Dallas' neat hand it was adequate for the transcribing of bills and the sending of orders. The *a* and the *y* were out of alignment and an almost invisible border of red from the lower half of the ribbon showed at the foot of each letter, but these were unimportant defects.

Dallas' business was not so large as that of the other druggists, who kept a stock of cameras, talking machines, records and sporting goods. It was conducted, however, with few risks; most of the physicians sent their patients to him for the filling of prescriptions, and quiet ladies from the older families and the families of the college faculty paid a dollar for three cakes of soap which they could have bought elsewhere for fifty cents. Two miles to the east of Carleon was situated a state hospital for the insane, and the physician in charge, Doctor Cushwa, dealt with Dallas.

Dallas was forty-five years old, a tall, lean man with an abnormally sensitive disposition. He came of obscure and ignorant people, most of whom were, happily for him, dead. The others he helped quietly, between him and them an unspoken understanding that they were to keep out of his way. He deserved a large measure of credit for his rise; he had been an errand boy at the drug store after school hours and in summer; and he had succeeded, by depriving himself of all but the necessities of life, in studying until he was a licensed pharmacist. One gift of fortune had been his: his employer left to him the stock and goodwill of the business. He now owned the building as well, and also the adjoining building. Two stores besides his own and ten apartments paid him a good income.

His success brought him only partial satisfaction; he had enjoyed the hard work of his youth, but he felt that he was denied its rewards. He was unmarried, though he had long wished to marry. He could have chosen among several women who looked at him hopefully—one a teacher, one a nurse, one a widow with a little boy—but his sensitiveness about his origin made him look down upon women who worked, and he had no fondness for children.

He had begun to think that he would never marry, but he had not ceased to dream of and to long for social position. To visit the Wyerses in a friendly way in their beautiful house, where Richard Wyers wrote scientific works which made Carleon famous, to motor with Judge and Mrs. Hoyt to New York to see an exhibition of pictures or to hear a concert, to be hailed with a wave of the hand by friendly Mrs. Gladwin, the wife of the president of the college—these were the pathetically unambitious and wholly vain dreams of Dallas. They need not have been vain; those with whom he longed to associate were friendly souls. The obstacle was in himself; his sensitiveness and his unworthy shame in his origin gave him an aspect of shyness and reserve which made even casual encounters with him difficult.

He kept himself steadily in condition for the company which he believed he deserved. He maintained his good health by long walks, he gave a great deal of thought to his wardrobe and he cultivated his mind, reading through whole series of books guaranteed to add magnetism to one's personality.

He advanced, however, no farther. Mrs. Wyers, tall and slender and beautifully dressed, came into the store and ordered soap or bath salts or writing paper, but she did not invite him to her house or, indeed, always speak to him on the street. She had clear-cut regular features, dark blue eyes and an expression so grave that it almost marred her beauty. She carried her head always as though it wore a crown, and Carleon thought her proud. Tears would have ravaged her countenance, but few persons had ever seen her in tears. Those upon whom she smiled adored her.

Mrs. Wyers had cause to be humble rather than proud, as Dallas, alone in Carleon, knew. An agent, coming into his store to sell drugs, had inquired about her, explaining that she once lived in his town in distant Maine. Her brother, he said, had died in the penitentiary, whither he had been sent for embezzlement, and the little adopted girl who lived with the Wyerses was his child. Her mother had been worthless also.

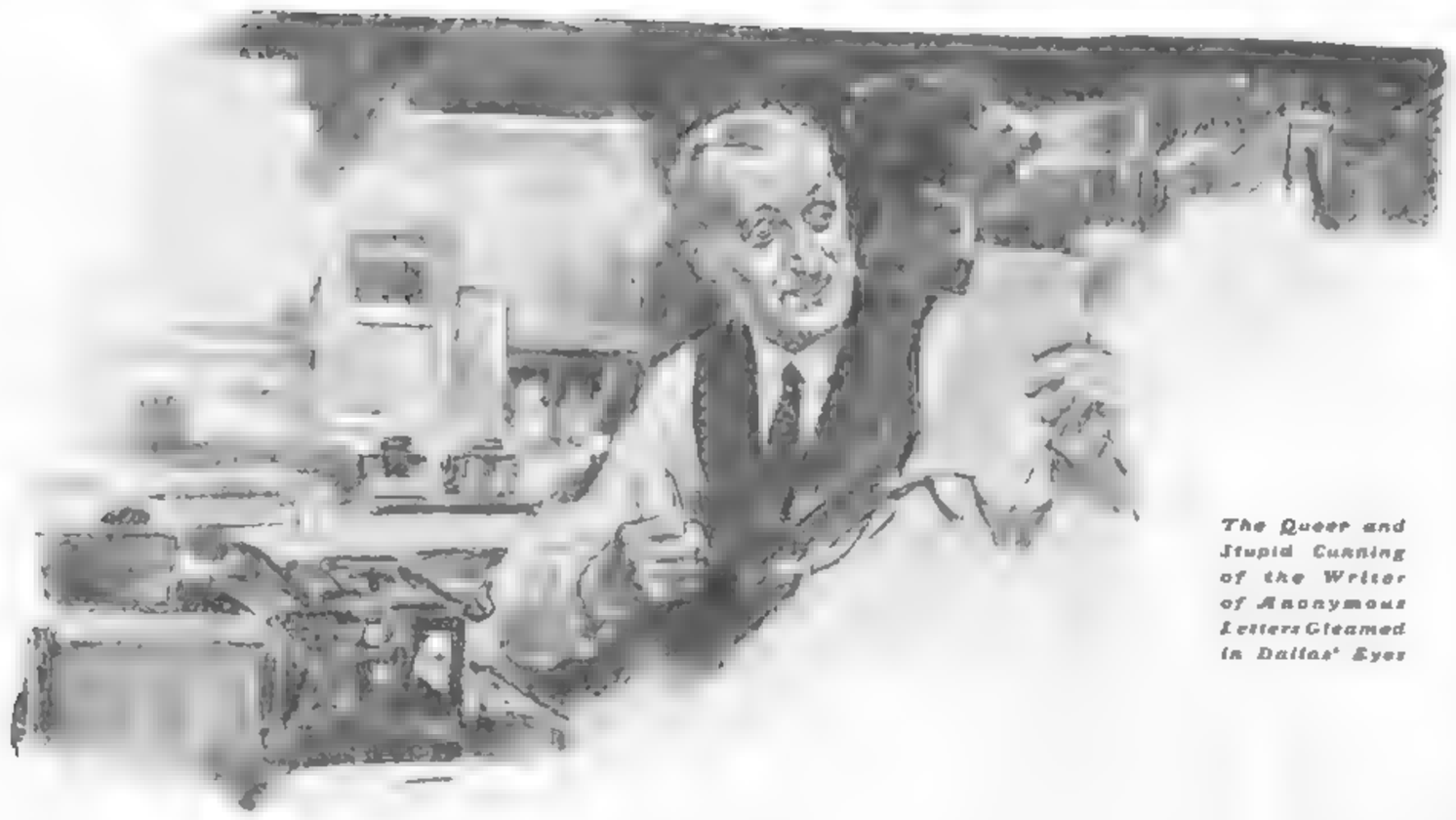
"Better not tell it, though," he advised.

"I won't." It would have been contrary to Dallas' character to repeat anything he heard. He felt, however, a secret and dangerous pleasure in knowing a discreditable story about the relatives of one so proud as Mrs. Wyers.

Mrs. Hoyt and Mrs. Gladwin were always cordial, but their friendliness was that which they showed to all residents of Carleon. When Mrs. Hoyt said, "Good morning, Mr. Dallas, I hope you're very well this morning. Six ounces of camphor, if you please," he could not answer, "Mrs. Hoyt, I know that Bach was the greatest musician that ever lived and that even modern musicians have only begun to learn all he had to teach." Mrs. Gladwin was herself learned in natural science, but he could not say, when she asked for cold cream, "Mrs. Gladwin, I know all about the lemmings, how they are little mice that once in seven years travel across whole continents to throw themselves into the sea," or, "The golden plover flies without food or rest from the Arctic Circle to Brazil." He could say only, "Yes, Mrs. Hoyt," or "Mrs. Gladwin, I have ten brands of cold cream."

When Mrs. Wyers failed to acknowledge his deep bow, or Mrs. Hoyt or Mrs. Gladwin turned away with a businesslike "Good morning," he let rise from the bottom of his heart a spring of bitterness which overflowed his being. A man whose emotions were expressed in physical sensation would have felt his cheeks burn or would have clenched his fists, then would have laughed at his own violence. Dallas had no such relief; he conceived a punishment for Mrs. Wyers, perilous to himself as well as to her.

All the sunny morning Dallas sat before his typewriter, his daybook on one side and his blank bill forms on the other. Precise in his ways, he liked the details of business. It was exactly one o'clock, and he had reached the W's,



The Queer and Stupid Cunning of the Writer of Anonymous Letters Gleamed in Dallas' Eyes

when his clerk returned from lunch; and he rose at once and put on his overcoat. He preferred the later hour because he considered it more correct.

"All the prescriptions are ready." He indicated a row of bottles wrapped in white paper and each marked with a name. His ways with his clerk were kind but short. At this moment he had a headache. On Monday night, which was New Year's Eve, he had been kept awake by the ringing of bells and the blowing of whistles and a loud celebration in the hotel where he lived. Last night he worked at his accounts until midnight and this morning he began at eight o'clock. His nerves were on edge; he saw awaiting him upon his return Mrs. Wyers' long account and felt irritation rather than satisfaction.

At the corner he met Mrs. Wyers herself. She came out of the dry-goods store and the sight of her erect figure and her grave, beautiful face framed by the high collar of her fur coat and a close-fitting fur cap, set his heart throbbing and his hand flying to his hat. But, oblivious of his presence, Mrs. Wyers crossed to her car, hurrying to open the door for a clerk following with a heavy parcel. Dallas had stopped short and lifted his hat; he realized with blinding anger that he stood like an obsequious citizen at attention before indifferent royalty.

When he returned to his store, his anger had not cooled; instead it burned with a far more intense heat. What he chose to consider as direct and intentional rudeness was not the kindling upon which a flame was built; it was oil poured upon a smoldering blaze. He thought with gloating upon the punishment he had devised to fit Mrs. Wyers' crime.

There were four customers in the store and the clerk was slow; but, indifferent to his appealing glance, Dallas went straight down the long aisle to his private room. The sun was gone and with it all the cheerfulness of the place. A plant in the window or a cat asleep on a cushion would have brightened it, but Dallas had no faculty for creating cheer. He sat down at his machine and began to write:

MRS. RICHARD WYERS:

DECEMBER 1. 100 Sheets tissue paper.
30 Sheets holly paper.
30 Sheets silver paper.
3 Balls red cord.
3 Balls green cord.
Engraving 200 cards.

The clerk looked in helplessly and apologetically, but Dallas wrote on; having finished Wyers, he went to Wynne, then Xander, Yates, Yohe, Young, Young, Young, and at last to three German Z's—Ziegler, Zollicoffer and Zug. Another person might have been entertained by the conjunction, but not Dallas. Resentment was not softened; the flame of anger burned more and more brightly. He sealed the last envelopes and added them to a collection in a wire basket.

Taking a sheet of blank paper, he put it into the machine. Until this moment, whatever he had thought in his heart, he had never in all his life done anything mean or base. But he had meditated continually upon mean and base things, and he now committed, without hesitation and by writing a few words, an act of shameful wickedness and cruelty. The words were, "How about the Maine Penitentiary?" He selected from his drawer an envelope, blank like the paper, and addressed it to "Mrs. R. P. Wiers, Town." Richard Wyers had no middle name and his surname was misspelled—the queer and stupid cunning of the writer of anonymous letters gleamed in Dallas' eyes.

He lifted the envelope and paper to his nose and sniffed them; like all his possessions they smelled of aromatic drugs, perfumes and soap. He looked into the store; it was empty except for the clerk, who sat at the far-away window reading a worthless magazine.

"Jim," said Dallas, "mail these bills."

As soon as Jim had started, sighing, on his walk of five blocks, Dallas rose. He seldom smoked and he discouraged smoking in the store, but he took from the case the strongest cigar and lighting it, blew the smoke into the envelope. Suddenly his mouth twitched with what on another man's mouth might have been the beginning of a smile and he flipped the ashes from the tip of the cigar into the envelope. Then he sealed it and put it into his pocket.

II

MRS. WYERS stood in the hall of her house at the edge of Carleon, erect, still as a statue, with her hand on the knob of the vestibule door. To the right she could look into a low-ceiled living room, the apparent length and breadth of which were reduced by a grand piano and large pieces of fine old furniture, and beyond into a living porch,

(Continued on Page 186)

"The Next Day He Had an Anonymous Letter—a Cruel, Cruel Letter. It Broke His Heart"

George H. Jay and the Three-Figure Flutter

By Bertram Atkey

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

A HUNDRED-THOUSAND-POUND deal invariably meant a great strain on Mr. George H. Jay, Agent—that is to say, he had been straining hard to get hold of one for many years without success. But because the six-figure *festa* consistently continued to evade his many-tentacled activities, the genial George had by no means lost hope of getting it down some day and kicking all the stuffing out of it when it was comfortably down.

"Everything comes to him who goes out and slips a noose round its tail," was one of his semifacetious ways of telling his cigar that all would be well. Meantime he was content with the smaller five-figure transactions—when he could get any. Which he couldn't—not just at present. That would come.

"I consider that the first essential to this business is quality," he had been heard to state, "and the second is quantity. If you were to fall in a parade, right here in Finch Court, of the world's leading philosophers, from Plutarch to Kenneth Roberts, and put the question to the whole squad, they would agree like one man that the father and mother of genuine efficiency are quality and quantity. Any man can lead both of these essentials to the water, but it takes time—a long time—to make 'em drink. Slow work. Now, me, I've put the quality into my business. That's done. It's there. Nothing can alter that. And now I am aiming to import the quantity. Meantime I am not affected with swelled head. If I can't get six-figure deals I am satisfied to bide my time and make-shift with five-figure ones. If there don't happen to be any of those immediately available I am not the man to sneer at four figures. Little fish are sweet. I hope the day will never dawn when I despise a three-figure flutter—or, not to labor the thing, what's the matter with a straight-out two-figure win? A win is a win, isn't it? I am not ashamed to admit that I have had a whole lot of one-figure transactions in my time and I want to say that, in my opinion, a man who disdains a quick little clean-up of even a trifle is not a man likely to figure well to the fore when we pass the post in—well, in life's race for the six-figure finish, so to put it."

"You Thought You Were Selling Furniture, Didn't You, Mr. Jay? But What We Paid You Six Hundred for Was This!"

It was, of course, the right spirit.

George H. had tested his theory over and over, and ever it fired sweetly on all six.

Thus the Squire of Finch Court never allowed himself to be diverted from the certainty of picking up five pounds in order that he might pursue one of the many hundred-thousand-pound mirages with which, to any but the clear-sighted, the air of London seems positively choked.

"I am not a gambler," George would claim occasionally when the claiming was free from risk or danger. "And when the big fish does come fanning along my way I shall be there with my little hook. Yes, indeed—ha-ha! Meantime ——"

It was, of course, somewhat in this frame of mind that, having an odd hour to fill, George H. looked in at the big auction sale of the furniture and effects of the notorious Mr. Andover Crosscut, when this ceremony was decreed by the official receiver in bankruptcy.

Mr. Crosscut had for many years occupied positions of trust. Trust, indeed, had been this gentleman's specialty and many people had noticed it and utilized it. Presumably, not caring to trust themselves or being in circumstances which rendered it necessary to trust somebody else, these unfortunate folk had trusted the gray-haired, quiet-mannered, very gentlemanly old solicitor, Mr. Crosscut.

For many years Andover had trusted himself, but a time came when, apparently, he ceased to do so. He had departed from his big West End house and his offices, and rather belated inquiry had revealed the fact that practically the whole of the trust funds for which he was responsible had been eaten out like a sweet pear eaten out by wasps. Mr. Crosscut had left the rind in charge of a said to be semiconfidential clerk, Alfred Turnstone.

Six months' hard labor was procured, after some effort, for Mr. Turnstone for complicity, some said unjustly; but nothing of the kind could be done for Mr. Andover Crosscut who, a few weeks after bolting, was proved to have died of pneumonia at Boulogne in circumstances of extreme poverty. Quite how he had squandered or otherwise disposed of his plunder was never traced; though, as gentle George H. Jay readily perceived when he strolled into the big house where the auction sale was taking place, a very respectable portion of the money had been spent on furniture and effects.

There were many fine pieces on offer, some first-rate pictures, quite a considerable collection of porcelain and quite a large number of pretty good fakes. Prices were running high, though occasionally a bargain slipped through the net of a keen demand.

Mr. Jay picked up a small oil painting so near to being a real little gem by John Constable that the difference was hardly worth bothering about, provided one could get the signature of the man who had painted it—one Albert Maggs—thoroughly obliterated; and he put in a few bids for the very handsome, carved black-walnut writing desk and bureau which had once adorned the small library or inner sanctuary of the late Mr. Crosscut. Mr. Jay liked the opulent appearance of this bit of furniture and, doubtless in accordance with his policy of importing all the quality he could into his business, made a mild effort to acquire it for his own office.

But it soared out of his reach. It was a comparatively modern piece, and when a rather attractive and extremely well-dressed lady with merry eyes topped George H.'s bid of forty-five pounds with a five-pound jump to fifty, the gentle craftsman from Finch Court laughed a big breezy, good-humored laugh, shook his head indulgently at his pretty opponent and stepped off. He had a very good-looking desk already, and though the lady had undeniably picked up a real bargain, George did not feel very hurt about it. He paid for his picture and presently strolled back to keep an appointment at his office.

He had let the incident slide from his mind within an hour, though he was able to recall it without difficulty when, maybe a week or ten days later, his frequently confidential clerk, Gus Golding, entered his office to announce that a lady had called and was anxious to be granted the boon of a few moments of Mr. Jay's time and attention.

"Hum! Puts it nicely, at all events," said George, who always appreciated civility. He examined the neat card, engraved in copperplate with the name "Lady Courtenay-Coke." The name of a Cannes hotel, below, had been struck out and that of the expensive, new, fashionable West End hotel—the Lorraine—scribbled in.

Gentle George H. stared at Gus Golding, who was standing more or less to attention, doubtless with a terse sum-up of Lady Courtenay-Coke's appearance and general atmosphere on the tip of his tongue. Indeed, he had already begun it, uninvited:

"She's a nervy, hair-triggered thoroughbred ——"

But the Squire of Finch Court stayed him stiffly.

"Now, Golding, that's enough. Let me have no flippancy, d'ye understand? Unless I am mistaken Lady Courtenay-Coke is—must be—the wife of General Sir Steel Courtenay-Coke who made a reputation some

years ago in France. Show her in, boy, show her in! . . . Er—did she happen to say what she called about?"

"Something about wishing to purchase from you the writing desk you bought at the sale of the late Mr. Andover Crosscut's furniture, sir," said Gus equably. "She seems a little—emotional, if I may say so, sir."

"Yes, you may say that, Gus," conceded George Henry a little absently as he dragged the week-old details of how he failed to buy the desk in question back to his memory. He dropped his voice a notch or so.

"Wants to buy my desk that I bought at the sale, does she?" he mused aloud. "Well, we must see about that, Gus, my boy—must see what can be done about that. Just show her in to me, my boy."

He rose, placed a chair and remained standing, the very model of a high-class, first-quality agent, to receive the caller.

She was undoubtedly what Mr. Gus Golding had begun to call her. A tall, slender, graceful, almost ghostly woman who appeared to have lived a good many years in India, with the usual results.

Pale, golden blondes gain nothing from prolonged residence in the tropics.

That insatiable old sultan, the blazing sun of Ind, has soaked up more British beauty than Britain can well spare—among it that of which Lady Courtenay-Coke undoubtedly had once been the proprietress. Indeed, she was far from being displeasing now, for she was graceful and sweet, and though the tropics had stolen her first bloom they had polished her perfect manner.

"You will perhaps think it very odd that I should come to you, Mr. Jay, in such an informal way," she began when she was seated, "but I do not expect to be in England long. I wish to return to France as quickly as possible. My husband, General Sir Steel Courtenay-Coke, has just sailed from India and I wish to be at Marseilles to welcome him home. He is leaving the Service at last."

"After a long and, if I may say so, a highly distinguished career," added George H.

She smiled, pleased.

"They say so, do they not? And it is most gratifying to hear and to know—as I do."

Her pale, delicate face went grave again.

"But I wish to talk to you of a more painful matter—and one which is, to me, of an almost desperately confidential nature ——"

"Pardon me, Lady Courtenay-Coke," said George Henry seriously, and locked the door. He did not add that his telegraphic address was Privacy, London. The gentle one possessed a great gift of discrimination, and his gift was advising him emphatically that this was a case calling for Style Three of his system—old family lawyer. You can't get genuine quality into an agency business these days with one style only. Even the young, who cannot hope to be full-fledged members of the Agents' Guild for years to come, know this.

The lady nodded faintly in approval of Mr. Jay's precaution.

"That, I think, will insure us against any accidental intrusion from outside," said the gentle one, "and, for myself, I may say that probably 80 per cent of the whole volume of my business is of a strictly confidential nature."

"Exactly, Mr. Jay." She thought for a moment.

"I am the only daughter of a man whose name, unhappily, is probably familiar to you—the late Mr. Andover Crosscut. I wish to say at once that I shall ever believe my father to have been gravely misjudged. The reason for my belief is simple and easily understood. As you—as most people—know, my husband is a very wealthy man. He was a great friend of my father's. They got on admirably together. If my father had needed money—even a very large sum of money—to tide him over any difficult time I feel sure he would have asked my husband's aid. And I am quite certain that he would have received it."

She shook her graceful, classical head slightly.

"I just wished to say that to you. It has no real bearing on the purpose of my visit, but no doubt you understand that a man's daughter might feel it a sort of duty to bring, whenever possible, that point to the notice of people who have read reports and formed conclusions about him. I shall say no more about that."

She paused a moment, then added:

"Whatever may be the truth concerning his affairs, I adored him, and you can conceive my feelings when I arrived from India, to find that all his goods had been dispersed—auctioned—flung to the winds—scattered by the action of the official receiver. Little household gods that I knew as a child all gone. I am trying, in the limited time at my disposal, to buy some of those things back. No doubt you will regard this as sentimental"—Mr. Jay gently demurred—"but that does not matter. I desire to do this. And, at the risk of being considered arrogant, I can say that I am well capable of paying heavily to satisfy my wish. I understand that you purchased at the sale two things: One a charming little sketch in oils by Constable, and also my father's favorite writing desk and bureau. Will you sell these things back to me, Mr. Jay, naming your own price? I—somehow, I just can't haggle cleverly—as I should do, I suppose."

George Henry reflected.

The sketch, of course, was not by John Constable. It was by Albert Maggs—and Albert's figure in any market was to John's what a child's air ball is to a passenger balloon.

"Morally, I should undeceive her," mused Mr. Jay, with extreme rapidity. "Not a doubt of it. But, against that, why should I explode her pretty fancy? She believes it to be a Constable. I know it to be a copy by Maggs, whoever Maggs was. It's a case of common honesty against a desire to make this lady happy by preserving her harmless little illusions."

It was a great temptation, especially as Albert's name had now been skillfully removed by a man in the removal business, but gentle George had the right stuff in him, somewhere way down on the bedrock. He smiled faintly.

"I am afraid the picture is not a genuine Constable; it is a painting most admirably done in the Constable style, but no more than that," he said.

She looked incredulous, but not disposed to debate it.

"Oh! Do you think so? I always—but never mind. Would you care to part with it? I will give you anything in reason—fifty pounds—for it. I have always loved that little picture and never dreamed it would—go away."

She breathed quickly. George gracefully bowed to the inevitable.

"I beg you not to give the matter another thought, dear Lady Courtenay-Coke. Of course, the picture shall be yours at whatever value you set upon it—fifty pounds if you desire it to be fifty!"

She was charmed. So was the Squire of Finch Court. He had given a couple of pounds for it, so he figured to himself that he had a right to be charmed. He had done a kind

(Continued on Page 52)

"On My Money," Said George H. as He Glared at Them. "Like a Lot o' Cannibals"

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Miss Laura Turned, Quick as a Flash. "Give Me That," She Says

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY W. P. COUSE

THERE'S times when I think I'd about as lief sell out the ranch, lock, stock and bar'l, to some of these clamoring plutocrat land grabbers and buy me a store like this here, only a heap superior, and run Henry out of business," remarked the old bullwhacker. "This thing of tilling the soil when the soil's froze three foot deep gets sort of ancient after a few months of it," he continued. "Right now I don't know of no place I'd sooner be than here."

It was comfortable enough in Henry Albien's store at Blueblanket that January morning—if one stayed fairly close to the stove. The atmosphere might have been purer, owing to the commingled emanations from buffalo and wolfskin coats, tobacco, harness dressing, felt boots and the kit of salt mackerel that Rod Tunney, Albien's clerk, had just broken open; but it was comfortably warm. Outside, wagon wheels squealed painfully as they ground into the hard-packed snow of the street and the plank sidewalk groaned and crackled under the occasional tread of passing feet.

Now and again the door opened to admit a rush of zero air and some fur-muffled, red-nosed customer, who would straightway stamp to the stove, beating together numbed hands or removing icicles pendent from his mustache as he came.

"You'd be kindly welcome to run me out," grumbled the storekeeper, who, in his official capacity of postmaster, was busied in the comparatively arctic region behind the glass-fronted pigeonholes. "That ain't your box, Willis," he said brusquely to a sharp-nosed man who was peering through the glass at a post card within.

"I know it," replied the sharp-nosed man. "Lee Canby's box, ain't it? Who's this Marg'ret that's a-writing to him? She ain't none of his kin, as I ever heard. I can't make head nor tail of it."

"Mebbe that's because I was careless enough to lay that card so's you had to read it sideways," observed the storekeeper sarcastically. "All is, I reckon you'll have to ask Lee to tell you about it. Mebbe he will. He'll tell you something, anyway. Mebbe he'll hit you a clip aside o' the head, too, for poking and prying into his business—like I would if it was me."

Willis received this reproof stolidly enough, to all appearance, but he departed very soon after, whereupon the old bullwhacker remonstrated with the storekeeper for his harshness.

"Because he didn't poke, as you might say, nor yet pry anything, Henry. Neighborly interest is what it was, and while the reading of post cards is your official priv'lege, it ain't exclusive, and other folks has the same right if they get a chance, way I look at it."

"Not in public, openly and shamelessly, Mr. Stegg," argued Lon Selby, the district attorney, who had just received his mail. "I admit that there is no statutory injunction against the practice, and *omnia delicta in aperto leviora sunt*, which is to say that the open commission of a crime is to be considered a mitigating circumstance; but there is a certain indelicacy about that openness that I, personally, find revolting—almost criminal. I feel sure that, privilege or no privilege, our worthy postmaster would not be guilty of such a thing. No, no, he would exercise his undeniable right in decent privacy—wouldn't you, Henry?"

Albien replied that he 'tended strictly to his own business and allowed other folks to 'tend to theirn. He then came from behind the screen, filled the fiercely glowing maw of the big stove with huge pine sticks and proceeded to toast his back.

"There may be something in what you say," the old bullwhacker resumed, addressing Selby. "Anyway, post cards is what I always think of when I give myself up to enviousness of Henry. It's surprising what interesting reading matter some folks will put on one of them things, and Henry gets 'em going and coming."

"Which makes him a well-posted man," said Selby with an apologetic smile.

Said the old bullwhacker: I've got to admit that I'm a considerable like Roscoe Glaub, who used to run a oyster, ice-cream, soft-drink and pool parlor in Minnekahta in an early day. Roscoe was certainly plumb full of neighborly interest. If the Minnekahta folks had had anyways near the thirst for ginger pop that he had for knowledge, he'd have made an independent fortune from that department alone. He was what you'd call a mine of information, that boy. I don't say the output run a high per cent of truth to the ton, but it was free-milling and the hoist worked double shift, day and night. Give and take was his motto. He'd pump a man until he sucked dry and then he'd open the floodgates of his dammed-up—and down—tidings and hearsay and pers'nal observation and let 'er gush until you was drenched to the bone.

He was a single man, about thirty, with eyes that was all red around the rims, like he'd been keeping 'em too long at drafty keyholes, and eyebrows curved up 's if he hadn't got over being s'prised at what he seen while so occupied. His ears was like 'most anybody's ears, but a jack rabbit's wasn't no better as far's hearing from all directions went. Similar, his nose was a snub, but he managed to poke it into any kind of a pinhole of other folks' business.

Yes, sir, Roscoe sure had an inquiring mind, and it ain't no mystery to me why both of his parents died on him before he was four years old. There ain't a shadow of a doubt in my mind that they tried to answer the questions he ast 'em.

It was in the summer of '83 that I was in his place one evening with Lon Duffy, our popular county treasurer. I was learning Lon the real inwardness and science of pool, a game that he had the vain delusions of thinking he knew all the fine points of. Roscoe was holding down one of the chairs, a-watching my amazing exhibition of superb skill and struck dumb by it for the time being, when Carl Vedder happened in with the news that a lady name of Miss Laura Macy had come in on the stage from Ioway about an hour previous and was a-going to instruct the rising generation of School Deestrict Number Six.

I looked to see Roscoe plumb excited, but he was as ca'm as cold cabbage.

"Something must have happened to start her a couple of days earlier than what she wrote," he says. "I'd like mighty well to know what it was."

Lon blew the loose chalk from the cue he was still hoping to get a chance to use, and spoke up.

"Maybe her Uncle Ebenezer's wife allowed she wasn't a-going to put up with her no two days longer," he says. "The circumstances being what they was, she prob'ly told Uncle Eben that Laura would either get out right away or she'd go herself and that was all there was to it."

Roscoe pricked up his ears. "Hey?" he says. "What's that? What do you know about her, Lon?"

"Not a single solitary gol-darned thing," replied Alonzo, heaving a deep sigh as I pocketed the last ball. "I never heard tell of the lady in all my born days. I was just guessing at hap-random, as it were; but it might be worth something to you as a theery to work on."

"Smart as a mustard poultice, ain't you?" says Roscoe. "Well, I don't guess about things myself. She wrote Juliana Harper that she'd be here on the eighth and this ain't but the sixth. She's twenty-eight years old, Juliana says, and a brunette, and she's taught school since she was eighteen. Her father went to school with Dan Goss, Juliana's father, and they always went on toots together, Juliana says, which was how come she got the job; but I had it from Bill King that Sol Cheever kicked like a bay steer at the board meeting. Sol wanted to slip his girl Milly in on a permit, but Goss come out on top. He told Sol he didn't b'lieve in giving Milly a permit to learn the young ones to spell g'ography with a *j*, like she done at the spell-down on Gooseneck, and Sol made a pass at him and Dan picked up a chair and busted a leg of it on one of the desks, owing to Sol dodging, and then Adams and Ferry got hold of 'em and got 'em ca'med down, and they took a vote and gave the job to this here Miss Laura Macy. King says it was a cinch that they would, Goss holding a couple of chattel mortgages on the board—one of fifty dollars on Ferry's work team and the other on Billy Adams' mower and rake for a hundred. I ain't had a chance yet to see if them mortgages is on record, but I'm a-going to find out. You know anything about it, Lon?"

"Only what I hear," says Alonzo.

"What do you hear?" Roscoe asks him.

"All kinds of things when I happen in this here joint," says Lon. "But regarding them mortgages you speak of —— Now I wonder if I better tell it. Well, if you won't let it go no further, Roscoe, I ain't heard nothing whatsoever; but I expect to, mebbe, and when I do I'll make a particular point of keeping my fool mouth shut about it, Roscoe."

"That's your priv'lege," snaps Roscoe. "You got it right about that mouth of yours, to my notion. Are you a-going to watch Mr. Stegg play another game at your expense, or are you quitting?"

"I'm quitting now, Roscoe, and I'll make a financial settlement with you now," Lon says, and paid him for the games and the cigars he'd lost to me and the cigars for the crowd, which he set up in his free-handed way, after which we left together.

As we walked down the street together, I allowed that Roscoe Glaub seemed to be about the only man in the county that Lon didn't care two whoops whether he loved him or not, and Lon laughed. He had a laugh that it done a person good to listen to. He seemed to put his heart into it, whether it was a chuckle or a right out haw-haw.

"You reckon?" he says. "Well, I own up that I'd as lief have folks think well of me as not, and I ain't a-going out of my way none to get myself disliked; but Brother Roscoe certainly makes me feel real peevish at times, them times being when I'm brought into contact with him or happen to think of him. Why in thunder can't he 'tend to his own business and not be everlastingly poking and prying around about schoolma'ams and chattel mortgages and fam'ly matters and blabbing 'em to the four winds of heaven and all and sundry? I reckon he's got his good points—most of us have—and some that ain't so good; but the way I look at it is speak no evil, and if you happen to catch a man nekked loan him a blanket. I may be right and I may be wrong, but that's the way I look at it."

"A right charitable way," says I.

"And what of it if that Greenway young one is red-headed is what I say," he went on, sort of warming up. "Just because Walt Greenway and his woman is dark-complected ain't no sign. You know and I know that a clubfoot or a crazy streak or red hair will skip three-four generations in a fam'ly ever' oncet in a while and then crop out again. Anybody knows that. It might have been in Walt's fam'ly or it might have been in hers, and it takes an evil-minded, dirty-tongued, sore-eyed, snooping son of a scavenger to go around hinting and insinuating anything else. Walt's a good friend of mine and his wife's a fine lady, and it makes me hot under the collar and puts me off my pool game to hear them slurs. I ought to have bent that cue over his head, anyway. And letting on that he didn't mean nothing!"

"It's disgusting," I agrees. "The breath of scandal sure needs cloves or some sort of a mouth wash," I went on. "I reckon its unpleasantness is what makes us all shun Roscoe the way we don't when we want to know what's a-going on in the world that Mr. Richard K. Fox has missed. So there's a new girl in town! A brunette too!"

"That suits me," says Lon, joking. "I reckon I'll have to call on Juliana Harper and see what she's got to offer. Time I was settling down, Sam—high time. This here ramming around in single cussedness has gone about far enough. I lost a dollar six bits in a poker game less'n a week ago and it set me to thinking. Also it ain't a month past when I took a drink of this here liquid damnation that Pat calls Monongahela rye. Tell you what, Sam, let's you and me go and ask Pat for another, just to show you, and to take the taste of Roscoe Glaub out of our mouths."

Under the circumstances, I judged it best to humor him, so we turned into the Eagle Bird, where we was received with shouts of welcome. It's a great thing to be popular. Even Pat Monahan's hardwood face broke into a kind of a grin at the sight of us; and yet, while I didn't carry my modesty to no excess in them days, I didn't flatter myself that all these here ovations was on my account; and when Lon took his hat off his curly red head and bowed his acknowledgments I didn't consider it nes'ry to expose my own *cabeza*.

The next minute there was a line-up of all present, and from that on there was several, with Lon laughing and joking and the life of the party and the center of attraction—and most generally the feller that picked up the change Pat slapped down on the bar. Half an hour or so after that, Lon and Roy Bennington, the cow king, and Judge Barlow and Willis Freer adjourned to the little back room, where I wouldn't wonder if Lon didn't risk losing another dollar six bits. Myself, I left then.

You don't want to get the idee that Lon was one of these here whoop-er-up-Eliza-Jane profligates that ain't happy if they ain't wallering in husks. No, sir! He could take a drink or he could let it alone in a way that wouldn't cause no hard feelings, and he was most generally in bed at Ma Watson's, where he boarded, by ten or eleven o'clock, and down at his office in the courthouse by eight the next morning, staying there until noon. Him and Harvey Dixon was in partners in real estate, not'ry public, loans, life, hail and fire insurance; and, afternoons, Lon went over to the op'ry house block, opposite Roscoe's, where him and Harvey was located, and Harvey went over to the courthouse and acted as deputy treasurer if anybody needed that kind of action. That wasn't so often, account of most people preferring to deal with Lon direct. Not but Harvey wasn't a right nice boy and smart enough in his quiet way, but he didn't like to have his back slapped and wasn't much given to joking, and if he knew any good stories he didn't tell 'em.

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"It's-s-s-s Ros-s-s-s-s-s-coe Glaub," She Hisses in My Ear. And With That She Conducts Me Into the Room Where Roscoe Sat on a Chair Drawed Up Close to the Sofa

A GAME OF MARBLES

By KATHERINE SPROEHNLE

The Three Graces — From Three Duncan Dancers by Marie Korbel

TO THE uninitiated, sculpture means the Venus de Milo. Beyond that it hasn't much significance. The sculptor is pictured, if he is pictured at all, as a nebulous figure in a much clayed smock, who does nothing but turn out modern translations of that lovely lady for benevolent art museums. If they only knew the broad field covered, the accurate business transactions involved, the astute salesmanship employed in modern sculpture they might well promote it to the rank of infant industry.

Its scope ranges from a panorama carved out of a mountainside to a minute model for a new coin. It includes fountains and finger bowls, monuments and motor-car figures, plaster-of-Paris religious images at a dollar, marble saints for dreaming Gothic cathedrals at $10,000. It includes book ends and stone friezes, memorials to the dead, portrait busts of the living, candlesticks and queens.

Difficulties

SOME of these, of course, soon grow beyond the creator. When the model becomes a manufactured article it is out of the sculptor's hands except for royalties. It is the direct processes which a sculptor must go through to get his start and stand, that make a most interesting tale and are the concern of this article.

Sculptors will tell you, and without much coaxing, that theirs is the most difficult of the art businesses. Like other artists—painters, composers and so on—they must have other instincts besides the creative if they wish to become known—and to eat. The technical, one might almost say the physical, side of sculpture is so complicated to begin with that a smooth brow can become ineradicably wrinkled in no time at all. Granted the major premise of talent, genius or what have you, the modeling into clay, the casting into plaster or bronze, and the hewing of shapes from reluctant marble are distinct and intricate arts in themselves. The ensuing cries of blame or praise follow long after inspiration is born.

When a piece of music is written, it is ready to be played; when a painting has been produced by some magic mixture of color and canvas, it is finished; but when the first draft of a piece of sculpture is completed, it in most cases represents not half of the total amount of work to be done. Usually the original is made of common clay, which cracks or crumbles at a cross look, to say nothing of a harsh gesture. So the next step for the sculptor is to see that his work attains a more enduring form, and if he is wise he will stick to business and be present at all the turns in the road to permanency. After clay comes plaster, not expensive in itself but a most delicate material to work in and costly in the amount of time it demands. Certain men do model directly in plaster, but the swiftness with which it hardens makes it much more impractical than clay, which can be kept damp indefinitely.

I saw Paul Manship, one of the great hopes of American sculptural art, in his studio a few weeks ago. A beautiful portrait head was just emerging from the casting in shining white plaster. Although Mr. Manship had a most competent assistant, he was attending to the last mechanical details of strengthening the inside of the bust with wet plaster and cloth himself.

Bronze after plaster, and the next time you pause to look at some lithe-limbed dancing figure at the museum, please to remember what the poor sculptor has gone through. The plaster cast goes to a bronze foundry, and here the artist is in need of a rather good knowledge of processes as well as a watchful eye and an executive sense if he wants his work to look like his idea of it. A mold is made from the plaster in a highly particular kind of earth and into this the molten metal is poured, to solidify into the conception of the artist. For important pieces the sculptor tries to be present the whole time.

Material Troubles

PERHAPS it isn't quite fair to quote one sculptor who, slurring an oblivious public, said that most people thought a bronze statue was carved directly out of bronze; but it does seem to be part of the American credo that to produce a marble figure all you need to do is to take your mental image and a sharp chisel, and start in on the lower left-hand corner of a six-foot block of Carrara marble.

It is true that there are a few masters blessed with such divine powers of execution that they can work in their ultimate medium, and a few intrepid amateurs of wealth who are willing to put down a spoiled $500 block of marble to profit and loss, but only a few. The almost universal practice is to hew the marble from the clay model with a mathematical exactitude, using a pointing instrument which measures each detail and marks every inch of the way.

Getting a start in the business of sculpture is as fascinating as the first steps to steel magnate-ism and requires even more subtlety. It's very hard for the young sculptor to decide on a vulnerable point in society into which he may insert his wedge. A mere steady application to work and polishing up the handle of the big front door aren't enough to get one's products out of the studio into the drawing-room, the museum, the garden, or whatever spot a good piece of sculpture finds a safe resting place.

To begin with, the odds are against him, and perhaps the

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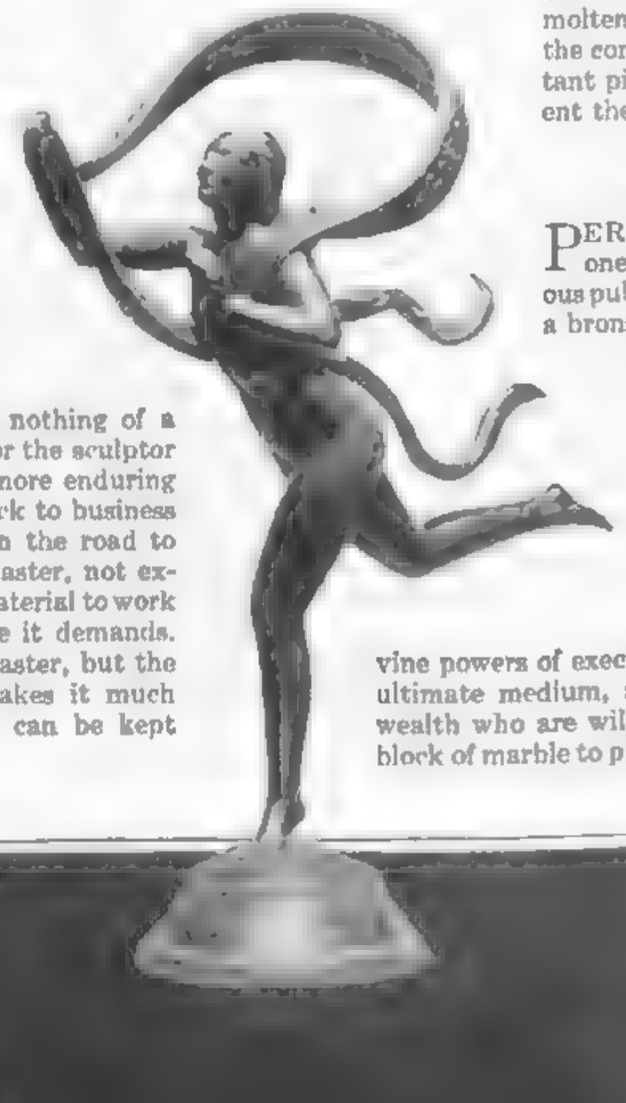

The St.-Nazaire Memorial, by Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, St.-Nazaire, France
Above — Atalanta, a Figure in Bronze by Paul Manship

You Americans and We English

How We Entertain Ourselves and Each Other

By ROSITA FORBES

THE art of entertaining is to be entertained," said Lord Palmerston, in the days of dowagers, waists and manners. Nowadays none of these exist, and, alas, the idea that a party is given for amusement is also fast disappearing. Entertaining in England is an obligation, a habit, a matter of politics or expectancy—it may even be a revenge—but the last thing it is intended to do is to amuse.

Here is one of the salient differences between our parties and yours. "Anything on tonight? Fine! We will have a time, then," says the American woman. "Heavens! Another show! Oh, well, we need only stay a moment—it's certain to be deadly," remark my country folk under the same circumstances. You go to a party determined to enjoy yourselves, and you do. We go there equally determined to be bored, and we are!

That's why entertaining in America has a zest which it lacks in England. Fundamentally, you delightful people want to be entertained. We want to be left alone. You are so full of energy and zip, so keen on getting the most out of life, that you like meeting new people. "It's great," you feel. "They may be able to tell us something." In England we put out all our prickles at the thought of strangers. "What on earth can we talk to them about?" we wonder.

Lowther Castle, the Property of the Earl and Countess of Lonsdale

At Left—A Glimpse of Glamis Castle From the East Side

I don't mean we're not hospitable. We are, but from a sense of duty, not pleasure. A visitor, to America, is possible treasure-trove, to England he is a bomb which will probably explode. You like sharing your friends or your discoveries. We like keeping them to ourselves. It is amusing, the different way we treat letters of introduction. If a foreigner brings one to an American hostess, she hurries to give a party specially for the stranger. She asks her nicest friends to help give her new acquaintance a good time. If someone brings us an introduction, we invite him or her to feed with us alone. I don't think it is entirely egotism which makes us think he wants to see us, not our friends. It's also because we don't want to share him. We want to have first dip in the lucky bag ourselves.

Live-and-Let-Live Week-Ends

WE NEVER give parties for people, unless it is a dance for a debutante. We fling our reasonless entertainments pellmell into the maelstrom of an indifferent society. You are wiser. You give the personal touch to your lunches and dinners by building them round one particular friend, and surely such charming flattery must make of that central figure, if only for the moment, a worthwhile personality.

The most an English hostess considers she can give her guests is her absence; the least is the elimination of her personality. I have often spent a week-end in a house without exchanging half a dozen sentences with my hostess. In order to make our guests feel at home, we leave them entirely to themselves. We don't try to entertain them. The English week-end, which is an institution with us, is in the nature of a general collapse after a week of obligatory amusement. The women aren't expected to appear till lunch. If they feel very energetic, they can play a little damp tennis afterward, or desultory mah-jongg between a formal tea, decorated with the latest and least thing in frocks, and dinner. Afterward, everyone dances, the young and the old, the corpulent and the shadowy, to radio music which suddenly turns into a sermon or an S O S. I don't think we've quite mastered the radio in England.

The epic illustration of such parties is one at Wentworth-Woodhouse, Lord Fitzwilliams' place, where there is a room for every day of the year, and several over. Two women visited me on a Monday in London.

"Where have you come from?" I asked. "Wentworth," said one. "Such a crowd. We had a great time." The other interrupted, "My dear, were you there too? So was I, but I never saw you. How amusing!"

Meals are movable feasts at Wentworth. You can have them at any hour you like and in any of half a dozen dining rooms. Dinner is scattered in separate rooms at separate tables. The bridgers, the dancers, the flirtatious can have a wing for each of their particular occupations. If you want to do anything, you write it on a piece of paper and leave it in the hall—"Mr. So and So would like to ride with Mrs. Somebody else at such and such an hour"—but I've always fancied that, unless you were a duchess or the very latest freak, the order would be translated: "Two horses for Rooms 53 and 101."

Of course there are certain houses which struggle against this tradition of "Live and let live." Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley, wife of one of our ministers and very beautiful stepmother of Lady Louis Mountbatten, tries to bring a more personal note into her famous week-end parties. She is always teased about her notebooks, which match the color of her frocks. In them she scribbles at random, what her guests want to do, what they need to do it with, and so on.

The Color Motif

BROADLANDS is a divine place to stay at, with its three great Adam saloons and its green-and-white Adam dairy, turned into a tea house. The chef is an artist and so is the floral decorator, but the symphonies of flowers and food are carefully coördinated in a color scheme with the hostess' clothes—rather an amusing idea, don't you think, to have a *mousse de canelon* that exactly matches the autumn leaves on the table and your russet-brown kasha?

At Broadlands you can do anything you like, in any way you like, but you are advised not to fish unless you know the river. A sporting statesman disregarded the uncertain state of the banks; and his host, on a morning stroll, was

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Curzon House, Mayfair, the London House of the Duke and Duchess of York

VIDA'S ROOM

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

VIDA acted outrageously; but no matter how emancipated and radical and intellectual a woman may be, one may still find an aboriginal savage lurking down in her deepest subcellar. Vida herself was educated so far above that primeval inheritance that she was unaware of its presence even when it emerged and took command. She called her tomahawk swinging righteous protest, or some such nonsense, and never suspected that the ancient "hell hath no fury" could apply to Vida Throckmorton, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., assistant to the curator of the Brewster Museum. The one trace of her modernity, persisting through the thick of the combat, was a reluctant, angry consciousness—grinning out at her like a skull—that it was funny.

There was some excuse for Vida, for she had been misreading Preston Clark for ten completely happy years. Vida thought what she thought with such complete conviction that she was always startled when she woke up to disagreement. And Preston was always so glad to see her, so pleased to talk with her a whole evening through while Rosemary sat by, knitting or darning for Narcissa, placidly content to have her husband amused.

Their arrangement, which had its obvious dangers, had worked flawlessly. By buying from them the front bedroom and bath on the second floor, Vida had made it possible for the Clarks to buy the house, and at the same time had provided herself with a home. Vida was Rosemary's cousin. Her work kept her away all day. She installed an electric plate or two and prepared such meals as she did not take out. But for her quiet entrances and exits, they need not have known she was there. In all the ten years her tact was perfect; she never came into their rooms uninvited. And more and more they had waylaid her, called for her, sent Narcissa to bring her down.

"Want Me?" She Asked, Meaning Just That, and Enjoying Her Own Audacity

"Preston does so love arguing with you," Rosemary said complacently; and Vida, living a life of strong secret excitement, kept with exact rectitude the laws of loyalty, but marveled that even such a white rabbit of a nonentity could be so unaware of danger.

She was proud of the perfection with which she and Preston had carried it through. Never one revealing look, one contraband word or touch, had passed between them. Their work took them into the same regions; they read each other their papers and monographs, ran to each other with new discoveries, encouraged and supplemented each other as only true mates can; and Vida, keenly aware of this, could be content in their abnegation.

She went strongly about her life those ten years; her eyes had a vital shine, her step a conquering power. When such bold spirits as might have cared for her tried to come nearer, they found her as closed to them as though she were happily married. Narcissa grew from a sweet little girl of seven to a still sweet but commonplace young girl of seventeen, and Vida realized that Preston's life outside of the university would have been a dreary waste but for her dynamic presence. He was always lovely to Rosemary—he would be. Vida could not know how completely the subject of marriage had been closed for Preston the day he married. And neither she nor he dreamed that for ten perfectly satisfactory years Preston, the most moral of scholarly gentlemen, had enjoyed two wives—the comfortable mate and the intellectual companion.

Vida was away on her vacation when Rosemary fell ill and died. Rushing home, she found Preston and Narcissa bewildered, touchingly dependent, and packed them off to Greece for Preston's sabbatical year. For Vida it was a year of unclouded joy. She and Preston wrote long interesting letters that could have been shown to anybody, keeping up the decent barriers until a suitable time should set them free, and Vida as scrupulously kept to her corner of the empty house; but sometimes she paused in a doorway to make happy plans. Rosemary's idea of furnishing had been to have exactly what other nice women had. Not even in sofa cushions had she been a pioneer.

Preston came back steeped in the peace of ancient cities and dead civilizations. He had a large, smooth, kindly face, with dusty-brown hair, thinning on top but breaking into a fringe of tight little curls at the back, and to hear his rich voice speaking through a laugh was to love him. His faults of carelessness, forgetfulness, obliviousness, were humorously dear to Vida; she could be present-minded for both. That first night they sat and beamed at each other in the joy of reunion. Preston had quarried deeply in the past, and Narcissa had been most frightfully bored until she had picked up an admirer. The name of Jimmy came in very often. Damascus, to Narcissa, was the place where Jimmy fell off his donkey. After dinner she had to go and write to Jimmy.

"I'm afraid it's serious," her father admitted, looking after her with fond, uncritical eyes. Then he smiled at Vida. "And that leaves us with a problem," he admitted.

Vida could be demure.

"I dare say we shall find some way to settle it," she said with calm meaning, and Preston's "I hope so," spoken through a laugh, sounded like understanding. How could he not have meant it? How could the radiant intercourse of that long evening have been to him only plain talk?

Of course, he was very busy, getting fresh notes in order for his classes. Preston could make even sophomores sit up over ancient history. For several days Vida scarcely saw him, but her high security was untarnished. Sunday afternoon, as she came in from posting a letter, his voice called to her from the library:

"That you, Vida? Come in, will you?"

She pushed back the door and found him wreathed in drifts of tobacco smoke, windows tight shut against the gentle September air.

"Well, if he likes it that way ——" was her indulgent comment as she closed the door after her and cleared a chair of books.

"Want me?" she asked, meaning just that, and enjoying her own audacity.

He missed it. "This Jimmy business is going at a fearful pace," he complained. "It's all telegrams and long-distance telephoning. Imagine yelling from here to Virginia, 'I do, darling,' and 'Forever, Jimmy!' Wouldn't you think they'd write it?"

Vida said that she would rather hear it than read it, herself, but Preston scarcely took that in. He had rather a single-track mind.

"Well, they will marry, of course, and I've got to buy your room," he went on. "And yet, with the trip and the wedding, I don't just know how I'm going to pay for it this year."

She saw a funny male scruple, laughed at it and gloriously took the plunge.

"Oh, what does it matter which of us owns it?" she exclaimed. "Won't it simply be ours?"

He started as though she had struck him, and for an awful naked moment a panic fright looked out at her. His "Ours?" was like an upraised arm warding her off.

In all her sinking being Vida knew the old feminine instinct to retreat and smooth and hide; then her radical spirit straightened up to the test.

"I thought you cared for me," she said with grieved directness. "I have always cared for you, and I thought you felt it too."

Preston went red, then white. "My dear girl, I never dreamed—I couldn't—I—I ——"

She broke in on his stammering. "Preston, don't be so silly! I'm not ashamed of loving you. It has been wonderful." She looked handsome through the sheer force of her truth. "If I have been mistaken—well, that is hard on me, but you don't need to suffer."

He did suffer, absurdly. He had to wipe his forehead, and his hand visibly shook.

"I've been to blame. I'm such a blind bat—perfect fool about such things. I can't tell you, Vida, how much I—I care—admire ——"

"I know. I am sure you feel everything that is kind and appropriate." That sounded bitter and she pulled herself up, though the pain was growing very bad. "It's stupid of you not to want it," she said, rising. "I'm exactly the right person. But we don't have to make a fuss about it." She went over to him, took his hand in both hers and smiled down into his distressed eyes. "I'm coming in to see you every day until you get over this perfectly foolish embarrassment. Good heavens, man, this is 1925!"

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THE EEL

By CHESTER T. CROWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

"WELL, Dean," said Howard Bagley to his law partner, "I think we have finally got the Eel. By this time tonight we ought to have a nice, neat little sailor's knot tied in the Eel's tail, and personally I want to stand on the courthouse steps and swing him around my head about eight times."

"Darned if I do," remarked Dean, smiling. "I believe he'd bite even then."

Bagley began gathering together the papers on his desk and placing them in order in his leather brief case. He was a short, stout, active man, with expressive, alert brown eyes, and now his quick movements showed eagerness. Through a haze of pipe smoke Dean glanced at him from time to time with affection and approval. Dean was very tall and very thin, a man of slow movements, who took a long-range view of life through sleepy blue eyes.

Finally he asked, "Does Parsons want us to undertake disbarment proceedings against the Eel?"

"Absolutely," was the prompt reply. "Just as soon as this trial is over we are to get busy. Also he wants us to offer the grand jury an opportunity to indict Doctor Fleet; that is, of course, if the doctor stands pat on his testimony. Fleet is just as bad as the Eel. They work together."

"No doubt about that," Dean mumbled.

Bagley looked at his watch. Nine o'clock. The trial was scheduled to begin at ten. Stanley Parsons, general counsel for the Q. & O., was about due. He had come from St. Louis to be with Dean and Bagley during the trial. They were local counsel for the railroad and therefore under his general supervision.

Before Bagley had replaced his watch in his pocket, Miss Brewer, the stenographer, opened the door to the private office and announced Mr. Parsons.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he said. "Everything ready?" Dean and Bagley nodded. "Photographs here?" he continued. Again they nodded. "Let me see them." Mr. Bagley opened his brief case and produced twelve enlarged photographs, each about ten by twelve inches. While examining them Mr. Parsons shook his head and chuckled. "Well," he said, "if these don't hang the Eel, then I don't know what would."

"We've got him, all right, this time," declared Bagley, patting his brief case.

"Are the detectives here?" continued the general counsel. "And the photographer who made these? In other words, gentlemen, is everything absolutely set and ready?"

"We're rearing to go," Bagley replied, with a smile.

"That's fine," commented the general counsel, and he looked at his watch. Ten minutes after nine. Then he looked at Dean, who was tilted back comfortably in his desk chair, plucking pensively at the hairs on the back of his left hand. "Dean," he said, "you are not much given to going off half cocked; tell me what you think about this case. Have we got the Eel sewed up this time? That shyster has cost this company, all told, about a quarter of a million dollars. Do you think we've got him?"

Dean, as usual, continued for a few moments to pluck at his left hand, apparently lost in meditation. In the court room it was his custom to slouch down behind his quick-witted partner, close his eyes and take no part in the trial. Afterward, however, he could prepare a statement of facts or argue the case on appeal without notes.

"There is one thing the Eel could do, Mr. Parsons, that might let him out," Dean finally said. "He might plead surprise and throw up the case. But I don't think he'll do it. He hasn't got that much sense. He's a gamecock and a fighter; shrewd, always on the offensive, but not much brains, in spite of his reputation. Having a bad case is nothing new in his experience."

"You said something then, Dean," Bagley commented.

"I hope you're right," remarked Parsons. "The Lord knows we've had about all of that fellow we can stand. . . . Well, gentlemen, let's be getting under way. The detectives, I believe, are safely under cover?" Bagley nodded. "That's fine. We're in for an eventful day, gentlemen, and I don't mind admitting that I'm excited. There has been wonderful coöperation by all departments on this case. Shall we start?"

The three went out together, Bagley and Parsons, who were about the same size, walking rapidly side by side, Dean, who suggested a lead pencil and took long strides, bringing up the rear.

"Right on the dot," said Mr. Parsons, consulting his watch as they entered the court room. Dean and Bagley placed their brief cases on the large table provided for the attorneys. Then they sat down, Bagley in front, where he would face the witnesses, Dean close behind him so he could whisper advice, Parsons four or five feet behind Dean.

As Judge Davis mounted the bench the three attorneys rose and bowed. A few seconds later William Boyd, counsel for the plaintiff, hurried forward through the center aisle and took his seat at the side of the table opposite to Mr. Bagley. There was a stir among the hundred spectators when he appeared, a sort of buzzing, as though many persons were pointing him out and telling who he was. To the court-room crowds William Boyd was Battling Billy; among lawyers, however, he was known far and wide as the Eel. It was an accepted popular tradition that he had not lost a case during seven years, and though the tradition was not true, it indicates more clearly than actual facts the theatrical personality of the man. Even when opening his brief case he seemed to hold the center of the stage; the crowd watched him as though this were a very strategic move that instantly gained him a point. Then he swept his fingers through his flowing mane of black hair, parted far over to one side, and that gesture seemed to win another point. Even the prospective jurors, waiting to be sworn in, looked at him expectantly.

At first glance William Boyd appeared to be a strikingly handsome man and probably most observers never revised their first impression. He was one of the type that narrowly misses classic beauty, the blemish being not so much a matter of dimensions or coloring as of expression. There were animal qualities in that face, a certain low coarseness. During a cross-examination his eyes were those of the fox, and at no time was there evidence of humor or spirituality.

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"But Why Do You Have So Little Regard for Doctor Fleet in This Controversy Between the Two Men of Science?" "Because Doctor Fleet is Your Hired Hand"

Where Every Prospect Pleases

I Saw With Relief That My Overcoat Had Been in No Danger of Being Made Off With by Stealth; It Was Still on the Chair

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"YOU do not look at all well, Genevieve," I said without dissimulating my anxiety. "If I were financially able I'd take you down to Florida for a few weeks and build you up."

I had stopped into Bugheim's Big Store for a chat with my sister Genevieve; she was at that time a store detective. The Florida suggestion had derived from my work as a reviewer; I had even then under my arm an advance copy of Key Westward Ho, a descriptive work, touched with delightful fantasy, that has since been credited with the restoration of much of the Middle West's wild life.

"I knew it," exclaimed Genevieve, her brown eyes sparkling; she moved closer to me. "I knew it, and that time I caught her with the goods. I mean that stout in the bay-seal dolman over there. Talk to me, Norman. Say anything."

"But I'm serious, Genevieve," I said. "You must have quite a bit saved up, and you cannot invest it in anything better than health. I dare say you wouldn't wish to go alone, and it would be hardly proper. I cannot well spare the time to go with you, and I certainly cannot spare the money, and yet where one of the family is concerned nothing else counts with me. By Jove, if you can find the funds, I'll take you and let my work go hang."

She was not attending to me. I caught her hands. "Listen, Genevieve," I insisted, constraining her attention. "I say you must let me take you to Florida for a good rest, even if it costs a few hundred dollars"

"Oh, Norman, how dandy of you!" she cried. "Certainly I will, and I can go right away, too, luckily. But you know I can never pay you back, don't you? Wait right here, Norman; I must tip the doorman to that dip when she hits the sidewalk. Oh, fine!"

She swooped down the marble stair after the lady in bay seal. Genevieve has a heart of gold, but her tongue is sharp and impetuous, and she would certainly say something regrettable when I explained to her that she had misinterpreted my proposal. I suddenly thought of mother, whom I had neglected of late, and I left by the door that opened from the mezzanine onto the Elevated Railroad platform.

I was then doing literary items and book notices for the Star and Advertiser. The position was in the nature of an endowment—so I envisaged it—and it afforded me time to plan a literary career and to throw off an occasional thing. I gratefully ascribe my present standing in letters—disregarding, for the nonce, innate ability—to the several hours daily that I spared from my newspaper tasks, and I have for the old Star and its people a lively esteem that I am sure is reciprocated. The managing editor was a dear old chap. Let me see if I can hit him off neatly—I have a flair for character. Well, take his comment when I pointed out to him the Star's need of a special Florida correspondent, telling him not to hesitate to call on me if to go to Florida was, in his opinion, my duty to the paper. "Go where you like, Allison," he roared jovially. "You're no darned good around here." There he is to the life; full of unstudied humor. He really thought the world of me and my work. "I'll give you all day for your private writing, the first thing you know, Allison," he promised in an elevated moment. Good old chap, nameless man, stepping-stone, selfless nurse of genius—does his eye grow humid now when he sees my work filling entire pages of the Star? I love to think so.

Mother was then living with my elder brother Dave in his private brownstone front on West Seventy-eighth Street. Dave is an uninspired sort, but is yet not so dull; he is the patentee of Firedrip, an overhead sprinkling system that is much used in loft buildings, and he is the owner and president of David Allison & Company, steam fitters. His chiefest defect, to my mind, is in filial feeling and tact; upon us four other children devolved the obligation of eternal vigilance to see that our mother was given every comfort in Dave's home. I had only a furnished room at the time, but I said to mother more than once, and in Dave's presence, "Don't forget that my home is always open to you, mother." The offer always brightened her, and she said "Much obliged" and laughed with the old hearty ring. Mother was always a great laugher. In seeking the genesis of my gifts, I am wont to ascribe my sense of humor to her—much of it.

My younger sister, Annie—Mrs. George Perkins—was with my mother when I arrived. I said "Hello, Annie" after kissing mother, and she said, "What brings him here?"

She did not jump up and run to me and kiss me, as a sister should; my sisters' lack of sentiment has always grieved me. I am unashamedly sentimental; than sentiment, there is nothing finer in life. "That's a fine hand bag you have there, Annie," I said. "Where did you get it?" I knew perfectly well where she had got it; Dave had told me he was giving such an imported beaded bag to mother for Christmas. Many times I have contemplated giving mother something very fine and have been halted by the thought, "What's the use? Genevieve or Annie or Gladys will have it inside of a week." I would give Annie no excuse for quarreling, but she should still not take me for a fool, so I simply glanced at mother and back at the bag, and said, "Hm-mph."

Mother looked gray and frail; she coughed several times, a dry and explosive cough.

I said, "Mother, you should do something for that cough. Why don't you run down into a milder climate for a few weeks?"

Annie said, "If you'd stop blowing that cigarette smoke in my mother's face she wouldn't cough."

I said, "Perhaps I should ask your permission, madam, to smoke in my mother's home. . . . But, really, mother, Florida is the place for you in this inclement weather. I'd take you myself if I could afford it; but surely Dave wouldn't be mean enough to grudge the expense. I'll speak to him about it. The only difficulty is that someone must go with you to take care of you."

"And the someone is you, I suppose," said Annie, who had taken unwarranted offense at my comment on the hand bag.

"I hadn't thought of that," I said sternly. "But now that you mention it, if my mother needs me I shall go."

"Well, she doesn't need you," said Annie. "So that settles that. I wondered what that fellow was leading up to. A trip to Florida, eh? Go ahead, Norman. Nobody's holding you here."

Annie has a faculty, possessed by most shrewish women, for casting a speciously revealing light upon a matter. They used to duck such women. What man, by taking thought, can cope with them? Their mental processes are dishonest, evasive, clinching on a conviction without regard to premises. Once my notice had been directed to Florida and its advantages, a not discreditable association of ideas had made me think of my mother's cough, and I had faced the fact that it would be my duty to accompany her; and what a perversion—but how exasperatingly specious—to say that I had studied to go to Florida and had wrested circumstances. I was contemptuous.

I went to see Dave where he was at work. Dave was even at that time worth nearly fifty thousand dollars, but he was still plugging away as if he had not a dollar to rub against its fellow. Dave's forte is his capacity for hard work, and no end of it. If I had half of fifty thousand dollars, I should be a millionaire very quickly, because I have vision and daring, but Dave couldn't see an opportunity for riches if it ran up to him and blackened both his eyes.

A capacity for drudgery has its office, but it never made a man rich. Speculation and promotion are the avenues to wealth. It is an economic paradox of our time that one must have money to make money, and the comparatively small sums necessary to the initiation of a financial success are almost always in the unclosing hands of men like my brother Dave. The American scene, economically, gives to a philosopher a hollow laugh.

There he was, fifty-three years old, pudgy, shuddering patiently beneath his ulster, standing in the hallway of a cold-water tenement on Sixty-fourth Street west of Amsterdam Avenue. The bitter wind from the North River had frozen the water pipes in an empty flat, bursting them, causing the water to pour out into the hall and to billow down the stairs, whereon it was now congealed eighteen inches thick. Dave had the contract to put steam heat into the halls and kitchens, now that the need for it had been driven home to the murky intelligence of one of New York's landlords.

"How's business?" I asked. It was the thing to ask him

"Punk," he grumbled. "I'm jobbing now so as to avoid laying a gang off. The building game is done in New York, what with these lending companies hanging crape on new work. Did you see what Hostler of the Municipal Life came out with the other day? Said New York building was overdone. Well, the man's right, but there's no dividend for a contractor in that. My estimating department is eating up all we can make. I'd take a job driving a truck."

"I have an idea, Dave," I said. "Why don't you go to Florida?"

"You do talk sense once in a way, don't you?" he said ungraciously. "That's just what I've been thinking of doing."

"But you can't leave your business, can you—not right away?" I said.

"Not right away, certainly not," he confessed.

"That's too bad," I said, "because I don't think mother ought to spend this winter in New York. You should hear her cough."

"Has she been complaining?"

"Now, Dave," I said sharply, "don't wait for mother to complain. You know she never complains. It's for us to see what's good for her, and to see that she gets it. That was a mean remark, Dave."

He stepped away to help a scrawny apprentice cut an iron pipe.

When he returned he said, "Have you money to pay your own way to Florida, Norman? No? I thought not. I thought the business of writing pieces for the paper must be looking up when Genevieve told me you were going to take her to Florida. I had her on the wire at the office So you think Genevieve needs a trip to Florida, too, eh? Then here's the answer: Genevieve and mother shall go together"

"Dave Allison," I said, "do you stand there and tell me that you'd let those two unprotected women go to Florida alone?"

"No, together," he said. "And seeing that one is a detective ——"

"But I shall not," I said strongly. "I shall see that better care is taken of my mother and my sister. Don't think for one instant that I want to go to Florida, or you'll be cruelly mistaken; but they must have a man along, some able-bodied individual to protect them, and I don't care who it is—and you can't go, can you?"

"You may be right," he said, nodding. "I think you are right. Yes, they should have an escort. I'll speak to mother and the girls. Can you go, Norman?"

"Only if there's nobody else," I said, lifting a hand. "I have my work to think of, too, Dave, but that shall not stand between me and my duty to my family. That's my attitude, Dave. I think the sooner they start, the better Tomorrow, if possible. I shall stop at the house in the morning."

I was at Seventy-eighth Street at half-past eight the following morning to catch Dave before he went to work. As I came up the block I saw George Perkins' closed car standing at the curb, and I knew that Annie was already in Dave's house. The smart little car that my sister Gladys—Mrs. Bellows—drives was also there, and this appearance of a clan gathering suggested to me that traveling was the order of the day. Evidently my advice had been found worthy; this shrewd intuition found confirmation in the sight of George Perkins descending the brownstone steps laden with luggage. George is a hearty chap who enters whole-souledly into the family's interests, and he and his car are always at the family's disposal, to drive

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"And What are You Going to be Doing While I am Serving Five Years at Hard Labor?"

WHEN MANKIND WAS YOUNG

"Then Must Only One Night to Live, Thereat!"

ARIADNE

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

Theseus, says the ancient Greek legend, far posterior to the events of which it tells, was the eldest son of Æthra princess of Troezen, by Ægeus, King of Athens, and in the absence of a known father was considered to be the son of Neptune. Subsequently, says the story, his mother sent him to Athens where his father Ægeus recognized him as his son. There Theseus went to be sent as one of the seven youths and seven maidens levied every ninth year as a human sacrifice to the monster Minotaur by the dominant power of Crete. He arrived at Knossus, and Ariadne, the daughter of the Minos, became enamored of him and gave him a sword wherewith to fight the monster and a clew of thread wherewith to retrace his steps in the intricate Labyrinth. The story as told cannot be historical, for Athens at that time was only an insignificant village, but nevertheless it undoubtedly preserves the vague and distorted memory of a great catastrophe—of the crash of one of the most amazing civilizations of the prehistoric world.

THE sun rose from the Ægean Sea on that morning three thousand three hundred years ago precisely as, in the like summer season, it does today—in a sudden suffusion of the crystal-blue sky, an upward rush of the great blazing disk, a far-stretching glory of gold laid over the froth-running many-faceted swelling waves which a minute or two previously were black. The single square sail of the ship plunging before the steadily blowing Etesian north wind ceased to be a dull blanket blotting the paling stars, became a glowing patch of orange against the translucent blue. On that distended sail, in richly purple murex dye, was figured the mystic labrys, the double-headed ax which was the sacred symbol of the divinely royal dynasty of Minos. Straight ahead of the lofty prow bearing its charm fish through the high-tossed glittering scud as the vessel dived wallowingly in the overtaking sea, a long serration of mountain summits barred the horizon, the highest peaks tipped here and there with sunrise tinted snow. The weather-tanned, small-statured mariners, naked except for their loin cloths and the thin rings of gold in their ears, hailed them with a mighty shout. It was Crete. The steersman, wielding his long oar from his perch in the up-ended stern, commenced to intone the dawn hymn to Ariadne, the most holy one, mother of all created things, who herself was born—the ancient Greeks of half a thousand years later would call her Aphrodite—of the foam of the sea, and to whom one most appropriately offered the similitudes of sea shells in solid beaten gold. Great goddess who protected puissantly the far-ranging Cretan mariner was she, and the idle crew—they had no need of oars with this fresh following wind—took up the hymn in a robust chorus of untutored masculine voices, praising her who had brought them through a short night voyage dared only for the most familiar of runs.

But the little group of young men and maidens huddled just below the steersman on either side of the narrow gangway above the rowing seats took no part in that devout psalm. They sat moodily silent until the noble-born commander of the ship, an embroidered quilted cape hanging over his shoulders, the decorated scabbard of a long rapier—the weapon was of the finest bronze, its hilt inlaid—belted above his square-flapped and richly dyed loin cloth, came angrily to them along the gangway from the prow and, cursing their dangerous impiety, bade them cooperate in this act of worship. Frightened by his vituperative violence, the maidens—some of them were scarcely more than children—began timidly to sing. The young men also, although sullenly, joined in one by one. Their voices were piquantly and pathetically foreign, and the faces of the young girls were pale and swollen-eyed with recent tears. Fourteen they were in all—a double sacred number, seven youths and seven maidens—and all of them were the sons or daughters of kings.

They were the sacred offering levied every ninth year by the all-dominant Minos, lord of Knossus, from his tributaries on the Peloponnesian mainland. They knew well enough the fate that awaited them—the fate which the weeping multitudes on the shore had bewailed as the mariners had thrust off the ship with their long oars and had hoisted the broad sail. After ritual dances and imposing ceremonies they would be thrust into that affrightingly notorious, impossibly intricate Labyrinth, there to wander in a crescendo of terror until they happed upon the lurking dreadful Minotaur, half a bull, half divinely human, and were devoured by him.

Thus, every ninth year, was prefaced that great politico-religious crisis—paralyzing the whole of Crete in prayers and supplications—when the Minos himself went up the adjacent mountain and entered the sacred cave which was the authentic abode of his god. Thence, if the god approved of him, he would emerge to continue his reign in triumph and thanksgiving. There, if the god was angry, he would remain; his name never again mentioned among men, while another was divinely chosen to reign in his stead. One chance alone was vouchsafed to the young men of that dedicated seven. If one of them, in the recesses of the Labyrinth, should overcome and kill the Minotaur, he himself would mount the throne as Minos. But such a thing had never happened; at any rate, not since—now centuries back—the foreign-born children of subject kings had been substituted for the original victims of royal Cretan blood.

These captives were very visibly of a different stock from the mariners of the ship which conveyed them. The sailors were small, swarthy men, their slim waists conspicuously tight-girdled, their hair dark, their faces clean-shaven. The young men were of altogether bigger build, and the mouths and chins of several were already adorned with an upturned mustache, a curled beard fair as their hair and as the hair of the maidens who crouched near them. They were, in fact, Achæans, the scions of a northern race which, some centuries previously, had swarmed through the passes of the Balkans. Their fathers reigned now in the hill-top fortresses of Mycenæ and Tiryns, in the massive-walled cities of Bœotia and Attica, intercepting the caravan routes whereon they guaranteed safe passage in return for tribute, even as they themselves paid tribute to great Minos. For although the Achæans—a people who had not even a name for the sea when it put a limit to their southward-driving fierce invasion; they called it by a Cretan word *thalassa*, as would those later Dorian successors who became the ancient Greeks—had learned to build ships and to sail them, yet the navy of Knossus was, as for more than a thousand years it had been, supreme upon the Mediterranean.

Vast indeed was the power of great Minos, who treated on equal terms with great Pharaoh of Egypt and exchanged precious gifts with the kings of Babylon. His ships policed the sea, and his trading stations—many of them for yet another two thousand years to bear the generic name of Minoa—were scattered on every coast from Spain to Asia Minor. Bitter had been the struggle with his fighting men, conscript and mercenary, afloat and ashore, before the turbulent new-come Achæans had recognized his overlordship. And even now—although the women of Mycenæ and Tiryns and far-off seven-gated Thebes would have none but Cretan fashions—the warriors of those fastnesses growled in fierce impatience for the throwing off of that alien allegiance, for the swift raid that should loot the

legendary wealth of the unwalled Minoan capital. Already, as oft before, the chieftains were conspiring together—counting their ships against the formidable ships of Minos.

Nevertheless, that day was not yet. And once again, to an anguished popular resentment which echoes still through the ages, the tally of royal victims had been made up: once again the awful mysterious Minotaur would receive his human tribute that great Minos himself might live.

They huddled together within the ribs of the plunging ship, the older maidens comforting those that still were but children, the young men muttering together in a language which was not the language of the sailors. The hymn to Ariadne had ceased. The commander of the ship stood on the narrow gangway above them, steadying himself with a grip on a mast stay, gazing over the sun-flashing sea to the distant mountains now sharply visible on either side of the bellying sail. Suddenly he glared down at his captives.

"Who art thou who dares blaspheme against great Minos?" he demanded angrily of a young man taller and more powerful than his fellows, conspicuous among them in the masculine beauty of his fair-bearded countenance. "Be silent!"

The young man looked up at him with an arrogantly quiet scorn.

"My name is Tha-su," he replied curtly, "the son of Æthra, daughter of Pit-thu, king of many-walled Trœzen. In our palace we whip dogs such as thee. Our slaves are taught humility to the sons of kings!"

The aristocratic commander's face convulsed with quick-tempered fury. He half jerked his bronze sword from its scabbard

"By Ariadne, the most holy one!" he cried. "If thou wert not already dedicate and sacred I would drive this point through thy throat. But thou wilt roast in the arms of Minotaur, impudent son of a nameless father!"

"Thy father, we know well, is not nameless," retorted the young man coolly. "Is he not Dog-face, the scullion, whom my grandfather sent as a gift to Minos? The children of Trœzen make songs about him and thy mother. Shall I sing thee one? Nay, thou mayst not touch me—I am dedicate and sacred!" He smiled insultingly at the officer gripping his sword hilt. "And when I have slain thy Minotaur I will roast thee to a turn in thy father's kitchen."

The officer stared at him, forgetting his personal resentment in this amazing boast.

"Thou slay the Minotaur!" He burst into angrily sarcastic laughter. "Thou! Thou art afflicted by the gods Thou knowst not what thou sayst." From his priest-given education he could visualize that great bull-headed brass idol and the great red fire roaring within its cavity.

The young man smiled. He was adept in that art of taunting so glibly practiced by those heroes of Homer who were of his race. The words of bravado leaped to his mouth, elaborating what had been but a thoughtless vaunt:

"Thus is it decreed, O dull-witted hauler-upon-the-rope. The wise woman predicted it when I was born. In the entrails of the sacrifice it was written. When thou lurchest once more upon the shore go tell the Minotaur that his slayer comes!"

The officer shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"I bandy not words with the afflicted of the gods," he said. "But assuredly I will tell the people of Knossus—the throng shall point the finger at thee and thou shalt hear their laughter as thou goest up to the palace."

He went forward along the gangway, brusquely terminating this undignified exchange of insults at which his men had been grinning.

The young men and maidens crowded round the arrogantly bold youth. They questioned him eagerly, with a new and pathetic hopefulness, clutching at his tunic.

"Is it so indeed? Was it thus predicted?"

Tha-su laughed, shook the mane of fair hair that touched his shoulders.

"Nay—I said it but to anger him!"

One of those royal maidens looked fixedly at him, sighed, and murmured to the royal maiden she held embraced.

"Nevertheless, I could believe that a god spoke in oracle through his lips. Thus, if I had a lover, would I have my lover speak. May Ariadne, the most holy one, mother of us all and great goddess of love, protect him!"

She was interrupted by a loud hail that came to them from over the sea. They sprang up onto the rowing thwarts, gazed over the stout bulwark. Close alongside them, a small, swift, high-prowed sailing vessel was scudding, with foam-pushing lift and dip, over the blue southward-running waves.

Perched up in her stern by the steersman was the young man whose voice they had heard.

He made a trumpet of his hands, cried again:

"Tha-su! Tha-su! Medon it is, thy friend. How is it with thee?"

Tha-su waved an arm at his friend, glanced briefly at the scowling commander on the gangway, and shouted back:

"Excellently well! I go to fulfill my birth oracle—to slay the Minotaur in his lair! Bid our warriors gather for the joyous sack of the city of Minos!"

At that moment an overcurling dolphin rose spoutingly from the sea between them, and an awed cry broke from the sailors of the little ship that had caught up the Minoan vessel:

"Behold! Is it not said that Tha-su, the fatherless, is the son of Poseidon? The sea god bears witness to his words!"

Once more came a shout from the young man beside the steersman:

"The gods protect thee, Tha-su, son of the mighty ocean dweller! Look for thy friends on the day of trial. The sea beaches shall echo with the marvel of thy oracle!"

The steersman pressed upon his oar and the little vessel swung round in a swirl of turbulent water, dropped her single sail. The next moment she was left behind by the Minoan ship speeding before her favorable wind.

A superstitious Minoan mariner approached the commander on the gangway.

"If there is in truth an oracle, O lord of the

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To the Modern Eye That Throng Would Have Been Startling in Its Incongruity

OO-HOOSK-AH

"I've Had in Shermer. He Offers Sixty-four Thousand for the Lot"

By Kenyon Gambier

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IV

YAWNING, watching Stella Burnleigh weave in and out of the firelight, eying the hiding place of his treasure, morosely resentful of the presence of this intruder who had presumed to rummage in his larder, Paul Neale sniffed the bacon, and little drips of saliva had to be dammed by a stern-set mouth. Documents, were they? She guaranteed them, did she? And now she was putting him in a good humor by feeding him. She knew how pretty she looked as she stretched out an arm and fished out bacon, blinking as the light flashed over her face; of course she did. Not a glance toward him, not a hint that his silence was a humiliating snub for her; not a smile either; she was too clever for that. Just grave, solemn, just the right pose when you're going to ask some whopping big favor and tell some whopping big lies. What an actress! Presently the bacon and coffee were under his nose and his lips could not be held rigid. He got up, went over and stuck his head beneath the waterfall. When he returned she had actually buttered his bread. Each ate a mouthful in silence, then the cook politely expressed the hope that the bacon was done enough.

"It is perfect." He could not keep the note of high approval from his voice.

"My mother," she said, "must not know that we have had a talk. It couldn't be in the daytime—the two of us away at the same time, you see. It had to be tonight. I'm very sorry; I know you're tired out. I can't help it. Please sit still." She threw some wood on the fire before he could move.

She seated herself with her back against the log. "I told you a lie today," she began, "a great lie."

"Oh, no!" Utterly unprepared for this, he spoke mechanically.

"Oh, yes. I was cornered. There was no time to think. I chose the wrong way." Her voice was level, firm. Her thrust-out chin rested on knees drawn taut by her interlaced hands. She turned her head and saw that he had laid down his knife and fork and was staring at her. "Finish," she ordered with gentle authority, "and I'll get you some more." She rose and stood over him while he obeyed. "I was sure you had fallen asleep."

"Sorry," he apologized. "I hope you didn't wait dinner."

"That doesn't matter. It was a relief; I may own that up, mayn't I? We found bad news in our letters and telegrams, and my mother was quite broken down. And I—I should have had no chance of a word with you." She filled his plate again and poured more coffee. He accepted these attentions in a kind of daze. A thought lay behind his brain. He wondered if this girl had discovered the canister and suspected him of concealing another. He saw her eyes in the firelight; he was moved to pity by their strain; then suspicion rose again. She had had her way with him once that day, though he had known her for a liar; he must guard every word he said, must keep sentiment out of this business. One more half million to dig out; that was all; easily got; then good-by to these sly people who had tried so hard to use him as an unconscious tool.

"Yes," she went on, standing up, but not quite between him and the fire, "I deceived you. I—I—am sorry." She told him the whole long story, omitting nothing. "I am telling my mother's secrets," she admitted mournfully. "What else is left me? I must make you understand. My mother had a letter today. Mr. Benson, or Bintzen, had fifty thousand dollars a year. That income stopped when he died. The letter said that. He was very embittered toward my mother. He got even all right, Mr. Neale. He has dealt her two hard blows from the tomb. A year ago he bought an annuity of fifty thousand a year."

"At his age?" asked the astonished Neale.

"He did so, and for it he paid four hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"Robbery."

"Yes. He left nothing—not a dollar, it seems. If he did we can't find it." She came and stood over Neale. "We can't find even our own money. My mother is not a business woman and he got hold of everything. My father left my mother two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and me two hundred thousand dollars. Add those sums together, Mr. Neale."

"I get you; just what Mr. Benson paid the insurance company."

She sat down beside him on the log. "Our money—the exact sum—to show the intention and sharpen the dart." In vain she tried to keep the tremor from her voice. "I can earn a living," she continued in a low voice, bending toward him, "but my mother; what of her?"

Neale looked moodily into the fire, mechanically filling his pipe. She drew out a blazing brand and held it for him. He looked everywhere but at her. His eye rested on the cache where a million and a half dollars lay hidden.

Chilled, disconcerted by his silence, she repeated her question. "What about my mother?" she pleaded. "We think, we have reason to think that he buried money in that tree."

"What do you tell me all this for?" he demanded almost roughly as he sprang to his feet. "You could have had what may be hidden there; I promised."

"Oh, I know, I know." She beat her hands helplessly up and down. "But you were a friend, doing us a favor. You had the right to know. I couldn't let the lie stand."

"I wish you had," he said angrily.

"I couldn't," she said humbly. "I was sorry the minute I said it. I asked for this talk with you before the mail came, you know."

"And what do you expect me to do?" he asked gruffly. He was angry because she had made out so good a case; she had set him to fighting hard against the impulse to yield up some part of the treasure.

"Secretly to give my mother her share."

"Oh—and you?"

She rose and put a pleading hand on his arm. "She is helpless. She can't fight the world."

"But whose is the money?"

"I suppose Mrs. Holt's."

"But the estate will owe you and your mother."

"Perhaps. A lawsuit—a year—two years. All gone to the lawyers. In the meantime, nothing to live on, and my mother's unhappy position made public."

"For all that," he said, "I ought to pay it into court."

"Ah!" Stella's hands drooped helplessly. "I feared you would take the legal view."

"But you owned up, all the same."

Stella was facing him now. She drew herself up. "I thought it all out," she said with quiet dignity. "I would rather lose everything than win by deceiving you." She accepted defeat. "If my mother ever learns of this talk," she continued quietly, "she will never speak to me again." She turned to go

"Oh, that—of course. Miss Burnleigh, wait a minute, please. I—I—haven't decided yet."

As she wheeled, the firelight played on her face and disclosed the new eager hope in the wide blue eyes.

The young man, after one glance, turned away and walked up and down by the fire, his head bent, his arms behind his back. Stella held her breath. Her heart pumped. At intervals she had felt twinges of contempt for this young man, so correct, so prosaic, who moved by clockwork; and unconsciously also she had resented his indifference to her influence. She was little accustomed to young men who looked unmoved into her eyes and talked to her just as if she was another boy. She had no such thoughts now; she acknowledged inward respect for one whom she conceived to be struggling against his conscience to do her will. At length he paused by her side.

"What you find," he said slowly, "is yours."

She caught his two hands in hers, pressed them, tried to speak, turned and bolted, literally running. He snatched up the torch which she had forgotten and chased her. He shot a ray through the black tunnel. "Stella," he called. The name echoed and reëchoed, and the flying figure paused. From it stretched an arm backward. "Please don't come," she pleaded in a broken voice as her hand grasped the torch. She sped away.

It was chilly out of the fire radius, but the perspiration rained down the face of Paul Neale as he stood in front of his hidden treasure. He was about to move the stones when he saw a better and an easier way. He changed to his working clothes, went to the oak tree, found his knife in the grass, and after digging until dawn, uncovered the canister which he had expected to find. Methodically, as best he could, he replaced the earth, then went to the elm to leave bonds there instead of documents. He lifted the pickax to break away the fragments of concrete, but the handle stayed erect in air as his fingers tightened. It stood straight up for a long instant, then trembled irresolutely to the ground; he turned and ran. The fresh-discovered wealth was quickly hidden in the quarry

An hour later Stella heard a sound as of an explosion. She ran out and nearly fell over Paul Neale sitting on the doorstep.

"Good luck to you," he muttered, without looking at her. "What you find is yours." He rushed back to camp, packed in wild haste, but methodically, as he did all things, changed his clothes and within the hour was passing the house. If other way there had been, he knew that he would have taken it; now he must stop. He must face the girl; he nerved himself for the ordeal. He was met by her at the door. He forced a smile as though in silent secret congratulation. "Is there anything more I can do?" he cried with an affectation of gayety.

"Are you going to Owl's End? Can you send the doctor?"

"Oh, I hope ——" He lifted his eyes and stopped short. She was white and her face was ravaged by care.

"Documents," she said tonelessly. "I told the truth after all. My mother is prostrated."

"I'll bring the doctor," he cried, and hastened away He did, too; he faced her yet again. He waited, silent, in the sitting room, hardly moving in the half hour before the doctor came downstairs, alone.

"Serious?" asked Neale, as he drove the doctor back.

"A friend of the family, I assume?"

"Yes."

"Nerves that's all. A pampered lady, sound all over but fanciful."

"Laid up for some time?"

"She says she's going to New York tomorrow—and there's nothing to prevent it."

Neale went back and faced Stella yet again. "What more can I do?" he asked.

"You are very kind," she said. "I wonder ——" She stopped and lifted her anxious eyes. "Mrs. Holt—how can I go away and not tell her that her father is dead?"

"I will tell her."

"Oh," she murmured, "but you are good."

"Could you go away now?" he asked. "You will be spared another meeting with Mrs. Holt."

"Yes, yes. You think of everything. Better for my mother too. We'll pack and run." She drew in her breath in a sound like a hiss. "A can, Mr. Neale: I took it to her unopened. She laughed. So did I. She joked about it. We hoped for anything, everything. At last she took off the cover." Stella flung up her hands

"I'm so sorry," he stammered, his head bowed that he might not see her face

"I know. I'm sure you are. You have done all you could, more than you ought perhaps. I can't ask you to call in New York, as mother thinks she is Mrs. Burnleigh to you. But we could meet perhaps once. Indeed, I am very grateful and I should wish of course to hear about poor Mrs. Holt. It's a horrid business—and all for nothing." Her voice broke as she held out her hand.

"In two weeks," he said. His throat was so dry that he could hardly speak. "I'll be in New York then."

"Please telephone. We shall still be in Park Avenue."

"I will. Go and pack and I'll put your things in the auto."

"Please not. My mother—too broken."

He nodded and wrung her hand. At the gate, his hand on the latch, he turned. She was framed in the doorway, and she forced a smile and a hand wave. He swung on his heel

"I hadn't meant to tell you," he said, looking up into her eyes. "I don't want to raise false hopes, but I have found a strange clew."

"A clew—to what?" she cried, as revived hope transformed her face

"To money," he ran on, smiling with high confidence. "I shall bring you good news—in two weeks"

He literally ran away; her eyes had done it again.

Two days later Paul Neale unloaded his kit in the back yard of a charming vacant house on the outskirts of Hartford; then went to the dealer whose name was on the For Sale bill. He haggled about the price as though he cared, got some reduction for cash and carelessly produced United States bearer bonds, as good as gold.

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In Vain She Tried to Keep the Tremor From Her Voice. "I Can Earn a Living," She Continued

SUNRISE

By ALICE DUER MILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

III

MAYNE'S first problem would be the river. Tropical rivers cut their way deeply into the mud and are often five or six feet deep at the very margins, and to force his way through the jungle along the banks would take hours. He climbed down one of the supports of the bridge and found, just as he had feared, that the river was over his head and the banks soft with oozing mud. But on the other side of the bridge, toward the sea, there was a sandy stretch that would bear him. Following this, he came out on the beach, and there he found, as he had half hoped he might, an old dugout, pulled up under the palms that fringed the sand. There were no oars or paddles; but Mayne, paddling with his hands and pulling himself along by branches, managed to struggle up the river, hearing ahead of him the sound of the falls.

He came upon them suddenly round a bend. They were high above him, sliding down a narrow alley between the heavy green edges of the forest. They were, as he had expected to find them, in two divisions, the lower one the higher of the two.

In the deep pool beneath the falls he abandoned his dugout and, drawing his machete, began to cut his way into the forest. He was wet with spray and sweat, yet so powerful was the sun even near its decline that his shoulders actually steamed with its heat.

The smells of the forest came to him: there were no flowers there, except an occasional orchid, but there were the individual odors of the green things themselves that came in streaks of hot and cold air.

No one who has not been in the tropical jungle can imagine the strange silent menace of it. Growth, instead of being desired as it is in the north, is a terrible, irresistible, hostile force—something that will overwhelm and destroy and blot out man and his works. It is the same impersonal menace with which the sea threatens human life, only the sea is merely ebbing and flowing; but the forest is always growing with its creeping, slow, continuous advance. It presses in on every side, green upon green, a tangled mask to you know not what wild venomous creatures. The trees shoot up branchless until almost out of sight, enormously high, and yet holding so lightly to the soil that small winds will overset them. Again and again you come on these great prone trunks, already overgrown with verdure, while their roots, branching overhead, serve as trellises for vines.

Mayne had rarely been into the jungle alone. Usually when it was necessary to break into new territory he had at least two axmen going ahead, chopping with machetes and axes. He did not like being alone in the forest—no one does. There was the actual danger of tigers and snakes and any number of venomous insects, and there was also the magical menace and loneliness of it.

There was a rustle at his elbow—some living thing escaping at his approach; or perhaps only a fluke of the wind, which, drawing in under the trees, had stirred a single gigantic leaf to turn mysteriously on its stem. He could hear his breath drawn at long intervals and feel the beating of his heart.

Yes, he was afraid—not that he was allowing fear to affect his conduct. Behind the mountains the sun was getting low. In an hour it would be dark—black night, for there was now no moon.

He knew it would not be easy to make his way along the foot of the cliff. An object a foot away is masked by a curtain of vines and plants. In Honduras he had sometimes been near enough to touch some great ruin without suspecting its existence. Now, being obliged to turn aside again and again to avoid fallen trees and tangles of verdure too tough for his machete, he had, he began to fear, entirely lost his direction. He was going downhill.

He paused, considered going back, and then became aware of a slight lightening in the green mass ahead of him. A few more strokes and he emerged on a path, running at right angles to the way he was making for himself. He stooped to examine it; it had been well worn by bare feet. It must be the road from the hacienda to the temple. He knew how much a path must be used to keep it clear under the constant menace of the jungle.

He turned and followed the path. It led upward. He had not gone many steps when he leaped back with an agility that showed how tense his nerves had been; two gigantic heads reared themselves, one on each side of the path—crested serpents in stone, guarding what in the fading light he had not at once recognized as a long ruined flight of stairs leading up the face of the first cliff. Those interminable shallow steps—how many of them he had already climbed in his life!

He stood squarely between the stone serpents and looked up; at the top of the stairs stood the idol.

It stood there noble and calm, as Culbertson had described it, looking toward the sea and the sunrise, as it had stood for hundreds—perhaps thousands—of years; the placid Oriental face, the hands back to back, the elaborate decoration and carving of the tall monolith into which the figure seemed to be set. It was all just as Culbertson had said, only there was something else that Culbertson had not touched upon—a majesty, a power.

Before the idol was the inevitable altar; a carved, rounded stone, a huge death's head, faced Mayne as he approached, between dwarfed figures of slaves. He mounted the long flight of steps and stood silent between the altar and the god, looking from one to the other. On the altar was a small metal object shaped something like a horseshoe, very beautifully wrought. Mayne knew its purpose well—it was used to hold down the throat of the victim while the priest tore out the heart. It would not be used for that purpose in this feast, he thought, and put it in his pocket.

He turned back once more to examine the idol and saw behind it the caves—his caves. He gave a low cry and ran toward them. They were identical with the caves of Western China. It was incredible—the similarity. All emotions except the joy of the discoverer vanished.

He forgot his fear, he forgot his love; for a moment he was nothing but a scientist whose hypothesis has become a fact.

The caves had been cleared and cared for, so that even in the dusk he could see the flat complex band of decoration over the three great openings. He stood gazing at them. In the morning he would photograph and measure and explore, but now he wanted only to stamp on his mind their proportion and ornament.

Then, as he stood there, something began to move inside the cave—an enormous stone-colored snake passed him by, undulating away into the jungle without a sound.

Certainly the expression "the fall of night" must have come to us from the tropics. There, indeed, night falls, quickly, inexorably, with no gentle dusk to accustom you to the transition from day to night. Mayne felt a terror—a primitive revolt at darkness coming over him as he stood peering into the caves, while the great snake—the only creature in the world that can combine speed and dignity—disappeared into the solid verdure, hardly disturbing a leaf.

Mayne had not brought a flashlight with him. It was already night in the caves. Gazing in, he seemed to see dim shapes there, seated figures. What could they be? Carved images, or people, or some pattern on the darkness made by his own eyes? And as he stared, darkness—the real blackness of night—descended on him. Something hostile had taken charge of the world.

He was afraid—not afraid as he had been under shell fire in the war, when his nerves had been directly attacked by the noise and blood and danger; not afraid as he had been once when a drunken friend had driven him before an express train. Then, though his heart had stopped beating, his mind, like a complete outsider, had been interested in watching the progress of events and calculating the chances of escape. He was not afraid even as he had been as a child, when, left alone at night, he had waked up from a nightmare and imagined that black-hooded figures were standing behind the nursery curtains. No, any fear that had a definite object, however fantastic, would have been rational and manageable compared with this fear. This was panic—fear of the whole environment—of darkness and silence and the steaming fertility about him, closing round

Her Strange Costume Added the Suggestion That She Had Been Playing a Game Which Had Somehow Turned Into a Tragedy. She Went Silently Upstairs, Trailing Her Bright Cloak

him like a tomb. His panic was like intense pain; he could not struggle against it; he could only struggle to survive it. A recollection came to him of being taken back from a dressing station at the front when pain had had possession of him as now fear. Then he had managed to maintain his sanity by reciting the multiplication table, or a piece of verse—anything to keep the continuity of the mind:

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital ——"

Gr-r-r! Something grated like the streets of New York on election night—a stupendous noise far away -or else a cricket close to his ear. He was shaking all over now, but he knew that if he was not going to scream aloud he must go on.

"—— had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright "

Something was rustling something was moving near him—nearer and nearer. He suspended thought, he suspended breathing. All his being was engaged in listening. Silence. Nothing but far away the steady rushing of the waterfall.

He became aware that he had been holding his eyes shut, so tight that his whole scalp moved as he opened them. Dark! He thought the jungle dark? Not at all. Overhead, the darkness was pierced by tiny points of light. Could they be stars filtering through that impenetrable canopy, or bright little eyes watching him? Strange blue phosphorescences illuminated branches and leaves here and there. Out of the corners of his eyes he seemed to see flashes of light—fireflies, or his imagination. Then unquestionably the brilliant pale green light of the brightest of all nocturnal insects moved past, showing him for a second all the complex patterns of the walls of the jungle.

All his senses had become abnormally acute: His sense of temperature, so that though there was no breath of wind, he could feel air moving against his face; his sense of smell, so that faint scents seemed to envelop him—the pungent smell of some frightened animal, the faint deadly smell of orchids, the smell of the fertile earth itself

Silence again. How much of the night was over? How soon would day come? "They cast five anchors off the stern and wished for day." Who had said that? No one had ever longed for the miracle of light as he did. A terrible scent drifted to him, making his heart stand still, and was gone again before he could identify it or its menace.

A night bird shrilled insanely again and again and again, far up in the foothills of the volcano. Then complete silence; nothing stirred, nothing sounded

He had no idea how long it was that he had been standing there, pressing his shoulder against the idol for protection. A shower had come up, rustling suddenly on the leaves above him, and as suddenly ceasing. A frog had had its moment of startling the jungle, and something very large and heavy had moved near him, and gone away again. Gradually Mayne knew that a sound he had been listening to for a long time was neither the drumming of an insect nor of his own heart, but an actual drum beaten by a human hand. He raised his head and drew a long breath. God be praised, this might be real danger. Thud—thud—thud, in common time; then thud-thud, thud-thud, in double time.

He knew that muted resonance. It was the ceremonial wooden drum of the Mayan ritual. It is a sound designed to create excitement in the hearer, but the effect on Mayne was just the opposite—it calmed him. He became a man again—a man and an archeologist.

He had been standing at the back of the idol, facing the caves; but now he summoned courage to move, to walk round to the other side. Ahead of him the open space at the head of the great flight of steps was dimly illuminated. He went to the edge and looked out—looked out over the world. The first thing he saw was a great globe of silver light hanging low over the sea -Venus, the morning star, shining with a liquid brilliance that cast a shadow. Never before had he seen the planet so dazzling and so large He could just make out the horizon and the darker belt of the ocean. He was probably staring straight east—at that identical point of the horizon where before so very long now the sun would rise: the idol and the altar had been oriented by no uncertain hands.

Next he looked down at the farm and saw that it was lit up; outlined in dots of fire, for every window of every building had a light in it. And all the time the steady beating of the drum rose up out of the darkness—the great empty open space before the main house

As he watched there came a spurt of flame, and an enormous torch was lighted and set apparently on a pole in the center of the clearing. By its wavering yellow glare Mayne could see figures moving about in a sort of circle, dancing. The noise of the drum, growing faster again, was mingled with the noise of rattles and whistles—those earthenware toys which he had so often dug up in old graves and fancied that their uses had been over for hundreds of years. Loud cries and chantings and intoned prayers came to him, too, for the air was very still and sound traveled far He knew the object of those incantations prayers to the omnipotent gods to change their minds, not to destroy the earth with the ending of the great cycle, to renew the light, to let time go on, to let the sun rise once more. Light, light, the universal cry - the cry that a short time since had almost broken from his own lips

And now, as he watched, the ceremonial took on a new phase. The lights were going out slowly, one by one, like guttering candles. Mayne knew of the ritual—a messenger was running from door to door, knocking with a club and warning the inmates that the lights must be extinguished—the god must know his people's need—must be flattered by abysmal darkness into giving forth his beneficent light.

Darkness almost as terrific as the dusk was coming upon them. Only the great central torch was to remain.

Mayne was conscious of being tired, so tired he could hardly stand. He groped his way back to the altar and sank down on it, his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands. He was not afraid any more, or even interested nothing but incredibly weary

After a long time he heard the drums and the chants and the rattles coming nearer—of course, they would be coming to their god—their temple. He rose slowly and went again to the head of the stairs. The farm was now in utter darkness, but through the tangle of trees and vines below

(Continued on Page 80)

It Was All Just as Culbertson Had Said, Only There Was Something Else That Culbertson Had Not Touched Upon—a Majesty, a Power

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 10, 1926

To Plant or Not to Plant

EASTERN visitors to the Pacific slope are always filled with wonder and delight by the riot of roses and other flowers which adorns every dooryard, great and small. Flowers are everywhere, and gracious shrubbery and ornamental growths of countless varieties please the eye and minister to the desire for beauty.

The people of the Coast states have a climate preëminently suited to luxurious plant life; but in addition to this naturally favorable condition, they have the will and the energy and the public spirit to make the most of the opportunities which Nature has put within their grasp. It is not alone the happy accidents of air, soil and temperature which are responsible for the charm and loveliness to be observed on every hand. Good taste, local pride, love of beauty for its own sake and willingness to spend time, thought and money for its attainment are merits for which Nature can claim no credit.

These fine human motives are by no means universal. There are whole commonwealths, thousands of square miles of long-settled territory, where they are conspicuous mainly by their absence. There are several states whose soil and climate are such that they might put on a face of new and transcendent beauty if the people who live in them cared enough for it to make even modest efforts to take advantage of their opportunities. In these regions bareness and unsightliness are the accepted fashion and they bring no distress to those who behold them. Usually, but not always, those who regard flowers and shrubs and shade trees as foolish luxuries put outdoor tidiness in the same category. Where local pride is insufficient to encourage private gardens and blooming dooryards one looks for, and generally finds, an unsightly countryside, run-down homesteads and littered premises.

The flowerless untidiness of these regions is not an index of climatic conditions, but of the personal traits of those who live in them. The soil and the winter weather of New England, not to mention the short growing season, are anything but favorable to flower culture; but the summer gardens of Massachusetts and Connecticut are famous for the success with which they have overcome natural conditions. In Pennsylvania and other Middle Atlantic states one may ride for hundreds of miles and scarcely find a single farmhouse so humble that its doorway is not wreathed in climbing roses or its yard plot adorned by bright perennials. In these states the rich have no monopoly on flowers. The craving for them is universal and he who controls the smallest parcel of ground can satisfy it.

Amateur gardening is one of the most penetrating forces for good at work among us. It affords refreshing contact with the soil, healthful exercise in the open, intimate views of the processes of life and growth and new knowledge which is the more cherished because it came straight from Nature and not from hearsay. It encourages reflection and begets contentment. It brings a thousand rewards unsuspected by those who have not received them. It makes better men and women. Who ever hears of an amateur gardener charged with a crime involving violence, baseness or fraud?

There is a powerful leaven at work which will one day spread to our flowerless, treeless communities. Garden clubs are steadily increasing in numbers and in influence. The activities of village improvement societies are bringing results which can scarcely be overestimated. The school-garden movement has proved wholesome and beneficent. Trustworthy horticultural publications are at the service of the inexperienced. There is a whole library of modern garden books, many of which are practical and authoritative. The desire for well-planted suburban homesteads is so strong that builders find they can more readily sell their houses if they call in a nurseryman to plant newly improved properties with ornamental trees and shrubs. All the allied movements for better kept, better planted, flower-spangled countrysides are succeeding because they pay. They pay in beauty, in cash and in self-respect.

The Bankers' Chautauqua

WHAT facetious Britishers call the Bankers' Chautauqua is held in January. This title is applied to the annual meetings of the large banks, on which occasions the heads of these institutions give expression to their views on financial and even political questions. This year two of these bankers, Sir Felix Schuster, of the National Provincial Bank, and R. McKenna, of the Midland Bank, have seen fit to enter on prophecy of a sort, and this on matters of concern to Americans.

These observers have come to the inference that the world supply of gold is being augmented. Of the increasing world output, some seventy per cent is produced in the British Empire. Some of this new gold will be needed to stabilize the currencies of countries now on an inconvertible basis, but most of it is expected to settle in the United States and Great Britain. The result to be anticipated is continuation of cheap money and high prices. Under the current of the addresses one notes the hope that American prosperity will mean enlargement of imports of goods and the continuation of foreign investments.

It is clear, however, that London still considers herself the money-lending center of the world. Curiously enough, little is said of the state of manufacture, and the fiscal phase of the balance of trade is accorded much more attention than is devoted to commodities. Also, little mention is made of the state of coal mining and the problems that loom on May first as the result of the termination of the subsidy to this industry. If affairs in Great Britain are as well off as they are stated, or inferred, to be in these addresses of the bankers, we ought not to have much occasion for worry in this country.

Holes in the Fence

LAYING aside all fine disputations of political postulators, the fact is that the grave problems of today cannot be met successfully without either more concerted action on the part of the states or an extension of Federal authority. In simple language, the states must either get together on common menaces like traffic congestion, crime, excessive taxation and divorce, or they must give way to central government control.

Which is the most serious of these problems is a matter of opinion, but there can be no disagreement as to the effect of diverse and conflicting divorce laws in sapping the moral stamina of the nation. As the Federation of Women's Clubs said in a recent petition to President Coolidge:

"Without going into details of the conflict of laws of the various states, it may be said that age requirements for marriage range from twelve and fourteen to eighteen and twenty-one; that many marriages that are prohibited in some states are not prohibited in others, but are even made criminal in others; that common-law marriages are recognized in some states and not in others; that marriages between the insane, feeble-minded and diseased are not prohibited in all states and that grounds for divorce range all the way from none in one state to fourteen in another."

If the nation's moral fiber is to endure, the laws regulating marriage and divorce will have to approach certain recognized standards, either through state concert or Federal interference. If the pound avoirdupois were defined in one state as having three ounces, in another six, in a third nine and in a fourth sixteen, the effects upon commercial honor would be no worse than are the present results of divorce-law conflict, inconsistency and tricky technical evasion upon marital purity.

It is not our purpose to suggest even the minimum standards of such a law. Upon this subject opinions differ widely. It may be well for the President or Congress to appoint a commission to study and recommend, much as the National Monetary Commission suggested the essentials of the Federal Reserve System. It will take any commission that studies divorce a long time to reach its conclusions, but we know now what one of its recommendations will be. It will advocate reshaping the laws relating to marriage and divorce in such a way that their present wholesale use for consecutive polygamy will be checked.

Dictatorship or Blocs

A GREAT many charges have been leveled at the régime of Mussolini in Italy, including usurpation of constitutional authority, suspension of freedom of speech and press, tyranny of police, abrogation of the ballot, suspension of responsibility of cabinet to Parliament, and absolute dictatorship whenever and wherever it has pleased the party of Mussolini. These things sound bad to Americans. If true, we infer from history that ultimately no good can come to Italy out of such repression of freedom. But circumstances alter cases, even if they do not justify unconstitutional methods. And there are indications that in many ways Italy is not doing so badly.

Under the present government of Italy the budget has been practically balanced, revenues have been enlarged, expenditures reduced, a program of improved agriculture inaugurated, civil service reformed, the currency stabilized and debt settlements arrived at with Great Britain and the United States. These accomplishments have been made possible through a continuity of sound economic and administrative policy secured by abolishing bloc politics in Parliament.

Contrast the situation in France: Parliament is hamstrung by bloc politics. Cabinets come and go, without accomplishment. There is no continuity of policy, no decision, no reformation. Tax legislation stalls, expenditures are not restrained, revenues are not enlarged, the franc declines except for support drawn from foreign loans, debt settlements are not concluded, the country is literally in legislative chaos. There is freedom in France—especially freedom for blocs to put the brakes on all legislation, freedom to sabotage fiscal reform, freedom to debauch the country politically.

One hesitates to commend dictatorship, even if beneficent; but one must not hesitate to condemn democracy that wastes itself in license of political disorganization. We wish the improvements in Italy might have been secured through constitutional methods. We trust the necessary reformations in France may be secured through constitutional methods. But we must not be surprised if one day, on the brink of fiscal ruin, the outraged common sense of France takes away from the political blocs of the Parliament the liberties they at present possess. No system is strong enough to misgovern a people against its will, even in the name of democracy.

ON BEING A SPINSTER

By Elizabeth Jordan

DURING a certain railroad journey from New York to Washington, I suddenly realized that a woman seated across the aisle from me was cherishing a grief. She looked like a well-bred woman and she was perfectly dressed; but she wore a veil under which, it became clear, her tears were falling steadily.

From time to time she unostentatiously wiped them away. Occasionally, with an effect of desperation, she changed her position. Once or twice she brought her hands together as if about to wring them, though she did nothing so spectacular. Indeed, she was so quiet that I am sure no one else in the Pullman car saw anything unusual in her actions.

With an open book before me, I watched her from the corner of an eye, sympathetic but mindful of the familiar instance of the man who made a large fortune by attending strictly to his own affairs. It was clear that the woman was not ill or in physical pain. Her trouble seemed mental and emotional, and the most obvious inference was that she was on her way to the deathbed of someone she loved, and was afraid of reaching it too late. Several times, as if she could bear inaction no longer, she rose and walked to the end of the swaying car and back again. The last time she did this she did not return to her seat, and I experienced a momentary fear that in a frantic moment she had thrown herself from the train.

We were now within half an hour of Washington, and I went to the ladies' dressing room to freshen a bit for the inspection of the friends who were to meet me. There I found my unhappy neighbor, crouched in a corner chair and weeping audibly. The expression of a porter who hovered just outside the door showed that the situation was beyond him, so I went into action by sympathetically asking the woman if there was anything I could do.

She pushed up her veil, raised her head, and for a long moment regarded me with wild, wet eyes. Then, apparently feeling that the inspection had been satisfactory, she rose and abruptly hurled herself upon my startled breast.

"Yes," she cried. "Take care of me." And she added in a long wail, "The porter says I'm drunk!"

She was. There was no question about it, though I had not suspected it till that moment. I instinctively recoiled, and, feeling the movement, she too drew back and stared at me again.

"I'm in terrible trouble," she gasped, and added, "You're a married woman, aren't you?"

"No," I said, "I'm not."

At this a cry burst from her, as if the climax of her sufferings had been reached. For a moment she sobbed convulsively.

"O-h-h-h, isn't that ter-rible!" she gulped.

Then she quieted down, took a fresh grip of my shoulders, and brought out a solacing second thought.

"Never mind," she sobbed, patting me with an unsteady but comforting hand. "You're a woman, anyw-way!"

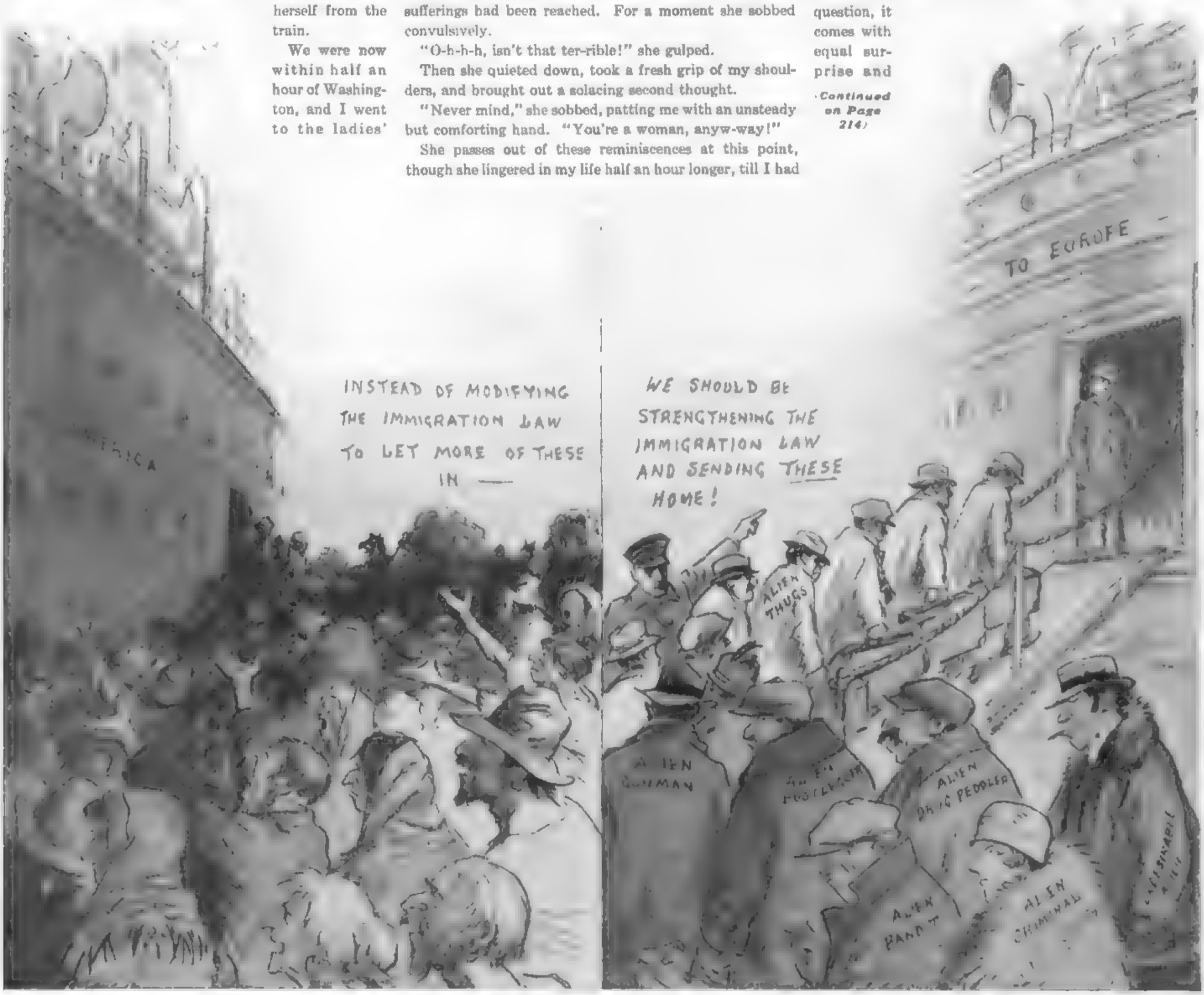
She passes out of these reminiscences at this point, though she lingered in my life half an hour longer, till I had left her in her own home. I need not touch on the pained surprise of the conventional friends who met me at the station, nor on my own surprise when I learned that the woman was the wife of one of our statesmen. I merely relate the episode because it is a typical if somewhat extreme example of the mental attitude of most married women toward women who are unmarried. I had met many thousands of women before my encounter with this one. I have met many thousands since. They were of all types and from many lands. But I have no doubt that in the minds of a large majority of them lay the same pity felt by my impulsive traveling companion, and with this emotion the question which, sooner or later, tentatively or actually, is put by almost every wife to almost every spinster who is her friend.

"Here you are," she says in effect, "missing the two greatest experiences that can come to a woman—wifehood and motherhood. How can you bear it?"

Sometimes, but rarely, the question comes from a really happy wife and mother. When this happens the spinster, if she is honest, can make but one reply.

"A married life like yours," she must say, "and motherhood like yours, make me realize all that I have missed." For this is the truth and she may as well admit it promptly, frankly, enviously. But the next time she is asked the question, it comes with equal surprise and

Continued on Page 214


TO EUROPE
INSTEAD OF MODIFYING THE IMMIGRATION LAW TO LET MORE OF THESE IN —
WE SHOULD BE STRENGTHENING THE IMMIGRATION LAW AND SENDING THESE HOME!
ALIEN THUGS
ALIEN GUNMAN
ALIEN DRUG PEDDLER
ALIEN CRIMINAL

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Mr. and Mrs. Beans

"Sweet Eveline, Dear Eveline, My Love for You Will Never, Never Die"

"Say, What's the Big Idea? Have You Birds Gone Crazy?"

"Why, Beans Old Man, We Heard Vi's Sister Was in Town and We Dropped Around to Serenade Her"

"Well, You Can All be on Your Way. It's My Wife's Mother, and She, Luckily, is Stone Deaf"

Publicity

THE Ostrich Bird is great, but modest;
Her ways, to many, seem the oddest.
In wilds remote from trumpet sounders
She lays a lot of eggs—three-pounders,
Which means that each is worth two dozen
Of those of Mrs. Hen, her cousin.
But since she wants each egg to quicken
And evolute an Ostrich Chicken,
She heaps the sand to incubate them
And leads no band to celebrate them.

The Hen is far more enterprising;
She knows the worth of advertising.
She drops one ovoid small and pearly,
But tells about it good and early.
"An Egg!" she cackles. "See! I made it!"
And all the barnyard knows she laid it.
She makes a most tremendous racket
Until her "kut-kut-kut-kedaket!"
Is taken up by all the Roosters—
That Little Group of Serious Boosters.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

The Wanderers

HOW peaceful and domestic they look as they sit together in the living room! Dad apparently hasn't a thought beyond his cigar and his evening paper; mentally he is living over his Western trip and declaiming that neat speech of his which finally convinced the syndicate. Mother is focusing on a ripped glove finger, but she is feverishly chasing original ideas for the club luncheon and entertainment next week. Grandma seems to be deeply concerned with a bit of knitting; she is planning a motor trip which will give the old neighbors in Maine a chance to see her new knee-length gown and the snappy silk hosiery to match. Margaret scans the new novel with an air of interest, but her thoughts are sailing southward with Dick, on his first big business flight, and she is praying that the Brazilian señoritas may not be as deadly as they seem in the movies. Junior is turning the leaves of his Vergil, and wrestling desperately with the problem of annexing a Tuxedo in time to invite Dot to the class dance. Little Betty is intent on her paper doll's wardrobe; in imagination she is a film star selecting gowns for her next society picture. Bill is making marks on a graph paper, and mentally taking aim at a bandit concealed behind the door, who will shortly murder the family unless prevented by his coolness and daring.

And you could hear a pin drop!

—*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

Nor Anywhere!

I

A YOUTH he was, when first I saw
Him driving down the street;
His nether lip I saw him gnaw;
This way and that I watched him yaw,
And back and forth, as fleet
And errant as a frightened deer—
This way and that I saw him steer,
From side to side,
While oft he cried:
"Not here, not here, not here!"

"Ho, friend," I called, "impart to me
What sort of bug hath bitten thee."

He answered not my friendly cry;
He looked as he went rolling by—
He looked and uttered no reply,
But oh, the anguish in his eye!

II

I met him on the broad highway,
And he was bent with care;
The years had lined his face; the gray
Of trouble limned his hair;
His mouth was set; his wild eyes wide,
Still frantic, looked from side to side,
And still at intervals he cried—
The while a miserable tear
Fell splashing on his steering gear—
"Not here, not here, not here!"

"Oh, friend," I called, "confide in me!
For I deplore thy miseree!"

He did not pause to heed my cry;
He did not even say good-by,

(Continued on Page 230)

The Joneses Have Been Collecting Antiques for Several Years

"Mother, for Goodness' Sake—Why Don't You Fix Your Hair? It's Horribly Untidy!"

The heartiest, most delicious vegetable soup you ever ate!

There is only one way to make the best vegetable soup and that is to use the finest vegetables—and plenty of them—rich beef broth, cereals, fresh herbs and seasoning.

These must all be prepared, cooked and blended with the skill that comes of life-long training, in kitchens equipped with every modern facility to yield the highest quality and most delicious flavor.

That is the way Campbell's make vegetable soup!

Thirty-two different ingredients—the best that can be bought in the land—prepared by famous French chefs—cooked in tureens of pure nickel.

And when you sit down to enjoy this tempting and substantial soup, every taste will reveal the touch of the master soup-maker!

32 different ingredients
12 cents a can

THE COUNTRY OF OLD MEN

Somebody Brought a Rope and Tied My Hands Behind Me, and They Marched Me to the Horse Corral

By C. E. SCOGGINS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

XXIV

THE revolution, Uncle Ben said, was petering out. Not enough money to buck the administration, with Zuñiga's millions behind it. In thirty years only three revolutions had succeeded, and Zuñiga himself had paid for those. Oh, of course, all revolutions raise the shout of liberty; but the mainspring of them all is money. That was why the rebels had taken Chunango, which had no real strategic value—to get money out of the Consolidated.

"I told Johnny Hecht he was a fool," said Uncle Ben, "to go and get a big oil company riled up. They got too big a pull. All the administration had to do was to send word they couldn't protect the wells and get Uncle Sam to send a boatload of marines to save American property.

"Brennan worked it pretty slick too. He had the marines on top of the rebels before they had a chance to blow up anything."

"By the way," I said, "what do the rebels want with this town? What good does it do 'em?"

"A spree, I reckon. More licker and women here than in Chunango. This is the same gang that was there."

"Is Johnny Hecht with 'em?"

"No. Left the country, likely. Ain't a chance to win now. This outfit'll skedaddle into the hills the minute the federals make a motion at 'em.

"And then," he demanded gloomily, "what are you goin' to do? Likely nobody'll pay much attention to you while the rebels have got things upside down; but they can't hang on but a day or two. And then what?"

He couldn't tell me much about the charge against me—only what I already knew. Rufo had followed me that night, so people said, to finish our interrupted fight; his horse had returned riderless to La Caoba, but nobody had seen Rufo from that day to this.

"You mean," I said, "they haven't found any—body?"

"Plenty of bodies," said Ben Murchison, "these days—or what the buzzards leave of 'em. Been quite a bit of fightin' back of Chunango. No, they can't swear none of 'em's his."

"Can they prove murder unless they can produce the victim?"

"Well," he said, "they can keep you in jail till you turn gray. And you'll make a mighty bad witness for yourself. You admit you saw him huntin' you. You admit you had three empty shells in your gun when you come to, and only used one to shoot your horse. Brennan noticed that too. Yeah, Brennan'll make another bad witness for you. He thinks you did it all right. He says your story didn't gee, and then you got scared and wouldn't talk at all."

"Why did he help me out of the country then?"

"Because you was a white man, I reckon. He says you wouldn't 'a' lived to be hung if they'd found you that day. The boy's papa was just crazy. Nice feller, Brennan seems to be," mused Uncle Ben. "Ever notice his eyes?"

"Huh?" I said. "Eyes? Yes. One blue and one brown. Why?"

"Like he was two different fellers."

"What are you driving at?"

"Nothin'. Only I knew a feller once that had different-colored eyes, and sometimes he was nice and sometimes he was cold-blooded as a fish. Brennan helped you once, but like as not, if they make him testify against you, he'll do it and never turn a hair."

"How'll he explain his helping me to escape?"

"Well, the Consolidated pays a lot of taxes, and Brennan seems to be pretty solid with Zuñiga. Them two don't have to explain much."

Ben Murchison did know that the elder Zuñiga was the same politician who had run him out of the country thirty years ago—the one who had caused the execution of Luis, King of Vizcaya. He didn't know Don Fernando was related to Luis; but he wasn't surprised.

"All these high-class natives," he said, "marry each other till they got more cousins than a cat. And they all stick together; that's why they all got exiled. Is Fernando the only one that came back?"

"His sister, Doña Trini, the widow of Luis ——"

"Was she the one? I always wondered what become of her."

"She lives with Don Fernando now."

"Not now," said old Ben Murchison. "She died. Grieved herself to death, they say, about the boy."

Maybe I can't explain how hard that hit me. Not that Doña Trini herself meant anything to me: even now the memory of her is vague. It only showed me reality still going on—the steady, relentless dissolution of a family. Poverty and political oppression hadn't been enough. I, Howard Pressley, blunderer, had done my bit.

"Well," said Ben Murchison gloomily, "what do you aim to do?"

"I—I don't know."

"What did you come back here for? I tried to get you not to. Why couldn't you leave well enough alone?"

Well enough, he meant, for me. And he? Oh, he was old and not much use to anybody. He had just drifted aground in Tolobaya. Somebody had to look after Henry Dowling's kid, and he had nothing else to do. He might as well.

What had I come here for? Looking at him, gloomy and old and very tired of trouble, I knew I'd been a fool. In Milo, Indiana, that lake of asphalt had glowed powerfully in my imagination; now, when it lay only fifteen miles away across the valley, it seemed far off. What did he care about a million dollars? It wouldn't buy the only thing he wanted—peace.

And Don Fernando, too, was old. Even if I could prove I hadn't killed his son, what right had I to bring more trouble on him?

And Rita del Valle—could I say I loved her? I didn't, you know. Not exactly. I only remembered her in every nerve. You can't come out and talk of things like that. Not to a stubborn Nordic like Ben Murchison, to whom no Latin was exactly white.

Seeing how old and tired he looked, I tried to cheer him up. Lightly, humorously I spoke of Milo, Indiana. What a cautious, hidebound town it was; what comic-opera notions people had about the tropics; what a romantic character he, Gen. Ben Murchison, soldier of fortune, seemed to them. Oh, I made excuses for them! Good neighbors; I admitted that; safe, moderate people, but they stood by you when you needed friends. I spoke of Dave Henshaw. But I didn't speak of Harry Willis, county prosecutor, my lifelong friend, who might have indicted me for manslaughter by now. That wouldn't have amused Ben Murchison.

Humorously, indulgently I spoke of the Rotary Club—meeting once a week to uplift Milo; and honestly trying to do something.

Ben Murchison looked at me, his old jaw tightening.

"Yeah," he said somberly. "I know, Buck. I come from a little town like that myself once. A durn good town, and the best people in the world. And I know why you couldn't stand it. I tried, two-three times. . . . Well, where do you aim to sleep? The *mesón*'ll be full of drunks. Better bring your bed roll up here and sleep on the floor."

So I went down the steep curling street to the *mesón*. The clamor in the plaza had subsided; only one melancholy group, under one of the few lamps that hadn't served as targets for festive bullets, sang to the dismal plunk of a guitar. But the bar of the *mesón* was still crowded and hilarious. Prudently, I went down a side street to the corral behind, and found my horses duly stabled with Uncle Ben's own.

Gabriel's blankets were still lashed across his saddlebags. Where was Gabriel? A swift misgiving smote me. That was his deep voice roaring from the bar—drunk, drunk as a lord and expansive as three lords rolled into one.

Talking. Poor Gabriel! The relief of a familiar atmosphere had been too much for him. I saw his tousled black head sticking up like a buoy in a sea of hats, and with shoulder and elbow I went in after him. Too late, of course—I never thought of that.

He beamed affectionately on me.

"*Hola, patrón!* Tell them. They do not believe me They do not believe any man is strong enough to throw m over his head. But you have done it—is it not true? Th

(Continued on Page 41)

Double Action
Single Cost

Always fresh, sweet, odorless!

Sunbrite, the "double action" cleanser sweetens as it scours

Every cook knows that one requisite for good coffee is a fresh, sweet coffee pot. And soap and water alone cannot do the cleaning job necessary here.

It used to be necessary to put the coffee and tea pots through a special freshening, sweetening process. But now you can scour off the dark stains, and, in the same process, make them sweet and free from stale, clinging odor and flavor.

Sunbrite, the "double action" cleanser does it! Just one simple cleansing operation—and your coffee and tea pots, your kitchenware are not only stainless and spotless but they are sweet and odorless!

It's so easy and so economical to cleanse with **Sunbrite!** And with every can you get added value in a United Profit Sharing coupon.

Double results; single effort! Why not enjoy this extra advantage which **Sunbrite** gives? Use it in all your cleansing work in bathroom and kitchen.

Swift & Company

Try this convenient soap in
your dish pan and washing machine

A soap that's mild and harmless, yet very efficient in its action on dirt! You have it in Quick Naptha White Soap Chips. Its quickly dissolving flake form is so convenient. Try it for clothes, dishes, woodwork, floors—any household use.

SAVE THE COUPON ON EVERY CAN AND EXCHANGE FOR PREMIUM

How often is the old oil drained from your engine and fresh Mobiloil poured in?

In summer, draining every 1000 miles is sufficient for most engines. Even greater mileage may often be obtained from Mobiloil.

This needed attention saves its cost many times over in lessened wear on bearings, cylinders and pistons. See the Mobiloil dealer—because—

Most Mobiloil dealers are equipped to drain your crankcase.

Oil mileage in excess of 1000 can often be secured if the correct grade of Mobiloil is used and the following points are carefully observed:

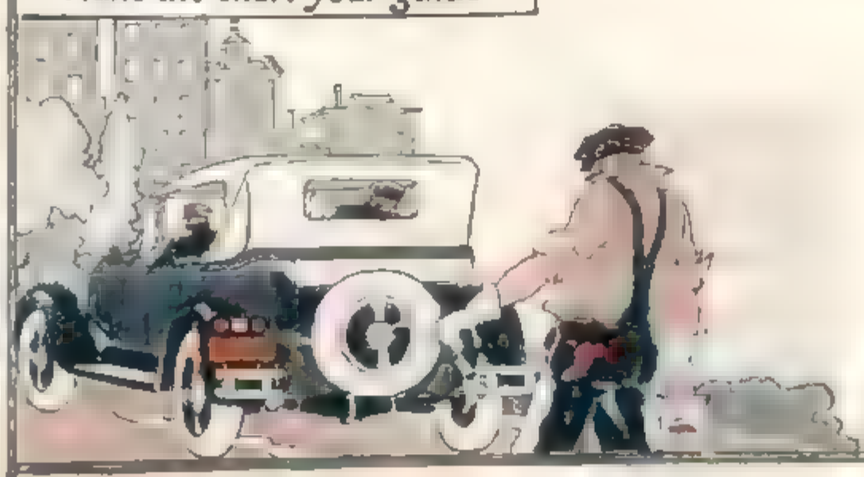
Use choke sparingly. Avoid too rich a mixture. Keep ignition system in perfect order. Do not idle the engine unnecessarily or operate a skipping engine. If car is equipped with oil filter or purifying device keep clean and in repair.

Vacuum Oil Company, branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, Kansas City or Minneapolis.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide



VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Make this CHART *your guide*

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication in passenger cars and motor trucks are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1926		1925		1924		1923	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Apperson	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Auburn	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Chandler	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cleveland	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Cunningham	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Diana	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Dorris	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Duesenberg	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Durant 4	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Elcar 4	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" 6-65	A	A	A	A				
" 6-50, 6-60			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" 8	A	Arc	A					
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Federal WB3, X2, X5, X6	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
"	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Federal Knight	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc		
Fiat 80	Arc	Arc						
Ford	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
F W D	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
G M C	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Gardner (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Gardner 8	A	Arc	A	Arc				
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Graham Bros.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Gray	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Haynes					A	Arc	A	Arc
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Interstate 4 (other models)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jordan 6			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Junior 8	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Kissel	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Lexington Challenger	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Locomobile			A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
McFarlan	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Nash	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Oldsmobile 6							A	A
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Overland	A	Arc	A	A	A		A	Arc
Packard Eight	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	A
" Six	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige	A	A		A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Peerless 80	A	Arc						
" 6	A	A	A		A	Arc	A	A
"	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pontiac	A	A						
Reo	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rickenbacker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Rolls-Royce	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Star	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stearns-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz 8	A	A						
" 6			A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Velie 6	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
White 15-20, 20-D	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" 50	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Willys-Overland	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Willys Knight 4	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc		Arc
" 6	A	Arc	A	Arc				

TRANSMISSION AND DIFFERENTIAL:

For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C" or "CC" as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

(Continued from Page 38)

is he, señores! It is as I tell you. I tried to hold him—he was not my *patrón* then; that was when I served Don Anselmo Palomar, whom they called Butcher—and he threw me over his head Bum! And I knew nothing. And he killed Don Anselmo he had already killed the others, he and Don Benjamin, the same General Murchison whom you know. They ——"

"Gabriel!" I shouted. "Fool! Come out of here!"

But he was conscious of no wrong.

"These friends," he explained, beaming, "tell me how Your Grace unhorsed the terrible Don Ramon Zañiga and trampled him in the plaza here, and how you killed the young Señor del Valle for love of his sister -excuse that I speak of her. I tell them such things are trifles to you. Am I not bigger, stronger than two Zuñigas? Yet ——"

"Blockhead! Shut up!"

Absently he brushed my hands away; I doubt if he noticed them.

"But it is not true, señores, that all Americans are tall. I have lived there. Shall I speak English for you? Even in his own country my *patrón* is tall. And rich! Why should he fear your Zuñigas? Even today, as we approached this place, we met the men of ——"

Desperately, I smacked him over the ear with my revolver held in the flat of my hand; he sagged so suddenly that I couldn't hold him up. Then I was conscious of his audience, shocked and indignant.

"Gentlemen," I cried, "excuse that my servant has thrust himself among you! Let me offer a toast to the revolution, and then if some of you will carry him out ——"

That was different. We drank, gentlemen all and friends of the revolution, while my low-bred servant slumbered unheeded in our midst. Nobly they forgave his tactless intrusion. They complimented me on my strength, to have felled so large a man with one slap of the open hand; no wonder Americans were said to fight with bare hands if we could hit like that! They gave me *vivas* for the United States, and lugged him out and dumped him in a room already littered with snoring drunks.

But the beans were already spilled. At any moment now the federals would come, and it would no longer serve me to be a friend of the revolution—stared at and identified by every eye that saw me, an enemy of the Zuñigas and a fugitive from the law. Very thoughtfully, I lugged my kit to Henry Dowling's house. Thoughtfully, when Uncle Ben had gone to bed, I shaved.

Remarkable how a shave refreshes you. I found myself whistling softly, not to keep old Ben Murchison awake.

XXV

HORSES are cheap in that country. Uncle Ben's was a good one; better than mine, and fresh. He stepped out eagerly. The first few miles, going down into the valley, I had to hold him by main strength to save his legs; but when we reached the valley floor I let him go. I don't know anything more soothing and exhilarating than to feel a good horse under you that wants to go. It gets into your blood—the gallant surge of living bone and muscle, the deep and steady breathing, the steady powerful beat of flying hoofs. He seems an eager friend who helps you, and perplexities seem simpler when you ride straight at them.

His trail instinct was better than my eyes. Headlong he plunged through lakes of the night fog, warm and wet like steam. The moon, low now on the seaward hills, was red through thicker air. It peopled the jungle shadows with ghostly, vague, slow-stirring vapor shapes; but there is nothing to be afraid of in the Zorro Valley at midnight. Nobody lives down there but Indians, shy, stupid people—so they seem to us who have no interest in the hurried passing of white men. They do not hurry. Their time is on a vaster scale than ours, measured by suns and moons and generations, not by minutes

The shadow of the seaward hills came suddenly, an hour before the inland side went dark. Through the fringe of jungle the broad sluggish Zorro spread like a dim plain above the rapids. The trail branched; this way to the canyon and the outer delta of Chunango, this way to La Caoba and the northern mesa. The horse, his first exuberance worn out, climbed steadily. The night thinned as the starlight widened. I almost thought I knew the very place where I had tumbled off into the bushes—was it five months ago? -to lie there foggily and see that phantom rider pass against the sky.

Rufo—his proud young chest so full of wild young feelings—and where was he now?

In the high saddle of the hills the trail branched again, north to the fertile uplands of the Zuñigas, south by a shoulder of the mountain into the saddle where the hacienda of La Caoba lay. There was the long low line of the stone aqueduct sweeping down. Yonder the walls of La Caoba, silent and dark, asleep under friendly stars.

Daylight was still an hour away. I got down and anchored the horse with trailing reins, filled my pipe, paced a little, restlessly, stretching my legs; climbed a knoll where the aqueduct passed at ground level, saw the long curve of it go in across the wall to Don Fernando's house. That was where Rita slept; Rita del Valle, a woman. No more dim and far-off memory, but just yonder. Sleeping. Slim vital hands that could so rest a man. . . . Peaceful it looked. Only the sweet slow wind of dawn was stirring Only the stars watched, clear, steady-burning lanterns in the silver sky. My feet, when I let myself down inside the wall and dropped, fell soundless in the soft ground of a garden.

There was a sudden paralyzing uproar. Dogs rushed out, barking. No use to run; I stood quite still against the garden wall and spoke to them softly when they came near enough. Few dogs will bite you if you neither threaten them nor run. They sniffed my legs. Anxiously, whispering reassurance to them, I patted their heads, wooled their ears for them. A man's voice shouted from the horse corral; they answered in the only way they knew, yapping about me as if to say, "False alarm! It's a friend of the family. Look, here he is!"

Maybe they remembered the smell of me, at that; or maybe they welcomed human diversion in the long dull hours of the night. I had to scold them to get rid of them. They were surprised and hurt

Rita must have been awake. When I whispered at her window bars her soft voice cried instantly, "Who speaks?"

"Quiet," I pleaded. "Loved one, it is I."

A voice in the darkness saying "It is I" what does that mean? Nothing, of course. Yet to a Latin it is the same as saying "I come in peace." Rita del Valle was twenty years old and beautiful; more than one masculine voice had whispered hopefully to her. Her voice was not afraid now, only listless, infinitely tired.

"Who is 'I'?"

"Howard Pressley."

Silence. Suddenly I saw her close against the bars, one hand clutching some wrap at her throat, the other thrust out to me—or so I thought; but it evaded me, thrust me away. There was no welcome in her wide dark eyes, her frantic whispering.

"You! Don Howar'! Pity of God, what evil fortune brings you back here—now? Go away! Run! Oh, go quickly, quickly!"

"I would have come long ago if I had known. It has but lately come to me that your father blames me for your brother's death. I ——"

"Blames you! It drives him mad! He has not slept since those poor bones were brought here. He only walks ——"

"What do you say? Then they have found—him?"

"Day before yesterday."

After five months—you can imagine what would be left of him. In pity I caught that frantic hand, made it be still. It was cold. The tenseness went out of her and she sank down, limp, on the wide ledge inside the iron bars. The fragrance of her hair came to me, faint yet poignant. Maybe there is some woman in the world whose grief can tear your heart like that.

"Who found him? Where?"

"The Señor Hecht, the soldier of fortune. He who commanded the rebels at Chunango. The American soldiers drove them into the jungle and they came upon the skeleton of ——"

"How can they know it is he?"

"By the ring that was our grandfather's Howar'—the Virgin hears you—tell me that you did not ——"

All my eyes, my ears, my heart, yearned through those iron bars; but what snatched suddenly at my nerves was not inside the room.

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"Quiet! The Corraiero Sleeps Just Yonder"

THE FIFTH ESTATE

THIRTY YEARS OF GOLF

By Jerome D. Travers and James R. Crowell

IT IS axiomatic that one swallow does not make a summer, that one great player does not make a baseball team and that one spectacular golf shot does not win a championship. Yet swallows and great ball players and sparkling golf shots all have a tendency to bring about the respective ends. Confining this line of reasoning to golf, I find that the value of the single shot is oftentimes inestimable if delivered at the right moment. It is not necessarily skill alone which makes it possible for the golfer to rise to an acute emergency. Skill helps, naturally, but the element of luck is not without its influence.

I've never had any illusions about my ability to duplicate at will the shot to the Baltusrol island green which resulted in my winning the National Open Championship of 1915. Luck was with me that day. It chanced that this rare stroke happened along at a moment when it would do me the most good. The shot would still have been as good if it had failed to open the road to victory, but its luster would have been dimmed and I dare say it would not now find a place in my recollections as the best I have ever made.

Harold H. Hilton, the celebrated English amateur, once dazzled me with a shot he made in a match we were playing on the Muirfield course in Scotland. His drive was slightly off the line and the ball lodged between two sturdy tufts of grass. It was an atrocious lie. The ball nestled snugly and compactly between the imprisoning walls of turf, with no apparent margin in the rear for the club head to scoop under it and produce satisfactory results. I was curious to see what club Hilton would use in playing out. While waiting for him to make his decision it occurred to me that if the shot was mine I should call for a heavy mid-iron and rely on cutting through the grass and soil by means of a sharp blow. Less experienced players would even have been inclined to employ a niblick—the most massive one in the bag, at that.

PHOTO FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, NEW YORK CITY

Harry Vardon Playing Out of a Trap in the Professional Tournament Held at Roehampton

Proceeding in that calm methodical manner for which he is renowned, Hilton diagnosed the shot in much the same way the surgeon diagnoses symptoms of illness requiring surgical science. This painstaking analysis lasted for a minute or so and evidently established for him that the treatment necessary was not a minor operation, but a major one. There was no doubt about its being an aggravated case.

"Boy," he said, taking a hurried step toward his caddie, "give me the spoon."

Wielding a Fancy Spoon

THE spoon! Of all clubs to use in extricating the ball from such a fearful predicament; I should not have been much more astounded if he had called for a driver. How did he hope to drive a wooden spoon through that tough grass, I wondered; and if he did succeed in getting that far, how could he obtain sufficient loft to the ball to make it clear the tuft directly in front of it? I took another squint at the ball to see if my eyes had deceived me. No, it was absolutely fast in its tufted prison.

Taking his stance, Hilton swung at the ball without the slightest wasted motion and with no indication that he was dubious as to the outcome. It was a graceful and easy stroke, free of any sign of pressing. The club head seemed barely to skim over the two little mounds engaging the ball, and yet when it started on its upward swing in a pretty follow-through, the ball had been picked neatly from its trap and was at that moment floating down the fairway straight for the green. The spot where it had rested showed no marks of having been disturbed. Hilton, master wielder of the spoon, had contrived to pluck it out with his bulky wooden club as delicately and cleanly as though he had tried a fancy shot with a mashie niblick—and much more effectively, for he was now on the green for an easy 4. It was a shot I number among the most remarkable I have ever seen.

To return to the question of luck entering into a shot of this character, let me elucidate the exact shade of meaning I have in mind. It is not luck that the finished player is able to make these difficult strokes—far from it. The element of good fortune comes in when he manages to put them over at precisely the right moment. No player can go on endlessly making wonder shots. Sometimes he fails when the need for one is most pressing. Jones, Vardon, Hagen, Braid, Taylor and all the best of them have failed at such times. The likelihood of their accomplishing the seemingly impossible is far stronger than it is with players of less skill, but they are considerably removed from being infallible. Poor luck is always at hand to aid in making "infallibility" a word foreign to golf.

There was a shot made by Cyril J. H. Tolley, one of the leading British amateurs and winner of the British Amateur Championship of 1920, which is more than worthy of recognition as a masterpiece of stroke making. Tolley drives a wicked ball. In the British Open Championship, at Troon, in 1923, he drove the first green, 350 yards, and then holed his putt for a 2, a scintillating performance any way you figure it, but more so when it is borne in mind that it was the result of perfect play and not luck. It is not this shot, however, of which I speak, but one he made at another time after he had hooked his drive so that the ball lay about two feet inside the fairway and so close to a barbed-wire fence that there was no room for him to take his stance.

Tolley tried squeezing himself into the small space between the fence and the ball, but when he bent forward to take his stance he was painfully conscious of the sharp prongs of the barbed wire penetrating the light summer material of his trousers. He withdrew speedily from that uncomfortable position and good-naturedly joined with the gallery in the laughter which the pricking barbed wire had caused. To every experienced golfer it seemed that Tolley's sole alternative was to take a quarter-diagonal swipe at the ball with a short-shafted club, preferably a niblick. His caddie was of that mind, too, for he shoved a niblick in Tolley's direction, only to have it waved aside. The young Englishman was figuring that he needed something better than a niblick shot here.

Everyone became deeply absorbed in the plan of execution forming in Tolley's mind, particularly when he withdrew a long-shafted brassy from his bag. What could he possibly expect to do with a club of that kind when there wasn't enough space to swing even a much shorter one? Tolley quickly enlightened them. Vaulting the fence, he began addressing the ball from the other side of the barbed wire, leaning as far over it as he could in an awkward, uncomfortable position. Several times he drew the club back to the top of the swing to see if he had sufficient clearance, and finding that he could just barely make it, he let go with all the force he could muster with muscles and body as severely cramped as they were.

It was a marvelous exhibition of what the expert golfer can do when necessity demands. With a superb snap of the wrists as the club head bore into the ball, Tolley sent away a brassy shot in which he might have felt a proper sense of pride if it had been made in the most favorable circumstances. It was straight and long, and never stopped traveling until it had trickled up on the green close to the cup, from which point he halved the hole in 4. And that was one great shot in which the element of luck had no part. It was too bold in conception and too perfect in execution to be anything else than a rare bit of golf artistry.

The spirit of fair play pervading the golf links is one of the most delightful phases of the game. I refrain from glorifying the members of the great brotherhood which has sprung into existence in the last thirty-eight years as keener sportsmen than those who lean to other athletic pastimes, but I believe it can be safely said that no more highly developed sense of sportsmanship can be found elsewhere. The rigid adherence of John Reid and his colleagues to the finer principles of the game still lives in spite of the rapid expansion of golf. Bad sports are in the great minority on the links. We find them now and then, mixed in with those who violate the courtesies of the game, but they are few.

And yet there was a time far back in golf history when players failed to observe the standards of etiquette now prevailing. In the archives it is recorded that the practice of intimidating an opponent by means of subtle comment and actions was not uncommon, though confined largely to men well acquainted with one another rather than to the casual adversaries of tournament competition. There were various methods of employing this drawing-room type of intimidation—for example, the apparently innocent suggestion to an opponent that his improved form had been brought about through a change in the style of play.

Short on His Golf Manners

"YOU'RE hitting them harder than you used to," the intimidator would say. "You seem to get much better results when you press like that." Whereupon his opponent, believing his comment to be honest, would start pressing every shot and his game would fall to pieces.

Now and then we come across a golfer who resorts to such tricks in this day. The most notable example of it I have ever seen was a certain golfer of my acquaintance. I often used to wonder whether it was an inborn characteristic with him or whether he merely found some devilish glee in throwing an opponent off his stride. And since he enjoyed the reputation of being a good fellow in other respects, I have concluded that he was actuated more by a spirit of fun than by any underlying natural tendency to be a bounder. There are such persons in this world. A man sometimes revels in the knowledge that others regard him as arrogant or austere or sharp, when, as a matter of fact, he is none of these. To the golfer I have in mind it gave a lot of individualism and personality to be known as a player against whom opponents must always be on their guard. Perhaps he relished having the spotlight thrown on this positive quality in his make-up; certainly it precluded his ever becoming known as a negative character.

The intimidative recourse of this golfer was to exasperate his opponents by the slow deliberation of his play. On the tee, he would address the ball for several minutes at such times when he held the honor, waggling his driver back and forth in a provoking manner, teeing the ball either a little higher or lower and stopping to call

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out instructions to his caddie. If his second shot lay 150 yards or so from the green, he would walk the entire distance to the hole and back again before making the shot, pretending to study the roll of the ground and the exact distance to be covered. Then he would address the ball, stop and look around as though annoyed because his adversary happened to be standing too close to him or because one of the caddies or spectators was moving. After a lapse of some minutes, he would make his shot, knowing he had worked his opponent up to a point of irritation where the chances for a foozled stroke were excellent.

One day it chanced that his opponent in an important round of a tournament was an old-time baseball player, who, like John Montgomery Ward, had taken up golf and become proficient in it. The former star knew the tactics of the man he was playing—and was prepared for him. The night before they were to meet he had studied out a method by which to offset the irritating effect of this overemphasis on deliberation. When he evolved the plan he kept it strictly to himself and was content, when his friends warned him of what was in store, to observe sagely that maybe things wouldn't work out so badly after all.

The news spread quickly that the baseball man was lying in wait for this obstreperous golfer and intended beating him at his own game. It attracted a large crowd to the Baltusrol course, where the match was played. The spectators were not kept in suspense long. At one of the early holes the former star's opponent placed his tee shot about 170 yards from the green, and before playing the second went through the regular formula of measuring off the intervening ground between the cup and the spot where the ball lay. This was his first attempt to rattle the baseball man. The crowd waited expectantly as he walked slowly toward the green with deliberate strides and stopped to make a minute inspection of the adjacent sand pits.

As he started to retrace his steps his gaze rested upon the figure of a man seated on a camp chair in the center of the fairway. He paused, mystified, shading his eyes from the sun as he peered down the course, trying to make out who in that throng would adopt such a novel expedient for enjoying comfort while following a golf match. But the face of the person seated in the chair was obscured and he could not tell. He was plainly disturbed. On the way back to the ball he forgot entirely about moving in a measured tread, but quickened his pace so smartly that he was proceeding almost at a dog-trot. A great suspicion had loomed up in his mind. He was eager to confirm it.

The Riler Riled

YES, the occupant of the chair was the former star. Back of him was a semicircle of spectators on tiptoe at the unexpected turn events had taken. Most of them were having a hard time to suppress the mirth stirred by this tableau of the intimidator intimidated. The man in the chair was the picture of ease, comfort and nonchalance. He affected to be utterly oblivious of his surroundings and kept his eyes riveted upon a magazine which he seemed to be reading. Even when his opponent stepped directly in front of him as though to speak, the former star remained motionless, apparently intent upon the most absorbing story he had ever read. A mid-iron rested against his lap and his own ball lay on the turf a few feet from where he sat, apparently neglected and forgotten in their owner's sudden defection from golf in favor of literature.

The baseball man's opponent, now much fussed at the unexpected turning of the tables, dubbed his shot. It was now the former star's turn to play, but he sat rigid on his chair, occasionally turning a page in the magazine over which he was poring. His caddie spoke to him—once, twice, three times; and he came back to earth with a start, as though suddenly remembering that he was participating in a golf match. He carefully closed the magazine, folded up the camp chair and handed them to another caddie, who had been trailing along in the rear unobserved. Then, with exaggerated dignity and deliberation, he made his shot—a good one—and as it proceeded on its way to the green the baseball man and everyone in that immediate vicinity knew he was master of the situation. His clever scheme had functioned perfectly. Those who saw it in operation became convinced that the best cure for intimidation is intimidation.

Golf, the game of infinite variety, is always offering its followers the opportunity to do the unexpected. In this instance I do not refer to the unexpected as demonstrated by the former baseball star. I have in mind a play made by Francis Ouimet on the New Jersey links of the Pine Valley Golf Club, near Philadelphia. On the sixth hole of this great sandy course is a slight elbow with a score-despoiling bunker lying in the path of tee shots which are not played to the left. The invariable rule of Pine Valley golfers had been to make their drives in that manner, since it seemed like almost a hopeless task to try to carry that foreboding bunker. Ouimet, playing an informal match, conceived the shot in a different light.

"Why not carry the bunker itself?" he asked of those playing with him.

"It's too far away—the distance is something well over 200 yards," they told him.

"I believe it can be carried. Let's take a poke at it, anyway." Whereupon Ouimet aimed straight for the stretch of fairway beyond the bunker and reached it nicely. It was the first time any golfer had succeeded in doing it, the impression having become so firmly fixed that it could not be done that the members had abandoned their efforts to accomplish it. Since that day several of them have duplicated Ouimet's performance. It is not, however, a common practice. One must be an exceedingly long driver to be able to send the ball more than 200 yards away from the tee before it falls to earth.

Edward Ray

Walter Hagen

Pine Valley, in my judgment, is the finest golf course in the United States and equaled by few in any part of the world. As a test of the game, it is supreme. Neither flat nor hilly, the undulating land resembles a desert into which have been dropped clusters of beautiful trees. White sand is everywhere, great stretches of it reaching along the fairways and circling the putting greens. Nature's color combination is entrancing. The grayish white of the desert blends softly into the green of the woodland; and where these sandy rivulets wind in and out through the meadow or flow gracefully over the grass-covered parapets, it reminds you of snowdrifts resting on the countryside.

Over this rarely picturesque spot in the lowlands of Southern Jersey hovers the memory of the man who conceived it and to whose broad vision and unstinted energy Pine Valley now stands as a monument. I met him some years ago—George Crump, a splendid, whole-souled chap then in the fullness of his life. To him Pine Valley was the dream of a lifetime come true. As a boy he had traversed every foot of the sandy soil with a shotgun slung over his shoulder as he and his comrades spent days in the woods bagging quail, which were to be found in abundance there. It was the place of his dreams. In later years, when he had prospered and found his notch in the world of business as a hotel owner of wealth and influence, his eyes and heart turned again toward the wooded spot in which he had found so much joy in his youth.

George Crump told me of it himself. The vision of Pine Valley transformed into a masterpiece of golf architecture came to him on one of those exhilarating expeditions he was again making over its white-grained expanses and through its quail-inhabited thickets, all so reminiscent of similar journeys he had made many years ago. And yet it was different now. He was middle-aged, a fair measure of his life behind him. Then he had stood at the threshold of his life, free of responsibility, unburdened with the cares of the world and conscious only of the great fun which could be found in roaming such a paradise as this. There is nothing to equal youth. Again Crump was free from the cares of the world—released from the burly of business life that had filled in the span from those early days and that he had weathered better than most men, to retire from the strife before it was too late to enjoy the fruits of his independence. But he understood perfectly why he responded more to the charm of this tree-hedged desert than did any other living man; he knew that this later-day thrill gathered its chief luster in the echoes rumbling down from the past and in a sentiment which time had made mellow and rich.

Pine Valley

I KNOW that these were the thoughts that George Crump had of Pine Valley. He told me of them himself.

Crump's vision began assuming concrete form when he engaged the famous English golf architect, Colt, to come to this country to plan a course of surpassing merit and extraordinary beauty. Colt, deeply impressed with the scenic splendor, pitched his tent in the woods and camped there for a week or more. He emerged from his hibernation enthralled. The same potential qualities for a wonderful links which Crump had visioned became even magnified under the critical analysis of the expert. He reported that it would be possible to mold one of the finest courses in the world from the ground so treasured in the memories of George Crump.

"Good! I thought so. I see it all as you do—the sand, the trees, the turf and the rolling ground. Good! Let's make it what you say—one of the best courses in the world." Crump was jubilant. Colt's verdict was music to his ears; he told me of the happiness it brought him.

From Colt's blue-printed diagram was reared this magnificent golf course you will find in a quaint old section of New Jersey not far from the Delaware River. But the man in whose brain the image was born passed on before it had reached the perfected state you now see. It had been his ambition to finish it and present it to the club. But it was ordained that Crump was not to visualize in finished form the great creature of his fancy.

That is the historical and sentimental side of Pine Valley. The purely practical side is that few courses have been constructed in this country with the same premium for good playing and penalty for poor playing. It is not a course for the duffer. Every bad shot is punished. To wander away from the fairway is to play in heavy white sand such as you will find in the traps of other courses. Here there is a bunker, and there a trap, scientifically placed to catch the errant shot and to exact no penalty from the good one. Inferior golf cannot survive for more than a lucky shot or two, while good golf finds its just reward. This quality is a distinctive characteristic of Pine Valley. It offers encouragement to the golfer playing in good form and endless trouble to the man off his game.

The first time I saw Pine Valley was in the late afternoon of a fine summer day some years ago, when only fourteen holes had been completed. That same day I had won an invitation tournament at the Huntingdon Valley Country

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

AND NOW I AM A AUTHOR

By Monroe Ott

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

DEAR BOB: Well Bob I suppose you dont know I have give up playing the sacksafone. I have decided that sacksafone playing is not such a good racket and I have decided to win fame and fortune as a author. It is more artistic, and when I tell you all about it you will say I have made a very wise decisshun. In the mean time I am going to keep on shoffering as I must live, which is to bad as if I could devote all my time to my art I would get rich and famous faster.

You see I have gave up my job 4 or 5 times on account of my employers not likeing musick. When they would say to me that ether the sacksafone or me would have to go I realised at once that I could not be a famous sacksafone player if I did not have a sacksafone, and so I told them that I would go.

To hide there sorrow they would make off like they were angry and say, "All right here is your pay now get out and good riddance."

I never have any trouble getting another job and it seemed funny that I should work for so many people who did not appresheate good musick. I was all ways careful when I played and usully waited untill every one was in bed or else I got up early in the morning be fore any one was awake and so I do not no how it could of bothered them. But there are a lot of narrow minded people when they see a guy on the road to fame and fortune they would rather kick him back than push him on and it was just my luck to work for that kind of people

Well finally I went to work for a guy named Mr. John Alden and he is a young guy just rolling in dough. My sacksafone playing did not bother him at all because he spent most of the night makeing the rounds of the cabarays. As he kept me out all night he did not use the car much in the day so I use to play all day long and I tell you I was getting good. Why I could play the scale up and back 3 times and only make 1 or 2 mistakes, but my fingers were kind of stiff on account of oiling and greasing the car and I felt that it would be no time be for I would be famous and rich.

Mabell Leaped From the Car and Grabbing Tems Arm Says Stop Do Not Stay Him, He is But a Poor Fool That Nos Not What He Did

Mr. Alden called me in to his office 1 day and says, Ben the nabers tell me that you are some sacksafone player and that they are unable to work or think while you play.

I am glad to hear there are so many people who know good musick, says I.

Yes I am glad to says he but tell me do you play for your own amusement or is it a habit.

I am learning to play the sacksafone answers I be cause through my Art I will be come rich and famous and will not have to shoffer any more.

Oh says he dont you like shoffering.

No sir. People are all ways calling me James when my name is Ben.

Well Ben I can see you are ernest and I suppose you know that sacksafone playing can not last long.

No sir I didn't, answers I, why cant it last long.

Well you see since jazz be came popular there 1000s and 1000s of sacksafone players. As you no it takes a lot of air to blow a sacksafone and at the present time they are useing up the air at the rate of 10000 cubick feet a minute. Do you realize what that means.

No sir answers I.

That means acording to the signtists that the present supply of air will be used up in 5 years and 10 months.

This is mighty serious answers I cant they do anything for this.

Why not much. The inventers are trying to invent a sacksafone that can be blown with out air but so far they have not been sucksesful, and it looks like they never will be.

This is a terribel thing to happen says I and my life work will only last 5 years and 10 months more.

I would not worry about it says Mr. Alden as likely by the time you have learned to play the sacksafone it will be out of style and not used any more.

But Mr. Alden I had made up my mind to play be for all the crowned heads of Europe and they would not listen to any thing that was out of style.

I can see your point Ben and there is some thing to that but dont worry there are a lot of ways to be come famous.

What ways says I.

Have you ever thot of be comeing a auther? says he.

Well not exactly an auther Mr. Alden. I had about made up my mind to write a opera but instead of haveing singers I was going to have all there parts played by good sacksafone players. Outside of this opera I did not think a guy could win fame and fortune by writeing.

That is where you have made a big mistake. Do you no that a auther can earn a fortune by writeing one book? says Mr. Alden. And did you ever think how easy you can be come a auther. All you need is a 5c pad of paper and a 1c pencil and then write a story and sell it for 1000s. Is not that pretty good to make 1000s of dollars for 6c says Mr. Alden.

Yes sir answers I and I can not under stand why I did not think of that be for. Do you really think I could be a auther.

Undoubtedly undoubtedly says he. Who ever heard of a shoffer who could not make up storyse. Why if you have read any of the late books you will find that there are 3 important rules that you must follow.

What are these rules Mr. Alden? asks I

You must have a unhappy ending and then a few delicate situashuns and a couple of poems and if you follow these rules it does not seem that you can help but write a best seller.

I read a book once be cause a Jane told me I reminded her of the hero and I can see that you are right.

Of coarse I am right says Mr Alden and if I were you I would get to work at once.

I will and if you will advanse me a $1.00 I will buy a pad of paper and a pencil and write a book today.

One more thing says he handing me a $1.00 if I were you I would sell my sacksafone at once while there are still some people who do not no about the shortuge of air.

You bet answers I. I will sell it to some poor fish and let him get stuck with it. I am glad that I have convinced you that I should give up the sacksafone be cause I realize I am a born auther & my writeing will soon make me rich and famous. I am glad that we had this talk.

Well you see Ben it is hard to find a shoffer who does not kick at driveing most of the night and I thot it was worth my trouble to point out to you that you had better get rid of the sacksafone

Mr. Alden you are right and if you do not want the car to day I will get busy and write a story or 2.

So you see Bob I was lucky in finding out about this air shortage and now I can sell my sacksafone while there is still some air left.

I am glad that I have decided to be come a auther as I have been talking to Ed Vance, you know the old fellow who runs the gas stashun at the corner of Pine St., and he nos all about this auther racket as his youngest son is a auther. His sons name was Bill but he changed it to Cecil.

That is a good idear and I am going to change my name to Sylvan Hollingbird as I think that is a swell name.

Ed told me all about authers and he says they are very popular with the dames which is O K with me. All the society dames invite you to tea partys which are sort of free for all contests to see which dame can talk to you the longest with out letting any of the others say a word to you.

All I have to do then is to find out what books these dames are reading and then give them a lecture and ask them how they can read such dam rot or hellish trash. Then I just tell them that every thing they dont like is good. And then when I leave Ed says I should shake hands with each one and hold on as long as I can and at the same time gaze in to there eyes and make each one think that she will be my inspirashun for my next novel.

I asked Ed if he did not think it was better for me to say darn rot and bum trash, but he said no if you cussed a little that it was a sign that you were a liberal writer and that some authers said even worse. Cecil even went so far he said as to say that marriage was the bunk and to advise free love which means that you marry some dame who has a lot of dough and let her pay the bills.

There is a lot to this auther racket and I can see that it is a good thing. I forgot to ask Ed if a auther should be liberal be for he marrys the rich dame or after. But it does not make no difference to me as I would not let money influence my Art. If some rich dame goes nuts over me be cause I am always giveing things away I can not help it.

(Continued on Page 48

FISHER BODIES ARE THE PREFERRED SELECTION OF CAR MANUFACTURERS IN EVERY PRICE CLASS. THIS RECOGNITION, IN TURN, IS THE REFLECTION OF UNIVERSAL PUBLIC PREFERENCE FOR CARS THAT DISPLAY THE EMBLEM—BODY BY FISHER

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Enclosed please find [check, [money order] for $1 (Canada $1.20). Please send me a pint can of Duco Polish No. 7

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 46)

How ever I could not blame her as I have bot myself a prince Alpert suit and a flowing neck tie which certainly is a swell looking out fit. I wore them yesterday and wher I drove Mr. Alden home from the office he laffed and says What is the matter have you a sore throat?

No sir answers I this is my authers costume. Dont you think it looks good.

Yes indeed Ben that disguise is a knock out and if you dont succeed as a auther you can all ways get in the movies.

You are right Mr. Alden do you think I would be a good acter. I planned one time to be come a reel acter and be come rich and famous.

No Ben on 2nd thot you would never make a suckses as a acter but I can tell you have the makeings of a great auther in you. Did you write any novels yet?

Yes sir I wrote a story the 1st day. And I have all ready mailed it to the magasine that I have decided to write for.

Well that is fine Ben and as soon as it is published you must let me know.

I guess it will be in next week as I did not send it in untill this weeks was out.

You buy a copy for me and if your story is in it I will buy out the whole issue as I want to send them to my friends.

I would not like you to do that Mr. Alden as I do not think it would be fair to the reading public.

Per haps you are right. I will only buy 5000 copys.

That seemed fair enough to me and so I told him I would do it. Now Bob I suppose you are anxshus to see my story and I am going to copy it down here so that you will not have to buy a whole magazine just to read 1 story.

I named my story My Mistake and after you read it you can see it is a good name. It is a story about a shoffer named ——— Well wait, I will write down the story and you can see what it is about for your self.

MY MISTAKE

Sylvan Hollingbird, Auther

Thomas Van De Meter was shoffer for the Taylors but he was called Tom by his dear friends. He was a big strong guy with red hair a straight nose and a fighters chin and blue eyes. He was not always a shoffer but that was his secret and for no 1 else to guess.

Mr. Frank Taylor Toms boss was a big business man and was rolling in dough in fact he was very rich. He lived in a big house with his wife and daughter.

His daughter was a beautiful girl of 18 summers named Mabell. She had black hair and brown eyes and was a classy dresser. Tom was in love with her but as he was the shoffer he could only show his love by sending her flowers and candy with a note saying From a Friend.

Tom was getting along fine in his courting and had even got so that he called his beloved Miss Mabell and was signing his notes From a Dear Friend when Reginald Heck came to town.

Reginald picked out mabell for his girl chum and at 1st she was glad to be his steady. Tom did not like Reginalds looks and as he was a great characture reader, he knew Reginald was a bad egg.

Alas Mrs. Taylor looked with favor on Reginald and 1 day when she was driveing to town with Mabell Tom heard her say, Mabell you should feel honered that Reginald has chosen you among all the girls of this fair city. If you could get him for a husband you would have some thing to be proud of all the rest of your life.

Tom gnashed his teeth.

Yes mother says Mabell you are right. Reginald is some catch. How ever I would like to know who is the man who sends me presents signed From a Friend and also From a Dear Friend. I believe he is my true mate.

That is crazy says Mrs. Taylor. Most likely you will never know. He must be a mere child or else a insane person be cause what man would spend all that money and not want you to fall all over his neck thanking him?

Tom gnashed his teeth again.

Yes mother you are right and if Reginald proposes I will accept him.

Tom gnashed and gnashed his teeth until they bled.

Tom thot all was lost and could only say over and over that beautiful poem:

Ting a ling a ling
Death where is thy sting
Ting a ling a ling.

After saying this over 20 or 30 times it restored his mind and he said to him self I will not give her up. Strenthened by this strong resolve he gripped the steering wheel tightly and drove home.

That night Tom was driveing Mabell and Reginald to a dance but Reginald did not want to dance and he says It is to beautiful a night to dance let us stay out under the canopy of heaven.

No says Mabell that would not be right for a nice girl to do, but I will go for a drive.

Oh all right says Reginald. Tom take the road that goes by Grogans corners and do not turn around to come back untill I tell you.

Tom was sitting up in front in the drivers seat because he was driveing and glared straight ahead muttering to him self My time will come. My plans are planned and then be ware Mr. Reginald Heck.

Reginald did not no toms plans and so he sat in back talking. Tom could hear every thing that they says and he sat up with a jerk when he heard Mabell say, you are such a strong characture Reginald that the girl you marry will certainly be lucky.

You are probably right says Reginald only I will never marry. I believe in free love and I think I will help my self to a little right now, and he grabbed mabell and tried to kiss her.

She fought like a tiger but to no avail as her weak strenght was no match for the brute who sat next to her.

But brave Tom was on the job. Stopping the car he jumped out and grabbed Reginald by the coller and pulled him out of the car and held him dangling in front of him. Looking Reginald in the eye he recited:

Ashes to ashes
and dust to dust
Poor little Reggie
is gonna get mussed.

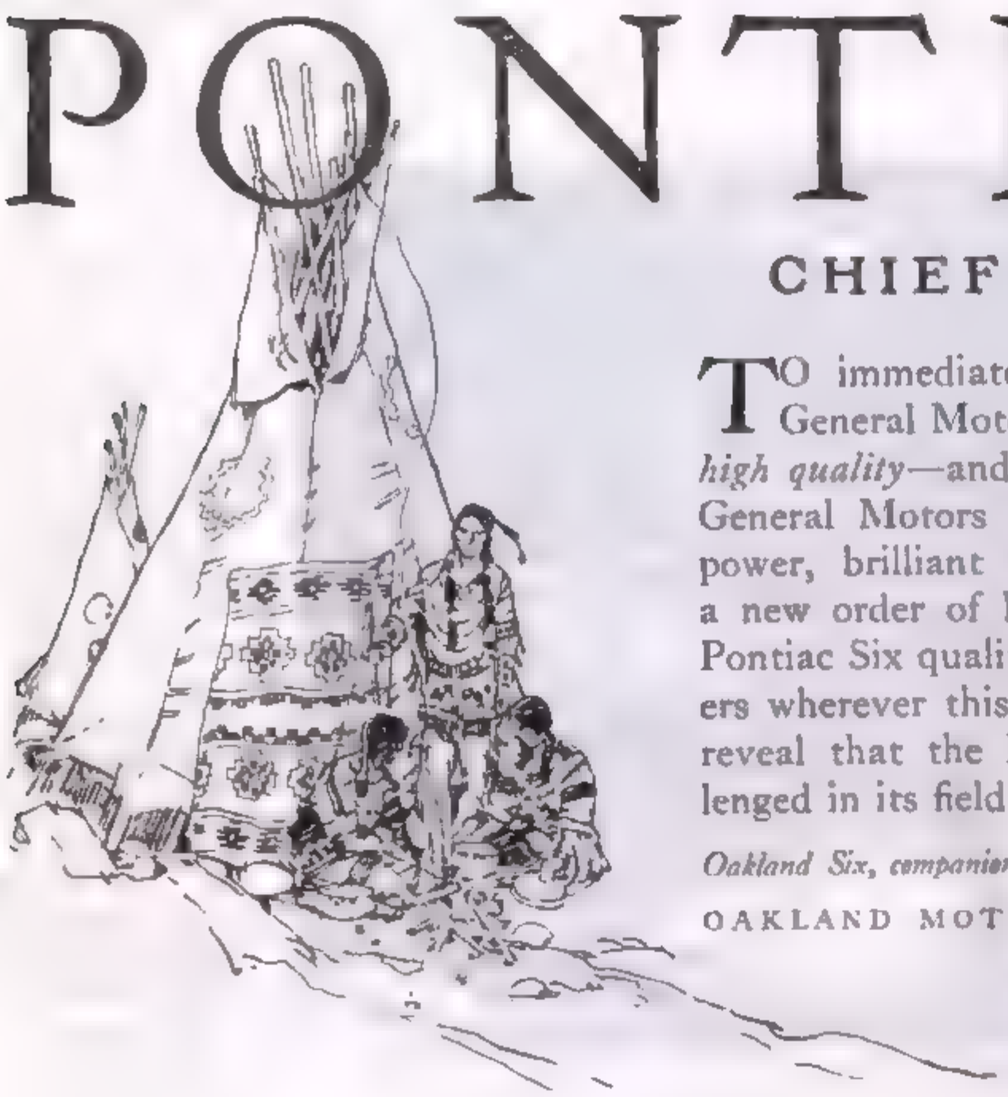
(Continued on Page 50)

Gulls on Negit Island in Mono Lake, California. The Sky Effect Was Produced by a Storm on the Lake

Body by Fisher

PONTIAC SIX

CHIEF · OF · THE · SIXES



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THE ANSONIA CLOCK COMPANY
Makers of Fine Clocks for Half a Century
7th Ave. & 12th St., Dept. P, Brooklyn, N.Y.

ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS

(Continued from Page 43)

After finishing reciting this beautiful poem Tom thru Reginald down on the road and started to knock him into a state of commas. Mabell leaped from the car and grabbing Toms arm says Stop do not slay him, he is but a poor fool that nos not what he did.

Tom got up sadly. He would have like to destroy Reginald on the spot. Tom had tasted blood in the morning when he gnashed his teeth and he could hardly control him self but when his beloved spoke he obeyed.

Mabell looked down at Reginald and says Get up and drive us home. Tom and I will sit in back.

You do not no what you are talking about says Reginald. It is not the custom for rich young ladies to ride with there shoffers.

One more wise crack like that says Mabell and I will let Tom finish what he started. I called him off once but if you say another word I will let him do what he wants even if he tears you apart little by little.

Reginald was scared to death and so they all got back in the car and started back to town. Only this time Reginald was driveing and Mabell and Tom sat in the back. Tom sat over in 1 corner thinking what he would have done to Reginald if Mabell had not stopped him.

When Mabell got home she was supprised to see Mr. and Mrs. Taylor her father and mother were still awake and sitting in the parlor.

Well my dear congradulashuns. I suppose you hooked him says Mrs. Taylor. Where is the dear sweet boy?

Dear sweet boy my eye says Mabell. He is a brute and he attacked me on a lonely country road. If it was not for Tom I would most likely be dead by now.

Tom who asks Mrs. Taylor.

Tom Van De Meter our shoffer says Mabell.

Ha ha serves Reginald right says Mr. Taylor. Who ever heard of takeing a shoffer a long when a guy goes courting?

I dont see how you can laff says Mrs. Taylor when you no we will be in the poor house unless Mabell marrys Reginald.

You are right says Mr. Taylor. Mabell we did not tell you but the Taylor Tailor co is in a bad way and unless I get 375 dollars by next Monday we will be ruined. We hoped that you would marry Reginald and his money would save us.

Mabell broke in to sobs be cause she new she would have to marry Reginald all tho her heart be longed to another. She stopped sobbing and drying her eyes she looked up with a weak smile and says, Do not worry parents. I will save the family honor and marry Reginald. Leave it to Mabell to hook him.

Next morning Mabell awoke brite and early, all tho she had cryed all night. Running around to the garage she found Tom sitting in 1 corner of the back seat of the car still thinking what he would have done to Reginald if Mabell had not stopped him.

Mabell poked him in the ribs and Tom looked up. Mabell dear, I have some thing to tell started to say Tom.

Stop do not say another word says Mabell. I cannot listen to no secrets of yours as I am going to marry Reginald.

So you love him, says Tom with a broken heart.

No Tom dear I love you but The Taylor Tailor Co. is on the blink and I must marry Reginald so that father can get 375 dollars by next monday. Please drive me to Reginald so that I can tell him.

I will drive you, says Tom and then as he could not tell a lie he says to his self, but not to Reginald.

Be for he got to Reginalds home Tom stopped in front of a little gray house.

Get out dear, says Tom. We are going to be married here. This is the parsons house.

I canot, says Mabell. I must marry Reginald to save the family honor.

You will not marry Reginald if you do not love him and do not talk back to me as I am a very determined man when I am in love. Now will you get out or must I drag you out, says Tom lovingly.

Looking shyly at this brute, her lover, Mabell stumbled daintily out of the car. Tom grabbed her arm and led her in to the parson where they were married.

What will my parents say asks Mabell, as they were driveing home.

Let me handle them, says Tom. You run in to the house but do not tell them until I come.

Leaving Mabell at the house Tom went to his room above the garage where he put on his full dress suit that he had kept hidden in the bottom of his suit case. This did not take him long and he was soon boldly entering the parlor of the Taylor mansion.

Mr. Taylor, says Tom, I want to tell you that I married your daughter and that I am not a shoffer.

Good greaf, says Mrs. Taylor, the man is a head waiter.

Tom you must be crazy says Mr. Taylor, this cannot be true.

Yes Mr. Taylor says Tom it is true only my name is not Tom Van De Meter it is Theo Van De Foot, air to the Van De Foot millions, but to my wife and her family I am just plain Ted. I put on my full dress suit so that you could not doubt me.

I new that you were not a regular shoffer all the time, says Mrs. Taylor happyly, be cause you did not have any accidents.

Well Well Well says Mr. Taylor.

Yes I am your son now, says Ted alias Tom. You see I saw Mabell 1 night at a poker party and I decided she was my mate but I did not want her to marry me for my money so I got a job as your shoffer and won her on love alone and that is what we would like to be now.

Of coarse, says Mrs. Taylor, come Mr. Taylor we will leave the lovers to their love makeing, and they strode regally thru the door.

As soon as the old people left, Ted alias Tom pulled Mabell on to his lap and looking in to her eye says, I have just thot up a beautiful poem in honor of our wedding and in a rich sing son voice he recited:

You thot I was only a shoffer
Just an other great big sap
But I finally won you over
I got you to sit on my lap.

You are wonderful, says Mabell, I am so glad I married you.

Just then the door bell rang and Mabell ran to answer it. She came back carrying a small package and says, Look dear our 1st wedding present. She opened the package and discovered a small bottle filled with pretty little white balls. On the bottle was a card which read

POISON
From a Dear Friend
REGINALD HECK

So Reginald was the 1 who sent me all the candy and flowers with a note signed From a Friend or From a Dear Friend thot Mabell. He is the 1 whot has loved me for years and now I no that such love canot be spurned. I love him to. I would never have married Ted alias Tom if I had non. Oh I could kill myself.

Mabell opened the bottle and took out 3 little white balls and giveing them to Ted alias Tom she says, Eat them. He did in 1 gulp and then she took 3 little white balls and ate them her self. Mabell then sat down on Ted alias Toms lap and resting her head on his manly shoulder waited for the end. She did not have long to wait as this is

THE END

Some story aint it Bob. Of coarse it is the only story I have written yet but in some ways I be lieve it to be my best.

How did you like the delicate situashun on the country road. I guess that is pretty delicate. I was going to copy some poems out of a book but they were all about trees with silver leafs and skys of gold and did not have no sense to them so I made up those beautiful poems as I went a long.

I am not wearing my arthers costume any more as I am saveing it for when all those dames invite me to drink tea with them.

I guess I dont no nothing else Bob so I will close.

Yours Truly BEN.

P. S. I will tell you a secret if you dont tell any one. When you read my story you thot that Mabell and her husband died. Well that is ware you are wrong. They did not die, but instead they lived happily ever after. I would not kill a real guy like a shoffer but Mr. Alden says I must make a unhappy ending and so I wrote the story like they were dead. That is ware I fooled the reading public. I will tell you what really happened. The little white balls in the bottle marked poison were not poison at all. They were no thing but candy. So when Mabell sat on her husband's lap for ½ hour and found she was not dead she looked at her husband and says, Are you dead.

No, says he.

Oh, says she, My mistake.

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a delicious health confection

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THE SEIBERLING RUBBER CO.
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SEIBERLING RUBBER HEELS

For gentlemen too, of course.

GEORGE H. JAY AND THE THREE-FIGURE FLUTTER

(Continued from Page 19

and honest action and the gods had given him forty-eight kind and honest pounds for doing it. Fine.

"And may I have the desk too?"

It hurt George H. to see the bright expectancy fade from her face as he answered, but he had no choice.

"The desk may be more difficult, I fear," he said cautiously. "I—you see ——" He paused a little, obviously in deep reflection. "I would prefer to give that matter a little thought—to take time ——"

She leaned forward earnestly, but she was too clever to press him with words. The wife of a very rich man, she clearly preferred to press him with money.

"Why, of course, Mr. Jay. It is a beautiful desk—I used to love to sit on a corner of it as a little girl—and I quite understand that you are a little anxious to keep it. By all means think the matter over and when you have decided, perhaps you would not mind telephoning to me at the Lorraine. I will pay you anything within generous reason for the desk. I want it for my husband's room when we settle down in England."

She drew from her bag a large quantity of extremely good-looking money, all clean and crisp and hot from the bank.

"I would like, please, to pay for the picture now, if you do not mind; and if you would have it sent to me at the hotel that would be splendid."

George H. raised no obstacles to that program. They carried it out quite amicably together, each doing a part—the lady happily husking off fifty pounds' worth of notes, the gentleman gayly writing out a receipt and exchanging it for the notes. All just as nice and smooth and friendly as anything.

And when presently the jolly miller of the Finch Court mill returned to his inner office after seeing the lady off, it was with the air of a man who was going shortly to buy a desk from somebody at all costs.

"It won't be a five-figure deal—no, not even a four-figure one—but the day I despise a three-figure flutter will be a sad day for me," he insisted gayly as he telephoned the auctioneers, in search of the address of the woman who owned the desk.

It was quite evident that one of the clerks at the auctioneers had mistakenly given Lady Courtenay-Coke the information that Mr. Jay had bought it. George had not, of course, but he was going to; and that without compunction.

As he put it to himself, "I was sentimental about that picture, and I admit it freely. But I can't be sentimental about the desk too. Business is business after all. And sentiment isn't—no—ha-ha!"

II

ALTHOUGH the transaction was a minor matter and its probable profits small and few, Privacy, London did not stint on the general craftsmanship he put into it.

Things were quiet at the office, and although a couple hundred pounds would probably be all that George H. would dip up out of it, that would not be so bad for an hour's work. Pay his office rent for a year, or something useful, if not impressive, like that. And anyway, the wife of General Sir Steel Courtenay-Coke was distinctly a lady to oblige.

It might possibly lead to bigger things, and Mr. Jay was ever a man easily led—to bigger things.

He had to work fairly briskly and keenly when, a little later, he found himself standing by the very desk he needed in a comfortable librarylike room that was part of the West End flat of the lady, Mrs. Mariel Invermere, who had bought the desk over George's head at the Crosscut auction.

She was a happy, handsome, merry-mannered soul, between twenty and forty-five years old; clearly a woman of the world, broad-minded, tolerant and good-humoredly greedy.

George fancied she must once have been on the stage.

She was quick to see that he meant to buy the desk, and she did not hesitate to say so

"Yes, I remember you, Mr. Jay. You liked it at the sale. I wondered why on earth you did not bid a little more for it The fifty pounds I paid was my limit. I'm always short of ready money, you know. Everybody is, I think. Still, I don't really need to sell the desk."

She laughed.

"I can struggle along with it, I've no doubt. I bought it as a present for my husband. But he is away, and he hasn't seen enough of it yet to mind much whether I give him this one or a less expensive one. How much will you give me for it? Or never mind making an offer. You can have it for two hundred and fifty pounds if you like."

Mr. Jay kept his feet, even regained his breath in a few seconds.

"But, my dear Mrs. Invermere, it really is not worth that sum—intrinsically, I mean."

The fine brown eyes of the lady were alight with amusement and a kind of merry excitement.

"Oh, I know of course. But, you see, I really don't mind whether I sell it or keep it. I wouldn't bother to sell it unless I can make a great big profit to tell my friends about."

George Henry perceived that he had fallen into the fair white hands of a lady who was probably much too well off to have to bother about money. No doubt she possessed a fond husband, and as he surveyed her rather sadly he admitted, withinward, that she was not at all the sort of person it would be difficult to be fond of, although personally he wasn't feeling particularly fond of her just then. But he understood ladies, and he saw that time and effort spent in bargaining would be time and effort thrown away. The desk was worth perhaps sixty or seventy—with luck. George sighed.

"It is a deal of money, Mrs. Invermere—a very considerable deal of money. Still, I understand the position—yes. Now, may I ask you to be a little indulgent in this matter? Will you allow me an hour or so in which to think it over?"

"Oh, yes, of course, if you like," she laughed. "I cannot expect to make such a shameful profit in five minutes, can I? If you wish you can telephone your decision to me presently."

She was moving slowly but hintfully doorward as she spoke, and Mr. Jay sighed again. He smiled, thanked her, took the hint and his departure.

"Just careless—like a child—about money. Spoiled that way but not a bad-natured little soul otherwise," he summed up as he moved to the nearest telephone-call office. "Still, that's how it goes. A buyer who wants what a seller would just as lief keep can only get it one way—and that's by paying for it. Supply and demand. It's no good. You can't dodge that couple—no, sir—not on racing skates. Well, well ——"

He got through to the Lorraine, to find that Lady Courtenay-Coke was there and in a rather elated frame of mind. She confided that she had been lucky since leaving Finch Court and had recovered several things at very low prices. Right heartily George congratulated her and then, swiftly moderating his tone, explained the sad position about the desk.

"I am sorry to tell you, Lady Courtenay-Coke, that what I had planned to be a delightful surprise for you has—er—fallen through."

The lady spoke quickly, a keen disappointment in her charming voice. "Oh, please don't say that you have decided not to sell it, Mr. Jay. You know, I would pay quite heavily ——"

"Oh, it is not quite so bad as a refusal," explained George. "But the price I am compelled, by personal reasons, to ask is really so very excessive, Lady Courtenay-Coke, that I—really, I shrink from mentioning it—namely, three hundred and fifty pounds!"

"Oh, I will quite cheerfully pay that for my father's desk," came the answer, quickly, eagerly. "It's not a question of the intrinsic value, you see. I am buying back so many pleasant memories—associations—with it. That will be quite satisfactory, Mr. Jay. I will buy it for that sum."

The face of the gentle one went all wry and wrung up.

"She'd have said the same to four hundred," he hissed to himself. "Serves you right, you poor old piker! Bah!"

But, aloud, he was much more polite.

"Thank you. I will attend to the matter forthwith. The cost would be excessive, were it a new article, but, of course, the old associations certainly do increase its value."

He arranged to hold the desk at his office until the following afternoon, when he would receive instructions about storing it, and having graciously promised to accede to her request that he should attend her at ten o'clock on the following morning at the hotel with his bill, he rung off, hastened to his bank for the needful notes and returned to the merry Mrs. Invermere.

An hour later the desk, looking very handsome and highly expensive, was in the Finch Court office, with George H. eying it over a cigar.

"Yes, you're a nice-looking thing, but you're dear. Dear! Lord! Half the money is more than you're worth. Three fifty! I wouldn't give more than sixty for you if you were the only desk in the world—no—ha-ha!"

But there he was, on the whole, mistaken.

It was a very glossy and affable high-class agent who appeared at the Lorraine Hotel next morning precisely as the city's clocks were more or less unanimously voting for ten A.M. With all the confidence which an easy hundred pounds' profit—picked up for the mere trouble of stretching out a pair of ready digits—is apt to give one, the Squire of Finch Court desired those at the office to announce his punctual advent to the waiting Lady Courtenay-Coke.

The clerk looked him over.

"Lady Courtenay-Coke, sir?" he said, reflected a second and added, "Lady Courtenay-Coke left for the Continent last night—leaving no address."

Gentle George's jaw went "snick" as it sagged.

"Eh?" he said.

The clerk hardly noticed the shock which he had presented to the distinguished-looking early caller.

"Lady Courtenay-Coke left last night for the Continent, sir—no address left," he repeated monotonously, politely, but wholly without interest. Indeed, he was watching a girl near the door—as hotel clerks will.

Mr. Jay looked at him with a pale grimness on his face.

"Now, now, my boy, it's too early in the morning for carelessness in these matters ——" he began.

"I beg pardon, sir, I'm not paid to be careless," the clerk explained patiently, transferring his tired gaze to Mr. Jay. "Lady Courtenay-Coke left for the Continent last night—leaving no address!"

George flushed.

"Well, there's no need to rub it in as if you were a personal enemy of mine, blast you!" he cried in low but bitter tones, and turned away, grinding his heel into the carpet as expensively as he could.

The clerk concealed a yawn, his eyes returning doorward. He bore no malice, nor was he conscious of any resentment against the severe tones in which the galvanized

(Continued on Page 54

FINEST PAIGE *in 17 years* OF ONLY FINE CARS

Paige has never known how to compromise with perfection in either materials or workmanship. For 17 years Paige has been building only fine cars—and pricing them squarely on the basis of production costs.

This year, more than ever before, Paige is "The Most Beautiful Car in America." It is a car embodying all of the integrity of the Paige institution—all the traditional quality of Paige materials and workmanship—all of the brilliance and long endurance of Paige performance.

And yet—*this year*—Paige has so tremendously increased its manufacturing facilities (building five cars where one was formerly built) that it can sell these newest and finest Paige models for nearly a thousand dollars lower than former Paiges.

Standard 5-passenger Sedan, $1495. Deluxe 5-passenger Sedan, $1670; Deluxe 7-passenger Sedan, $1995. Cabriolet Roadster $2295; Suburban Limousine, $2245; Paige-hydraulic 4-wheel brakes included. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

The most beautiful car in America

(759)

For 138 Years

Carreras have supplied choice tobaccos to the London gentry

Wherever Englishmen meet over a pipe, CRAVEN MIXTURE will be found on the table.

This was true when Victoria was queen and her son, Prince Albert Edward of Wales, casually used to drop in at Carreras' famous little tobacco shop on Wardour Street—and later when the bicycle first came into favor—and today.

For CRAVEN MIXTURE is the chosen pipe tobacco of discriminating smokers the world over—a tobacco for connoisseurs—pure and unadulterated—cured in the old-fashioned natural way which is the only right way.

Today you can buy this famous blend, in all its virgin freshness, packed in air-tight tins, anywhere in the United States or Canada. A pipeful will convince you that CRAVEN MIXTURE is no ordinary tobacco.

If you will send the coupon below and 10c in stamps to our American office—back will come a liberal sample tin of this fine old quality tobacco.

Carreras, Ltd., 220 Fifth Avenue
New York City
I enclose 10c in stamps. Send sample tin of CRAVEN MIXTURE

Special Offer

Craven
MIXTURE
Imported from London

Made by Carreras Ltd. London Established 1788

(Continued from Page 52)

George Henry had addressed him. He was not paid to be malicious or resentful. For half a second he wondered vaguely what had stung the glossy gentleman, then forgot him.

But the extravagant way in which George ground his expensive teeth as he passed the sweet-faced girl near the door made her jump a little. And the taxi driver he signaled as he flung himself out of the hotel was so subdued by his fare's dumb, dour facial expression that he apologized for asking where Mr. Jay desired to be driven, and nearly achieved a collision at the next corner on account of striving to distinguish, above the howlings of his ancient gears, what the agitated gentleman he was driving was muttering about.

But Privacy, London was only talking to himself about the ladies.

Long and acrid experience had developed within the Squire of Finch Court a great gift of knowing which side of a deal he stood. He needed no auditor to inform him whether he stood on the debit or credit side of a transaction that had been irretrievably transacted.

With a voltage that would have blown the fuses of a city's entire lighting system, that blasé clerk's information had blown the fuses of George H.'s highly lit expectations. Never had a first-class, high-speed, top-quality member of the Agents' Guild been stricken with a shorter short circuit in his wad than G. H. J. this morning. He had known it the instant that infernal clerk had uttered speech in his direction.

The thing was obvious. Two ladies, devoid of scruples, desired a little spending money, and they had caught sight of George trying hard to get away with what little he had—as ants labor to get away with stuff they find lying about; so they reached out and took a little off his burden for him.

"It was a new one to me," snarled Mr. Jay in the taxi; "but I'll say it was a good one. I was jollied—by the small profit on that picture—into paying two fifty for a thing worth sixty, in the hope of making a small but legitimate profit of another hundred. Even agents have got to live, haven't they? . . . Yes, that was the way of it. Mrs. Invermere said to her friend, 'Tell him you'll give him three hundred and fifty pounds for the desk. He will believe it if you act your part properly, and he will pay me enough to show him a human profit. Then all you have to do is to leave the hotel and come round to lunch and go shares.' Yes, that's it, they got a hundred and fifty out of me! . . . Wonder what they'll fool it away on—that's what hurts. If they needed it for a starving child or something of that sort I wouldn't grudge it. But they don't. They'll fool it away. Took a deal of earning, that hundred and fifty did—these days. Huh!"

He scowled at the uncut hair sticking over the taxi driver's collar.

"Caught between two millstones—Mrs. Invermere and her confederate, that lean lady . . . probably old General Courtenay-Coke isn't married at all!" He looked that up later—too late—and found it even so. "Any man might have bitten on that hook, anyway. . . . But it had to be me. Naturally. . . . Well, what am I going to do about it?"

He lit a cigar without pleasure.

"If I were a little child I guess I'd get down on my knees and say, 'Please make me a good boy and don't let any pretty ladies ever catch sight of me any more!' But, as it is, better write it off. That's it—write it off!"

He glared out of the rattling taxi window at the haunted-looking devils sliding hither and yon looking for theirs.

"But what a city! Hey, there's cormorants at Santa Barbara Rock by Avalon"—George H. was a widely read angler when they would let him be—"that would lie down and cry at a raw deal like this, but this city don't care. Never mind! Damn it, never mind! Better leave 'em alone anyway. They're as clever as monkeys and as quick as cats. Leave 'em alone! . . . But I wish I could get hold of 'em! . . . There's only one! And she's playing tennis with Lady Fasterton and company in the south of France. Ten nis!"

He pulled himself together, paid off the taxi and strolled up Finch Court, through his outer office and into his sanctum like a sharp frost. He jabbed at his bell and Gus Golding appeared with speed.

"Eh? That you, Gus, my boy! Well, now, have we got anybody on our books who might care to entertain the offer of one of the most attractive writing desks at present on the market?"

"No, sir," said Gus Golding, promptly and efficiently, with, unfortunately, something in his air that reminded gentle George Henry of that clerk at the Lorraine.

"Oh, haven't we? Well, get to blazes out of this, will you, Golding! Standing there, all loose, like nothing!" snarled Mr. Jay—and Gus naturally got. Not his weather at all. He left his employer to grieve.

After a dull afternoon's grieving at the office George H. conveyed his grief to the Astoritz Hotel, where he proposed to drug it unconscious with dinner.

His common sense told him to expect no more than an ordinary, solitary feed. But some queer, floating instinct or *ignis fatuus* had urged or lured him thither. And it was with a sense of impending events that he stood behind a convenient pillar and surveyed the dining crowd, prior to surging forth to his own table, still agonizedly conscious that he was a hundred and fifty pounds severely in arrear of the game.

A number of people of no importance to him—he recognized; and then he went all rigid, like a highly experienced pointer.

At a comfortable table not far off were dining four people—two ladies and two scoundrels. The ladies were merry little Mrs. Invermere and "Lady Courtenay-Coke"—a little altered in appearance—looking much younger and brighter than she had appeared in Finch Court. The men were ordinary enough—a rubicund, jovial-looking man-o'-the-world person and a pallid, correct party with a receding chin but flinty, unpromising, rather dangerous eyes. They were obviously enjoying themselves.

"On my money," said George H. as he glared at them. "Like a lot o' cannibals."

He reflected.

"Of course it's plain proof of conspiracy. No doubt I could get them jailed on this evidence alone. But I don't quite see how I would shape in a court of law. No advertisement for me—skinned for a hundred and fifty the way they've skinned me—a celebrated and highly recommended agent. And yet, somehow, it digs a deep fang."

Reluctantly he dragged himself to a corner where he could eat and reflect without having to watch these attractive lady wolves, busy, as it were, on the carcass of his hundred and fifty pounds, and there yielded himself up to rather sullen thought.

He could not prosecute these folk unless he desired to advertise how excessively easy he was; and as a great percentage of his clients engaged him to protect them from the results of their own easiness, any public parade of the same weakness in himself would be liable to label him more as a pretty good hara-kiri-ist than a superfine agent.

No—he had two courses open to him, prosecution being neither of these. He could come back at them like a sharp-pointed sliver of whalebone—if he knew how—or he could leave it alone, write off his loss and treat the whole miserable swindle with the contempt it deserved. Only, unfortunately, neither course got him back his valuable hundred and fifty. That was the weakness—the flaw.

"I'm not a mean man, thank God," he growled into his soup, "and a hundred and fifty either way won't matter much to me in a hundred and fifty years' time, but all the same it sticks in my throat—just at present!"

He broke off to grumble at the sherry, contemptuously thrusting an empty glass at the waiter, then resumed his monologue.

"If I had lost that money in a fair and square everyday part-of-the-business deal, I would be smiling now. But I didn't. It was on the side—out of the ordinary run. I tried to oblige two ladies who needed obliging—at least, one did—and they fined me for being kind-hearted. I needed a living profit. I had to attend to my ordinary profit, a man with an overhead like I've got. Nothing in that. Even agents got to live, I suppose. And you've got to trust some folk some of the time—even though they've got extra-musical voices. And when a woman like Lady Whatchacalla-Coke suddenly comes along and shows a pretty nearly desperate interest in an absconding solicitor's writing desk ——"

George Henry stopped dead. For a few seconds he sat rather like a graven image, staring straight before him with dull and fishy eyes.

The waiter looked a little worried, hovered, hesitated, stared, then wisely sidestepped what he apparently thought was the prelude to a highly paralytic stroke, and went away for a little while.

But he need not have worried. Gentle George had been smitten violently in the exact center of his mental machinery with a likely solution of his problem—that was all.

Slowly a light rekindled itself in his eyes, the bitterness dissolved itself from his face and the just anger eased itself from the set of his jaw. For a while he sat thinking and beaming.

"No, no; no more dinner, "he said when the waiter returned. "Just bring me a small bottle of Mumm, will you, William, like a good fellow. . . . Ha-ha!"

Several people looked round at that triumphant ha-ha. But they needn't have worried. It was only old George H. Jay snuffing the battle from afar off—like a war horse.

He drank his champagne, left the restaurant and headed for Fleet Street, where the news comes from.

There, under the wing of a journalistic friend, he carefully studied a newspaper file.

Three days later he figured impressively among a few seedy-looking early birds hovering about the gates of one of His Majesty's prisons to meet those fortunates due for release that morning. Nobody seemed to know quite what he was doing there; least of all, the party he came to welcome out, one Alfred Turnstone, formerly confidential clerk to the late Andover Crosscut, Esq.

But Mr. Jay soon put that right. Alfred seemed glad of a friend. He complained that he had suffered a lot from loneliness recently.

"Never fear, never fret, Turnstone, old fellow," boomed George H. in his cordial, breezy fashion. "You mayn't have left many friends back there, but you've found one here. I'm going to show you that much after breakfast. Yes, after a fried sole"—Alfred's eyes brightened—"and a couple of grilled kidneys, with some rolls of crisp bacon," continued Mr. Jay. The droop went out of Turnstone's carriage. "Maybe a steak decorated with mushrooms or stuffed olives and anchovies, with fried potatoes to follow." Mr. Turnstone's eyes dimmed with sheer emotion. "Some toast—rich brown buttery toast like mother used to create, hey?—marmalade, of course, and coffee—enough, as it might be, to fill a pail. A cigar or so, maybe. Come now, what do you say to that, my friend?"

Mr. Turnstone looked anxiously about him, his lips moving.

"Where is it, Mr. Jay?" he inquired hoarsely.

"I'll show you, Mr. Turnstone," declared George—and did.

III

IT WAS at eleven o'clock A.M., exactly one week later, that gentle George Henry arose from his desk to receive two callers rather ceremoniously ushered in by Gus Golding.

(Continued on Page 56)

If you are *not* looking for *comfort* as 99% of people are--you surely do want to save expense. It costs you more by far to run a car *without* Gabriel Snubbers, *because* wear and tear and spring breakages *are* greater--upkeep bills higher. You can't afford to lose *money* this way.

41 manufacturers equip their cars with Gabriel Snubbers. 30 drill their car frames *for* Gabriels. Any *of* the 3100 Gabriel Sales *and* Service Stations which sells you a set *of* Gabriels will refund the price if you are *not satisfied* after 30 days' trial

The Gabriel Snubber Manufacturing Company

Cleveland, Ohio — Toronto, Canada

Gabriel Snubbers

4½ Coils-The only Snubbers in name and principle

CHART OF A REAL SHAVE

7 15 A.M.

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM

WATER Hard or Soft Hot or Cold

A little Cream on BRUSH

ROTATE Brush on Face

DERMU-TATION of Beard

RAZOR Rapidly Over Face

Gorgeous SHAVE

SKIN BALM

TALCUM FOR MEN

100% SATISFACTION

7 20 A.M.

AN efficiency man said to me once, "Only when a method is *right*, can you chart it."

Three million men know that a Mennen Shave is right, chart or no chart.

But just check over in how many different ways it's right. Mennen's gives the same amazing results with any kind of water, hot or cold, hard or soft. A small amount of cream will hold such an enormous amount of water that it's economical.

Dermutation—the scientific way to master a beard, discovered in the Mennen laboratory has freed millions from the misery of the ordinary shave. It softens the beard so that it yields to the razor without a twitch.

Then the tingling, peppy zip of Skin Balm, cooling, refreshing, wonderfully good for the skin.

And finally, a velvety film of Talcum for Men that is antiseptic, protecting to sensitive skin and doesn't show because it is skin color.

All this co-ordinated shaving efficiency concentrated in just a few minutes of absolutely satisfying, convincing operation.

Try the Complete Mennen Shave

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM

SKIN BALM

TALCUM FOR MEN

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM

(Continued from Page 54)

These were merry Mrs. Invermere and her husband. Husband proved to be the blank-eyed, chinless gentleman who had made one of the party Mr. Jay had noted feasting at the Astoritz on his ever-lamented hundred and fifty.

From the interchange of greetings it was evident that they had called by appointment, and as a result of previous correspondence.

The eyes of both traveled swiftly to the very handsome writing desk which stood facing the plainer desk of Mr. Jay.

"You haven't sold it yet, then, Mr. Jay?" asked the lady, as she sat down.

"Well, I haven't actually taken the money for it," admitted George H. "But I've got to tell you, Mrs. Invermere, that I am expecting a French gentleman here at twelve with the money to pay for it."

The charming face of the merry-looking lady clouded.

"Oh, then you have sold it, after all!"

"If I do not receive, before twelve o'clock, a better offer than the man from Boulogne has made me, it certainly will change hands at midday," stated George decisively.

"You hear that, Geoff?" asked Mrs. Invermere.

The jawless Geoff made his eyes go blanker than ever.

"I ought never to have sold it to you, Mr. Jay. But quite honestly, I hadn't the least idea that Geoff—that my husband had fallen so much in love with it. If only I had known ——"

She studied the desk with cool critical eyes. "After all, it's only just an ordinary, nice-looking desk. There are plenty as good-looking to be bought at a reasonable price, Geoff," she observed.

"Oh, yes, I know," agreed Geoffrey dully. "But you know how I am, Mariel. Either I like a thing no end, or I hate it. I liked that desk. It's just my idea of a desk," he added stubbornly. "If I'd dreamed you were likely to sell it, I'd have begged you not to. . . . After all, old lady, it was my desk. A present to me, I admit—but mine!"

Mrs. Invermere's eyes were contrite.

"My dear boy, I've said a hundred times how sorry I am. It was careless—but Mr. Jay was very persuasive and I—I didn't think. It was a nice bargain, you see—and—well, after all, if Mr. Jay will name a price for it that is within my means, I am going to buy it back for you."

She turned resolutely to the blandly beaming George H.

"How much do you want for it, Mr. Jay?" she asked flatly. "I owe it to my husband to buy it if I can." Some of the merriness seemed to fade from her slightly narrower eyes as she spoke. "I know that I made a hard bargain with you, and I admit freely that I am a little ashamed. You are entitled to name a hard bargain with me. Only," she smiled again ruefully, "remember, please, if you make it too hard I shall not be able to buy—much as I would like to."

"Quite so, ha-ha—oh, quite so," breezed George benignly. "Mustn't be too vindictive—nunno—that wouldn't do, my dear Mrs. Invermere. You won't find me that way inclined, I assure you."

"That is really kind. And how much do you want for the desk, Mr. Jay?"

"You shall have it back for the sum the French buyer I mentioned is offering me, Mrs. Invermere. The price of the desk is six hundred pounds," smiled the old battler.

Merry Mrs. Invermere gasped, or appeared to do so. Her husband turned his eyes on Mr. Jay without a sound. There was in that slow turning of the sleek head something ominous and remotely formidable. The colorless, lidless-looking eyes of Mr. Invermere were blanker than ever—opaque—almost snakish.

The big, round jaw of gentle George came forward, and his mouth lost a lot of its good humor. His eyes, too, hardened. Something in the poise and appearance of Mr. Invermere had set his sparse back hair bristling.

"That desk, Mr. Jay, is worth about sixty pounds in the open market," said Invermere in a slow, lifeless voice.

"Yes. Call it sixty guineas. Your wife charged me two hundred and fifty pounds for it, Mr. Invermere, the day I wanted it. I don't blame her. I was prepared to pay it."

"And now you have the chilled-steel effrontery to demand six hundred for it," said Invermere, with a queer, latent note of menace under his slow enunciation.

Mr. Jay felt himself bristling all over now.

"I have that. The price of the desk as it stands is six hundred pounds—and let me add, Mr. Invermere, that you may take it at that or you may leave it. My French client will give me that—Lord knows why! Must be a shortage of desks—or common sense—in Boulogne! Personally, speaking for myself, I wouldn't give a penny more than forty-five for it. . . . When I gave two fifty for it I was, in a way, commissioned to do so by a client—who let me down."

He was smiling again now.

"But, to be honest with you, the desk's worth—to anyone who wants it—sixty at the outside."

"You think so?" said Invermere with a curious deliberation.

"I know so," smiled Mr. Jay. "In the agency business we have to know the value of furniture."

Mr. Invermere reflected. His wife said nothing. It was odd how this peculiar and normally insignificant person had suddenly dominated the lady.

"You demand six hundred because you know I have a weakness for the desk?" he asked.

"Yes, I do. You have put it in a nutshell, Mr. Invermere. I'll let you off with that," smiled George. "And I promise you I won't turn a hair if you decline to buy," he added, glancing at his watch.

"I'll take it at that," decided Invermere.

"Fine," said Mr. Jay heartily.

He noted with regret that there was quite a number of notes left in the wad from which Mrs. Invermere stripped the six hundred.

He openly examined the notes with great care, then amalgamated them with the other contents of his wallet.

"The desk is yours, Mr. Invermere."

"Good!"

A sudden cold glitter lit the blank snakish eyes of the chinless man.

"You think you've done a clever thing, Mr. Jay?" he asked queerly.

"Why, frankly, I do," said the gentle one.

"Yes? . . . Well, I'll show you that you aren't quite so clever as you think, do you see?" pursued Invermere.

"Eh? What d'ye mean by that?"

Sudden anxiety appeared to leap into the protuberant eyes of the Squire of Finch Court.

"Shall we show him, kid?" asked Invermere of his wife.

"Show the fat fraud all you've got, Geoff," snapped the lady, by no means merrily.

"Yes, yes—surely I will. . . . Watch, Mr. Jay—and see what you've sold."

George Henry was craning an eager neck now.

"This desk belonged to Andover Crosscut, who got away with a hundred thousand that he hid somewhere—somewhere, Mr. Jay—in some place where it couldn't be found. Since, for your own sake, you can't very well make it public, I'll show you now where Andover hid his loot—or the key to it!"

Mr. Jay made muffled sounds, and the man Invermere bent over the desk, opened a lid, thrust in his hand and wrenched slightly. Something clicked.

"Oh, well done, boy," cried the lady adoringly.

Mr. Invermere turned, expressionless as ever, with a secret drawer in his hand, and Mr. Jay sat down abruptly in his chair.

"You thought you were selling furniture, didn't you, Mr. Jay?" said Invermere, taking an envelope from the little drawer. "But what we paid you six hundred for was this!"

George's lower lip stuck out.

"What is it?" he demanded.

"Unless I seriously miss my guess, my poor friend, it is something that will put us next to Crosscut's little hoard!" triumphed Invermere.

"Show me!"

The jawless one flicked a sheet of paper out of the envelope.

"Read it, Geoff," commanded the lady excitedly, "if it's safe. No—let me!"

She snatched it and read:

"Received the sum of six hundred pounds"—she faltered—"in full settlement of the price agreed upon for the desk"—she faltered some more—"sold by me to Mrs. Mariel Invermere. . . . George Henry ——"

"Jay!" bawled the gentle one. "That's me! I thought you'd like to find something in the secret drawer—so I put your receipt there for you!"

He leaned back laughing like half a gale at sea—though his hard eyes never left the opaque orbs of Invermere.

"Did you really think you could skin me twice?" he demanded. "Any agent is liable to be all shot up by a conspiracy once, but not twice. Not if he's a real agent. . . . Give my compliments to your confederate, Lady Whatchacalla-Coke, and tell her Mr. Jay forgives her," he requested. "And you can add that wherever any secret key to the Crosscut plunder may be hidden, there is one place where it certainly is not—and that's in that old desk. My young friends, I've been over it with microscopes and calipers!" he explained.

"Never mind him, Geoff!" said the glaring lady chilly. "Remember what that man Turnstone let slip when he came sneaking around trying to buy the desk! It's there—it's there somewhere!"

But that was sheer optimism. Only one who knew very little of gentle Mr. Jay would have shared it. Invermere, himself, quite obviously did not.

George H. leaned forward, beaming paternally.

"Come, come," he said kindly, "you mustn't be bitter. You're young, you two, too young to be bitter. You must expect a little business reverse sometimes, now and then. Certainly. Can't win every time. Nunno—can't expect to. Mustn't be greedy these days. Mustn't bear malice. Look at me! You hit me hard over that desk. Did I bear malice? Nunno. All of us got to take our medicine, now and then—grin and bear it, like I do," he advised and did it again, until they could endure it no more and so left him to do the grinning while they did the bearing.

"Nasty cunning little crowd of crooks," mused George. "I am well out of this." He was.

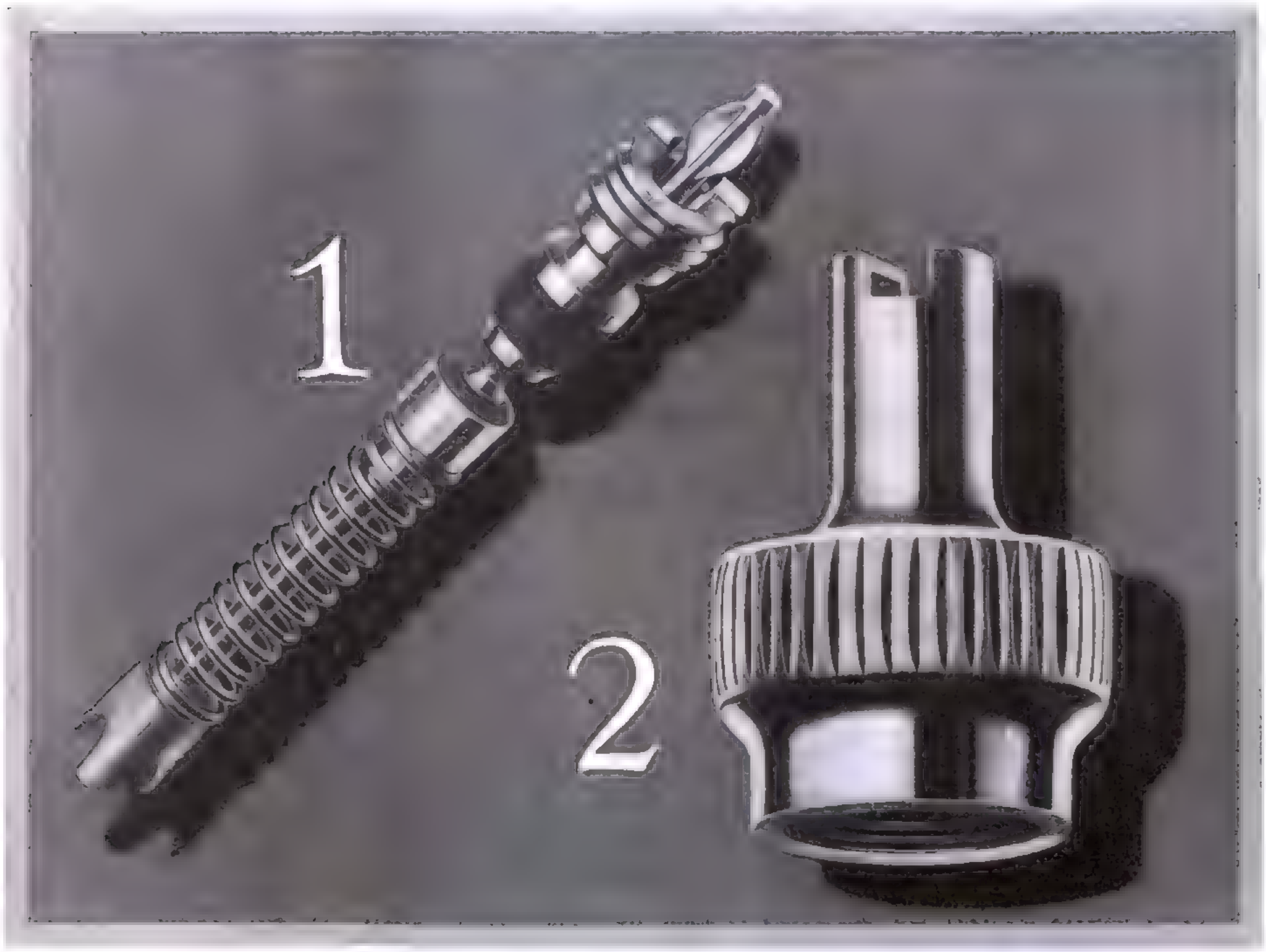
Ten minutes later the diligent and painfully curious Gus brought in Mr. Alfred Turnstone.

"Well, Mr. Jay?" he asked deferentially.

"Very well, Turnstone. Couldn't well be better," boomed the squire.

He passed a fat envelope.

"Here's yours. You did well, Turnstone—I've paid you well. And now make a note of this: There's no reason why a man with your talent shouldn't always do well. But, remember now, keep straight. This sharp stuff—there's nothing in it. . . . Rapid but reliable, steady but strong; perseverance, diligence, luck and care—my own motto. Borrow it. And no sharp stuff! Remember that. It's good advice from George H. Jay, the well-known agent, and it's free—to you. I don't usually give good expensive advice away, but I'm making an exception in your case, Turnstone. For I'll say frankly that the way you wished it on to those crooks that you were prowling round trying to buy Crosscut's old desk and let slip the information about that secret drawer was—must have been—masterly. They swallowed it whole, ate it alive . . . yes. Leave your address in the office as you go out. I may be able to help you some more one of these days."



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Five Schrader Valve Caps come in the red and blue metal box that sells for 30c.

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1 See that a genuine Schrader Valve Inside, in good condition, is in every Schrader Tire Valve. This wonderful little valve inside is equally dependable for holding air in either high pressure or balloon tires.

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Chevrolet has become the world's third largest truck builder because Chevrolet trucks are proving their economy on the sound basis of low first cost, low maintenance cost, and low depreciation.

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For the lighter loads the Chevrolet commercial chassis offers a 1,000 lb. capacity. Price $395 f. o. b. Flint, Michigan.

CHEVROLET TRUCKS

ONE TON HALF TON

QUALITY AT LOW COST

WHERE EVERY PROSPECT PLEASES

(Continued from Page 27)

to a station, for an afternoon's outing or what not. I should have to move fast; but they could stop at my room on the way downtown.

"Hello, there, Georgie, old son!" I shouted bluffly. I am bluff, you know, at times.

"Mother, here's Norman to see us off!" called Genevieve in the doorway.

"Good news for you, Norman," said Dave, carrying out a bag. "You won't have to go to Florida after all. Annie and George are going along with mother and Genevieve; they're all going to drive down to Florida in George's car."

"A bully idea of yours, Norman," chuckled George Perkins, slapping me on the back with his heavy hand. "They certainly ought to have an able-bodied man along, and if that isn't me I want to be shown. Hop right in, mother, and we'll hit the long, long trail."

"Good-by, Norman," they said, all kissing me at once.

"He's the only one really thinks of the family," said Annie, getting in.

"The poor fellow needs a trip to Florida as much as anyone," said my mother, waving to me. "He doesn't look at all well."

"Nonsense," blustered Dave. "Norman's a man, and he thinks of his work first. Good-by, mother. Good-by, Annie."

"Good-by, Norman! Good-by!" And away they went down the block.

George Perkins is a loafer. That's all very well about being hearty—many tramps are altogether too hearty—but I say that any man who will drop his affairs at an hour's notice and run off to the end of the earth on a pleasure trip is a loafer. George Perkins is ready to start for any place at any time, just as long as the trip is made in an automobile and he is driving. That fellow has the instincts of a chauffeur. That's all he is, when you come right down to it—just a chauffeur. He should be driving a cab around the streets instead of pretending to be a—oh, I don't know what he was pretending to do for a living at that time. There was a fine man to whom to intrust three defenseless women.

"Oh, mother forgot her cough drops," said Gladys, holding out the package. "And they did her so much good."

So they had even forgot to take mother's cough drops that had done her so much good. With a look of grim quiet about my mouth, I took the package of cough drops from Gladys, ran down to the Amsterdam Avenue corner and hailed a taxicab. "Twenty-third Street ferry!" I cried. "We must catch a party leaving for Florida!"

I caught them in the ferry slip. I strode over to their car, pulled the door open and climbed inside.

"Move over, madam," I said to Annie. "I see that I have to take care of mother, since nobody else will. There are your cough drops, mother. I can pass over some things, but when it comes to leaving my mother's cough drops behind after they did her so much good, that's the last straw. She doesn't go to Florida without me."

"What a piece of cheek," said Annie, pushing on me. "Mother, tell this fellow to get out of this car at once. Don't you dare push me, Norman. George, do you see what he's doing?"

"You keep out of our family affairs, George Perkins," I said, growing hot at his attempt to interfere between me and my own sister. "Turn around and attend to your driving."

"Let him stay," gasped my mother, who had tears of laughter in her eyes. She was immensely relieved to see me. "Move over, Annie. Who wants a cough drop?" And she emitted another squeal of carefree laughter.

We made Washington that evening, running down the Hudson Boulevard to the Lincoln Highway, and by two o'clock of the following afternoon we were passing through Richmond. George Perkins had advised travel by car, and he would stand out for travel to Europe by the same conveyance, but I must say that his prediction of an easy trip was surprisingly confirmed. We had had no snow or soft weather for two weeks preceding, and the roads were in excellent shape. If the trip had a drawback it was the frequent bickering of the girls. I tried constantly to quiet them for mother's sake, even when I had no initial part in the unpleasantness, saying, "Shush, both of you! George, speak to Annie, will you? Mother, do you hear Genevieve?" My inclination is all for peace and amity in the family, and I watched those girls like a hawk. We are not in the least a contentious family, but girls are cattish, and it was incumbent on me to see that no sly thrust or innuendo passed unremarked and unrebuked. But, by and large, and thanks only to me, if I must say so, it was a pleasant trip, and we pulled into Jacksonville six days out without regrets.

"But the next time," I said, glad to leave my cramped quarters, "I think I shall go by the train."

"You shall go back by train," promised Annie, "even if I have to pay your fare. The comfort will be worth it."

"Put me down for half his ticket, Annie," said Genevieve, looking at me with blandness.

Now that little thing affected me more than you'd believe. Here I had been consistently firm with them, and yet they thought of my comfort. I said nothing, but a feeling of guilt and a sentiment of contrition impinged on me; I had not always consulted their comfort. We were no longer children, driven by the primary necessity for self-assertion within the family. Indeed, we were no longer a family. We were adult individuals, parted forever from the parent stem, able to reconstitute in our latter-day assemblings only the pale ghost of our ruddy old family life. At best, we were now an alliance; never again could we be one. How pitiful if the petty animosities of childhood found place among us now. The girls were right.

"No," I said with energy, "but you shall go back on the train, both of you. I'm darned if I'll let you go home in this car."

That was badly received somehow.

We put up at the Barracuda House, an old-fashioned hostelry, getting two rooms for eighteen dollars a day. Mother and the girls had the larger room, and George and I were together, sleeping in the one bed. To my surprise, George proved to be a wretched sleeper. I am thin and nervous, and my rest is ordinarily agitated; I talk in my sleep and grind my teeth, and sometimes yell and thrash about, but George is so sturdy and phlegmatic. In the gray dawn I saw him huddled by the window.

He said morosely, "What's that? Yes, I will get something to make me sleep tonight, thank you, and it is going to be a gag and a set of handcuffs and leg irons."

After breakfast I hurried into the lobby to get my overcoat; I had brought it down from the room inadvertently, not noting the heat of the day, and I had thrown it over a chair before going in to breakfast. During the meal I had read in my copy of the Times-Union a disturbing account of the numbers of criminal-minded fellows that had been drawn to Florida by the land boom and the plethora of easy money, and I was alarmed for my unguarded property. However, I saw with relief that my overcoat had been in no danger of being made off with by stealth; it was still on the chair, and no less than eleven gentlemen were sitting about it in a close circle, facing in toward the overcoat, quite as if they were guarding it, you know—an amusing effect. They were not the sort to take charge of overcoats; that is the humorous feature, if it appeals to you.

They were representative men, evidently leisured, smartly attired in linen knickers, gay stockings and sport shirts. When I made shift to pass between two of them the whole eleven rose at once and bowed to me amiably; when I put out a hand toward the garment eleven hands shot out to help me, and eleven smartly shod feet went forward in a single step. And then one of the troop reached out and snatched the overcoat from the chair, and ran with it through the doorway and to a car at the curb. I saw him throw the coat into the car, leap in after it, and start his engine.

"But, look here," I remonstrated, hurrying after him in the forefront of a trampling mob. "You've made a mistake!"

He reached from his place at the wheel, half dragged me into his car, and then we were rolling down the street at the rate of twenty-five miles.

"Hello, Mr. Allison," he said, flashing aside a cordial smile. "You mustn't take offense at our ways down here; we like to show a visitor proper attention. My name is Castles; remember me, don't you? I met you in New York three years ago. I'll bet you can't place me, but I spotted you immediately. Absolutely photographic memory for a face. I'm going to show you Jax."

"But, really, my dear fellow," I protested. "I'm glad to meet you again and all that, but I don't understand this treatment"

"You don't know what I saved you from, Allison," he said. "Those fellows would have torn you limb from limb. Your first visit to Florida, isn't it? Say, park that overcoat under lock and key, and get into the native costume, or you'll be pulled to pieces. The bird dogs will get you, Al. They can point an overcoat miles away. What sort of plot are you interested in? How about a nice piece down by Pablo Beach?"

"I'm not interested in buying real estate, Mr. Castles," I said, puzzling to remember where I had met him.

"Not yet, eh? Then we'll simply look the country over. Let's make a day of it—what say? Have lunch with me, Al. Gosh, I certainly am glad to see you again. Are you sure there's nothing in particular?"

"Well," I said, not wishing to be ungracious, "I should like to see an orange grove."

He looked at me with astonishment. "Did you say 'orange grove'? But isn't that a surprising coincidence? I was just saying to myself, 'I'd show Al that orange grove, but what is there to see in an orange grove? That's no treat.'"

"It is to a man from New York," I pointed out shrewdly. "In fact, Castles, it is the very first thing he would wish to see, in my opinion."

"By gosh, I think you're more than half right," he said, after reflecting. "You're analytical, Al, and always were. Say, you'd make a crackajack salesman because you could read your prospect like a book. If I had your talent I'd grab off acreage and go in big. Look at me; I'm only down here for my health, and I've finger-printed nearly two hundred thousand dollars already. I'm not down here to do business, but when money jumps at a fellow the least he can do is hold open his bag"

"Two hundred thousand dollars," I said to myself. "Gracious me! Think of making such a sum in mere self-defense. Why, I should be willing to take overt action for even less." And to him I said, "I have the morning free, Castles. If, as we drive along, you spy a very good chance to make a lot of money, mention it in passing, will you?"

"We'll look over these groves," he said. "They are a very sweet thing, if you ask me."

We dozed along the Dixie Highway for twenty-five or thirty miles, at the end of which half hour Castles twisted the car aside and it bolted down a dirt road to the right. There I first saw those graceful buzzards that feature the Floridan landscape;

a dozen of the pretty creatures lifted on silent wing from the road, where lay an eagle that had been unable to keep out of the way of the traffic. Soon we were running between far-flung orchards; they were distinguishable at a cursory glance from the apple orchards of the North only by the lack of grass and by the glare of the white sand between the rows of trim and low-headed trees.

"Grapefruit," said Castles, "oranges." He gestured to the right and to the left as he made another right turn and sent the car wallowing along wheel tracks that led up a slight incline. We surged along for several miles between almost unbroken orchards, and then, after going downhill for some minutes, we broke free of the citrus plantations and were again on an improved road. I was in a lather of perspiration; it was hot and breathless among those trees. But I was enthusiastic; I had seen oranges growing on trees, an incredible thing. I had seen perhaps a million oranges; the trees were heavy-laden with gold.

We got out, and I pulled several oranges from a tree; they never would be missed.

"One tree will produce ten thousand oranges," said Castles when I gave over an attempt to count the yield of the thorny branches before me. "Twelve thousand has been known, but that's a bit unusual. The average is about a hundred and twenty-five to a box, and you can price a box of oranges for yourself in Jax. There should be fifty trees to an acre. If I were you I would have my own wrappers printed with some distinctive trade-mark. This is good bright fruit, but yours should be fancy. I'll be perfectly candid with you, Al, though, and tell you frankly that if you're afraid of hard work you'll never make any great fortune in groves. But with your rich land, and the amount of water on it, I simply hesitate to tell you what you will make a crop. Citrus trees require tons of fertilizer and oceans of water, and if your land didn't have both, if it was dry and poor like this stuff we've just been through, you'd have to work as hard and long as that planter over there."

He pointed at a man who lay asleep under a tree, with his hat over his face and an orange in his hand. He did not look overworked.

"Where is this land you call mine, Castles?" I asked.

"It's over in there behind that hammock," he said. "Two hundred acres of it, Al; all low and level and simply sopping with water. We can never get through that hammock, but I'll show it to you on the map. Completely surrounded by fine groves. Al, it's the chance of a lifetime. Do you know what you can snap that stuff up for?" He looked fearfully about him for eavesdroppers, and then whispered, "Thirty dollars an acre."

"Understand me, though," he added conscientiously. "It's in the rough. It's not like this stuff here, Al; don't be misled. It has to be cleared and planted, and then somebody ought to wait around until the trees come into bearing. These trees here are seven years old, but you can get them two or three years old from the nursery, if you want to cheat a little. There's nothing unfair about that, Al. What will the trees cost you? A dollar apiece in hundred lots, four or five feet high. Figure it out on the basis of five thousand an acre a year profit."

"It's almost unbelievable," I said, and I more than suspected that he was showing me only the bright side. And yet his figures would stand a lot of discounting before they got down to the return from doing book reviews and literary items for the Star.

I went to the planter and lifted his hat from his face and said, "Good morning, sir. A beautiful day, isn't it? You have a magnificent property here, if I may say so."

He sat up, groaned, blinked at me with bleared eyes and said, "Huh?" He added apologetically, "Up all night with that danged frost warning. Sitting beside a danged pan of water for it to freeze over. Eighteen men loafing around with hands in their pockets waiting to light, dang them. Must have sat down to rest me a little."

"Doubtless you've had much experience in citrus culture," I said. "A marvelous business, isn't it? I envy you, upon my word."

He threw back his unkempt head and emitted a staccato yell of laughter. Then he looked down at the orange in his hand, and struck it against the trunk of the tree. The orange was pale and spongy; the tree trunk was marked by decayed spots and an odor of decayed oranges was in the air. The leaves above his head were yellow and wilted.

"Foot rot," he said.

He got to his feet; angry color came into his sallow face. He closed his free fist and shook it at his orchard. His voice increased in volume as he spoke.

He said, "Comes of pasturing to fertilize, and if you don't fertilize you don't get no oranges. Leaf spot and ripe rot; that's hot wet weather, and if you don't get hot wet weather you don't get no oranges. Sooty mold and white fly, flyspeck and lichens, spray them and kill the danged things; and then comes the die-back, and you don't get no oranges. Hoppers and suckers, long scale and purple scale, red scale, orange scale, black scale and turtle-back! Cotton scale, barnacles and mealy bugs! Rust mites and red spiders; beat them every danged one and bring your grove to bearing, and then comes the blight, and you don't get no oranges!"

I looked away, not wishing to intrude on his grief. I saw a butterfly, a gorgeous creature, black and yellow and some seven inches across the wings; straight toward us across the tricksy zephyrs came the lovely thing, tacking before winds lighter than an infant's breath, reeling and shuddering under pressures almost immeasurably light. It fluttered, hung in air and alighted more softly than a snowflake, right in the tree beneath which the complaining man stood.

"Look," I said to him in smiling appeal. "Just look. At least you have beauty here."

He looked. "Orange dog!" he cried, and he whipped back his arm and hurled the orange with frantic strength straight through the branches at the fairylike voyager from across sunlit spaces.

"That fellow," said Castles, leading me back to the car, "is a notorious grouch. I've offered him seven thousand dollars an acre for that grove of his, and would he sell it? He would not. But I've told you before, and I repeat it, there is a certain amount of hard work connected with citrus growing. Your land won't clear itself and your trees won't come a-running; but just think of the profits. Something stupendous, Al. Al, if you buy that acreage over there I'll sell it for you any time you're tired of it, at at least 100 per cent profit, or you can tell me I exaggerated to my face and I won't care."

I had been taken aback by the planter's litany, and that recurrent "You don't get no oranges!" still rang in my ears. But on sober second thought I saw the animus behind it.

He was shrewd enough to guess that I was interested in citrus culture, and he had sought to frighten me off by representing it as exceedingly laborious. That possibility did not daunt me; I am not afraid of hard work.

I gave mother and the girls an informative account of the citrus industry and suggested that it offered an amazing opportunity for rapid and easy fortune. The picture that I painted must have been seductive, because Annie said, "A fine loaferish business, lying asleep under a tree waiting for an orange to drop into his hand. I know who that would suit."

"If you mean me, madam," I said, "I can tell you that I have not been thinking of myself at all. I was thinking of your poor brother Dave, wading through snow and slush up in New York while you're taking it easy in the land of flowers and sunshine. I'm going to write Dave, mother. Say what you like about him, he's a hard and steady worker, and he deserves a chance down here where hard work will produce an income worth while. You should write to him, too, mother. Tell him to sell out his steam-fitting business and come down here and go into citrus culture with his money, and ——"

"Nonsense," said mother. "What notions you take, Norman. What does Dave know about the orange business?"

"That's right," I said disgustedly. "Let him keep his nose to the grindstone all his life. Don't encourage him to look around and improve himself. You should see that fellow over there who has been offered seven thousand dollars an acre for his grove. Inside of five years, a good steady worker like Dave could be in that man's place. And you should see him. Why, mother, he was nothing but a tramp!"

I sat right down and wrote to Dave. He was abysmally ignorant of the citrus industry, and I went into considerable detail, explaining what could reasonably be expected and inclosing snapshots. Castles ran me out there again in the afternoon. Five days later Dave's answer came; when I opened it, a check for one thousand dollars, payable to mother's order, tumbled out. I had specifically instructed Dave to draw the check to my order, but such slips are characteristic of these supposedly efficient business men: He said: "I can hardly believe that you can buy acreage under such fine-looking orange trees for only thirty dollars an acre, but if you have really stumbled on such a pick-up, take it by all means. I've been talking to Billy Dow, who is in the commission game on Greenwich Street, and he says that stuff is mighty cheap, though he doesn't know how much. Now, Norman, you get a good lawyer, and don't let that fellow Castles rob you; when it comes to business you are rather simple-minded in the head. Go to a bank and ask them to recommend a lawyer. I judge from your letter that you are interested in getting in the orange business, and it is high time you got in some regular business and made a living, so if you have a hold of a good thing, I will see about giving you a small piece of this if you can earn it. Now try and don't be a fool ——"

I went at once to a responsible and reputable institution in the business quarter, and was sent by the cashier to a lawyer named Merrigoe—Stuart Merrigoe. The lawyer was a young man, alert and up to snuff, and impressed me favorably. He drew a contract whereby I agreed to purchase the said two hundred acres in Kumquat township for a consideration of six thousand dollars, one thousand down and the balance on closing title in sixty days. The contract was signed by me and by Castles' client, signed in duplicate, and both copies, together with the check for one thousand dollars indorsed to the seller and also an executed deed to the property, were deposited in escrow with the Dime Trust Company of Jacksonville.

"You have a mighty good deal, in my opinion, Mr. Allison," said Merrigoe when the formalities and hand-shakings were concluded. "I don't know anything about citrus, but I'll say blind that that land is worth more than thirty dollars an acre. Can't help being. I haven't the least doubt but that you can swap your contract for a two-thousand-dollar bill right now. That is, supposing the title is good; and the seller must think so or he wouldn't consent to the money going into escrow. Are you going to subdivide it? If you want any help ——"

"Come over here, Merrigoe," I said, taking him by the arm and leading him to my mother and sisters, who had sat by confidently expecting me to be overreached. "Will you please tell these ladies what you just said to me?"

On the way back to the hotel mother broke a silence by saying, "Well, I always said that Norman was the brightest of my children."

She said to me that evening on the hotel piazza, "What are you doing so much figuring and figuring for, Norman? You give me the fidgets."

I said, "I have been calculating the profit made by the family today. Allowing, to be on the safe side, only five thousand oranges to a tree, and taking fifty trees to an acre, that is two hundred and fifty thousand oranges ——"

"Are two hundred and fifty thousand oranges," said Annie.

"Is," I repeated.

"Be quiet, Annie," said mother. "Norman is talking arithmetic now, and not grammar. Are you taking those down, Genevieve?"

"Two hundred and fifty thousand oranges," said Genevieve.

"Are what?" said Annie.

"Is two thousand boxes of one hundred and twenty-five each," I said. "And at even six dollars a box, that is a gross of twelve thousand dollars an acre. Two hundred acres at that rate is a profit per annum of two million four hundred thousand dollars. But let us look at the very worst side; let us say that we net only a hundred thousand a year. Even so, that's a lot of money. I may be queer, but I feel somehow that that doesn't all belong to me."

"So do I," said Annie. "None of it belongs to you, Norman. It all belongs to Dave."

"Oh, I don't know," said Genevieve. "Dave wasn't even here, Annie. How can it belong to Dave?"

"No, Genevieve," I said fairly. "Dave is entitled to his share, even if he wasn't here. He is one of the family too. He is putting up the six thousand dollars, and he is entitled to his 2 per cent for cash."

"Now, there Norman is right, Annie," said my mother positively. "When your father was the head of the steam-fitting business, he explained to me that he got 2 per cent for cash, and now Dave ought to get it. That's business, Annie. What does it mean, Norman?"

"I'm supposing that we should sell the property and make only three hundred thousand dollars," I explained. "Dave's six thousand dollars is 2 per cent, and he must get that back."

"Very well, let's give that back to him," agreed Genevieve. "You mean after he puts it up, of course."

"Well, naturally," I said. It is trying to talk business to three women. "This is my thought: We four children will form a corporation—Merrigoe will attend to the details—and we will take over the property. The corporation will own the property and will owe Dave six thousand dollars, and give him a promissory note for it. Annie will have 20 per cent of the stock, worth sixty thousand dollars or more, Genevieve will have 20 per cent, and we will make Dave a present of 10 per cent, even though he is not here. It will be a nice thing to do. And then when we sell the property ——"

"Who gets the other 50 per cent?" asked Annie.

"We can all count, madam," I said. "We are all aware there is another 50 per cent. I get that, if you want to know. Didn't I think the whole thing up?"

"But if you sell the property," objected my mother, "what about Dave? I thought you said he was to come down here out of all that cold and snow. I thought you said that is why you would buy the property, so as to give Dave a chance down here in this fine climate."

"Oh, I haven't forgotten Dave for a second, mother," I assured her. "There will be a tremendous lot of work to be done before we finish selling off the property, and that is where Dave will come in. The corporation will pay him a good salary, too, or he can take it out in stock. Oh, yes, it will be indispensable for him to sell out his business and come down here, because we shall need a lot of money before we're through. It seemed to me that the board of directors might resolve to borrow it from Dave. Paying him 6 per cent, of course. No, 8! That's the Florida rate, and he must have it. But we'd be foolish not to take a profit of three dol—three hundred thousand dollars."

Continued on Page 65

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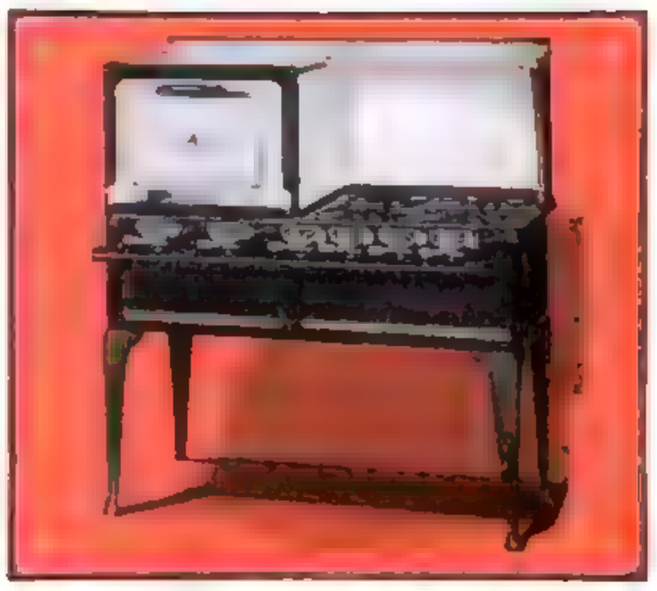

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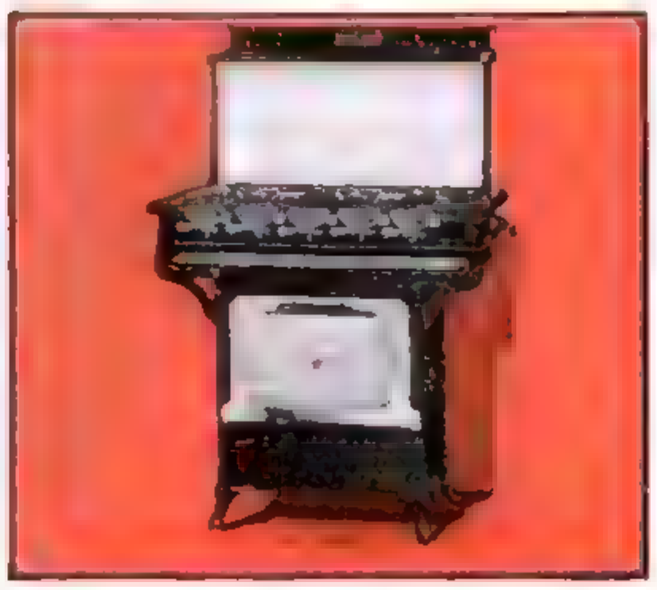

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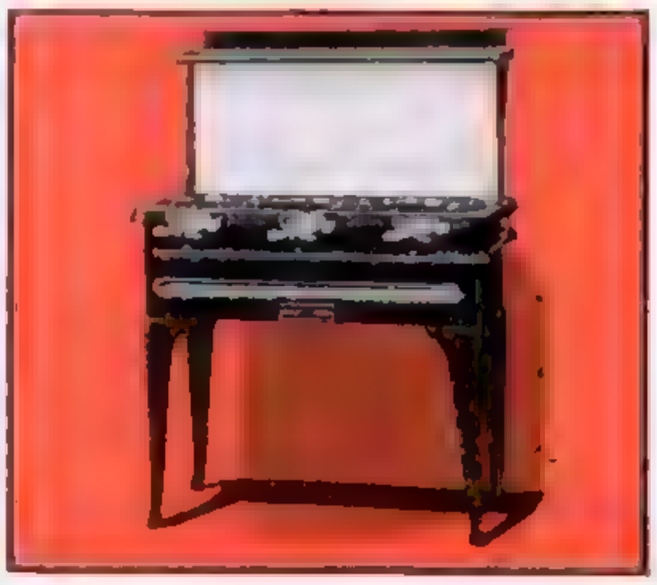

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250 BRANCH OFFICES IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. CONSULT 'PHONE DIRECTORY FOR YOUR LOCAL OFFICE

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(Continued from Page 60)

"Mother, do you see that fellow inhale?" said Annie. "He's drying up his lungs. Right then he was going to say 'Three dollars,' and he took a puff and an inhale, and he said 'Three hundred thousand dollars.'"

"Which is right, Norman?" asked my mother, winking at the girls and making them giggle. I regret to admit that my mother is capable of such levity; it connotes a deplorable contentment with shallow thinking and ponderous fatuity, for she is never jocular with my brother Dave. And why not, for goodness' sake? To speak with conscience, he is almost fat-witted, lacking in general ideas, pluming himself on his narrowness; the sort of successful business man that has brought into intellectual contempt the American scene in our time. One laughs energetically at such loobies. Oh, Dave is a very good fellow, but I cannot deceive myself as to his mental caliber, or endure a comparative slight with equanimity.

To summarize the sales plan which I prepared in conjunction with Merrigoe, who showed gratifying familiarity with the technic, the two hundred acres was to be parceled off into two-acre tracts and sold to individual buyers for ten thousand dollars apiece. We would thus be paid a round sum of one million dollars *in toto*. The individual buyer was to pay one thousand dollars cash down, and was to discharge the balance of his obligation at the rate of one hundred and fifty dollars a month, getting off scot-free at the end of five years. In the meantime we were to clear his two acres, plant it to citrus, tend the trees to maturity and then pick and market his crop on terms to be agreed upon. Sixty per cent of his money was to be paid into a trust company, to be disbursed to us on proof that we had met our obligations to the buyer to date.

A salient beauty of this plan was that it allowed us a promoter's profit of eight hundred thousand dollars; our advice—and I studied the citrus industry exhaustively on three several afternoons—was that one thousand dollars an acre, or an annual outlay of forty thousand dollars, would amply cover all expense. From that forty thousand dollars, my brother Dave, who had been appointed general manager of the corporation, was to have a salary of one thousand dollars a month. He was elected at a meeting of the board of directors of the corporation, held in Merrigoe's office, and was presented with the salary as a grateful surprise. At the same meeting it was moved, seconded and carried in due form that our general manager should be notified to sell out his steam-fitting business in New York City, and that the corporation should borrow the proceeds from him at 8 per cent and up to and including the principal sum of fifty thousand dollars. To Dave was intrusted all engineering, road building, land clearing, ditching, pick-and-shovel work, planting, spraying and frost and pest protecting of the corporate groves, and he was required to report to the board of directors but once a year.

It was certainly a wonderful thing for Dave—twelve thousand a year in salary, 8 per cent on fifty-six thousand dollars, 10 per cent of the stock and the free rein that appeals keenly to the executive type.

It remained to apprise him of what we had done, and to procure his formal assent, but, so little did I doubt his good judgment that I got out literature for prospects. A thousand booklets, four color on coated paper, obligated the corporation for two hundred and ten dollars to the printer; however, it was represented that the initial financing would be done at the meeting of the finance committee when our general manager arrived, and our credit was unimpugned. I am proud of those booklets; they were largely instrumental in making me what I am today.

An idealized map of Florida, and of the rest of the United States, was on the front cover and a like map on the rear cover. The front cover showed Florida as a beautiful mermaid in a bathing costume, reclining in the electrifying arms of the blue-eyed and passionate Gulf Stream. The rear cover displayed Florida as a pistol which the Gulf Stream was pointing at cruel winter, sprawled over the Northern states. If you will look at the outline of Florida you must perceive that it is quite like a mermaid and very like a pistol. The letter press was of my best, and I leave it to those who will to say that that is very good indeed; space forbids quotation at length, and less would be to maim a living thing.

The first prospects circularized by us were selected from the income-tax returns for the preceding year. A Chicago firm had advertised the entire list for sale, but we bought only eight hundred, and those from the four-thousand-dollar-a-year class. We mailed our booklet to these chosen eight hundred. Those booklets were put in the mails on Friday afternoon; by the following Thursday morning we had received twenty-seven responses, and eighteen of them inclosed money in some form, to a total of seven thousand four hundred and forty-three dollars.

Genevieve, our treasurer, banked the receipts in the trust company, pending the declaration of a dividend. I was taken aback by the paucity of answers; had all of the eighteen who sent money agreed, with any plausible show of understanding, to pay us ten thousand dollars, we should have been encouraged; but so many of them had failed to read our literature all through. Three persons sent us together eleven hundred dollars, requesting us to invest it in something highly profitable in Florida, but not in an orange grove. One lady sent a hundred and forty-three dollars, saying that her envelope had arrived empty, but that she didn't want to miss the chance, whatever it was. I applied myself to answering the nine prospects who had not sent money but had asked for more information.

The letter of one of these nine prospects is interesting, in view of later developments, and I give it *in extenso:*

"ALLISON GROVES, INC.,

"Barracuda House, Jacksonville, Fla.

"*Gentlemen:* My attention has been directed to the pamphlet wherein you offer two-acre orange groves for sale in the Garman tract in Kumquat township. Your facts and figures impress me and I feel assured that you are gentlemen of honor, and I reveal my interest to you and appeal to you for advice under honor's pledge.

"I am seventy-five years old, housebound with rheumatism; I fear that I shall never be capable of a journey to your distant state. I am the guardian of the Dunbar children, and it is their money that I would invest. I adjure you not to weigh your own interest in the premises as against these helpless orphans.

"Is your property of real value? I have been told that it is a noisome swamp, worth not a dollar, and that Florida itself is a malarial jungle wherein alligators and rattlesnakes struggle for life with indifferent success. But one hears such stories of Florida nowadays that one knows not what to think. If it is your advice, I shall put the money of these helpless ones into the property, and shall pay all taxes and charges hereafter until the land shall come into profitable use.

"I realize that I put you in an exceedingly delicate position, and that you will weigh well your words before venturing optimistic forecasts. But my feeble body and, perhaps, clouded faculties are these orphans' only safeguards. I await your answer in painful suspense.

"Your ob't servant,

"HENRY C. MACARRAN."

I gave this letter the benefit of my best and most disinterested judgment. Could I in conscience advise this prospect to put the slender funds of orphans into a two-acre tract at Allison Groves? Suppose some unforeseeable and nigh unimaginable misfortune brought our whole enterprise to utter disaster, could I ever rest easily again? Would not the thought of this confiding old man tap upon my eyelids in the night, and would I not then confront the mournful eyes of children reduced by me to want?

"Dave," I muttered, closing my fist in my feeling, "if you don't work yourself to skin and bone in the interest of these buyers, I shall never forgive you in this world!"

For, after all, the success of Allison Groves depended on Dave. All my promoting and financing would come to naught if Dave shirked the necessary hard work. Dave was the small but indispensable tip of the inverted pyramid; he was the humble horseshoe nail without which the horse, the rider, the battle and the kingdom must be lost.

But I could depend on Dave. Yes, I knew the worthy fellow. A man of limited capacity, but, within his narrow compass, utterly reliable. A glow of confidence in him and in Allison Groves suffused me, and I sat down again and wrote to Henry C. MacArran in white heat. I told him about Florida, where inheritance taxes have been abolished because nobody dies, where the sun doesn't burn and the frost doesn't bite, where the pioneers are reaping four profits a year from land that hasn't yet been even scratched, and where the arriving settler need not work many years to make his land high-priced, because it is that already. And then I told him anew, and with newly kindled conviction, of the potentialities of Allison Groves.

A few days later I was passing through the lobby of the Barracuda House, when someone called, "Mr. Allison—Mr. Allison, sir!"

I turned aside and saw a little old gentleman beckoning to me from a wicker chair. He seemed infirm with age and afflicted with such ills as commonly follow in the train of advancing years: he was emaciated and his wrinkled features were lined by suffering. He was carefully attired and was, at a guess, very well-to-do; a sturdy young attendant sat beside him. He smiled at me cordially, and said, "The name is MacArran, sir; from N'Yawk." And he strove to rise.

The attendant jumped to aid him. "No, no," snapped the old gentleman. "Don't help me, Bertram. I am quite able to stand by myself."

He fought with his disabilities, shifted his slight weight to the arms of the chair, leaned far forward until the burden was transferred to his unstable legs and then straightened slowly until his head and shoulders were erect.

"Ah!" he sighed victoriously. His hand went testingly to the small of his back. He put out the other hand—a mere wraith of a hand—and caught mine.

"I do believe, Bertram," he said in a high and creaking voice, "that the devilish thing has left me. Upon my soul, I do, Bertram. I've felt a new man ever since we got off the boat, I tell you. See, I am just as supple—ouch-h-h!"

"Your troubles will be all over in a little while, Mr. MacArran," I said consolingly. But that sounded ominous in view of his evident decrepitude, and I added hastily, "The climate, you know."

"But it is the climate, indeed," he said, his small bright eyes looking out from under his shaggy brows with a wildness of hope. "I thought it was all bosh, Mr. Allison, but now I have living proof. You have a wonderful state, Mr. Allison. And you deserve it, sir. I am honored to hold your hand. You are the type of developer that is all too scarce in Florida or in any other state. Lamentably few of your trade hesitate before menacing the subsistence of the widowed and the fatherless. Sir, you are a man of honor."

"You are very kind, Mr. MacArran," I said. "Then you have decided to invest in Allison Groves?"

"Practically," he said. "If the money were my own your fair-mindedness would have led me to invest it without leaving New York, but the money which I contemplate putting into the property is that

They don't like Dixies—OH NOH!

WATCH a bunch of youngsters swarming home from school, for instance, make a raid on the supply of DIXIES in the ice cream stores of the neighborhood! Just watch their eyes snap, their eager hands ply the little wooden spoon that comes with each DIXIE—watch 'em enjoy each delicious gob of ice cream as it melts on their tongues! Oh no, *they* don't like DIXIES!

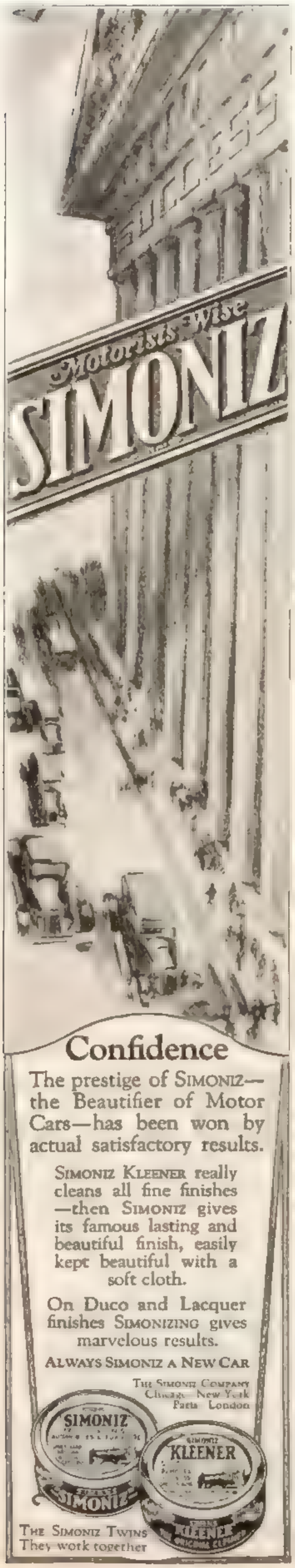
Ice cream is the most nourishing, the most healthful food a child (or grown-up, for that matter) can possibly eat. Ask the doctor! DIXIES cost but 5c apiece, and contain *only* good ice cream! The leading Ice Cream Manufacturers of the country are now freezing two popular flavors of their delicious ice cream in DIXIES, sealed tight, right at the plant, with a top showing the maker's name. Thus the original wholesomeness, purity and flavor of their good ice cream is safely guarded!

Ask your ice cream dealer for DIXIES, and if you find that he hasn't your favorite ice cream in DIXIES, send us the maker's name.

INDIVIDUAL DRINKING CUP CO., Inc.
Easton, Pa.
Original Makers of the Paper Cup

DIXIE Individual Drinking Cups are found in the stations and coaches of railroads, in offices, theatres, hotels, restaurants and at the better soda fountains. At most drug, stationery and department stores, you can get DIXIE Drinking Cups in convenient cartons for home or picnic use.

ICE CREAM
DIXIES
Packed with your favorite ice cream
5¢


Motorists Wise
SIMONIZ
Confidence
The prestige of SIMONIZ—the Beautifier of Motor Cars—has been won by actual satisfactory results.
SIMONIZ KLEENER really cleans all fine finishes—then SIMONIZ gives its famous lasting and beautiful finish, easily kept beautiful with a soft cloth.
On Duco and Lacquer finishes SIMONIZING gives marvelous results.
ALWAYS SIMONIZ A NEW CAR
THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
Chicago New York
Paris London
SIMONIZ
KLEENER
THE SIMONIZ TWINS
They work together

of the Dunbar children. For my own sake I am glad that I resolved on a personal visit. Sir, traducers of your state—and there are many, Mr. Allison—should be whipped. Upon my soul, they should be whipped. I shall go now and inspect the property myself, but first I desired to meet you and to clasp your hand in friendship."

"Our car is at your service, Mr. MacArran."

"Thank you, Mr. Allison, but I brought my own car and man on the boat, and they are waiting in the street."

"But meet our treasurer," I said, bringing up Genevieve. I wished to keep this prospect under observation. "My sister will go with you to show you the way. We have just cut a footpath into Allison Groves, and ——"

"Your company will complete the pleasure of the journey, my dear," said Mr. MacArran, bowing over Genevieve's hand, and then offering her his arm.

He warned off his attendant with a look, and they proceeded slowly to the street, where a uniformed and fiercely mustached chauffeur held open the door of a large closed car.

Genevieve had little to report on her return, but had much to say, of no moment, about Mr. MacArran.

"His eyes remind me of father," she said. "And he took such a kind interest in me. He asked me if I was married, and showed such surprise. He couldn't believe I was thirty-nine years old. He is going to call for me again tomorrow. He seems to think the world of you; I can't imagine why."

I saw him again on the following Thursday. He was in the car and I was walking; the attendant sat in the rear seat, while the chauffeur, with arms folded and eyes straight ahead, sat beside Mr. MacArran, who was driving; he brought the car in to the sidewalk.

"I am still investigating, Mr. Allison," he said, "but I can tell you now that I shall interest myself substantially in that property. Its possibilities, in your surpassing climate and amid your magnificent scenery, are quite boundless. I shall invest a hundred thousand dollars in it, perhaps. The bulk of that will be my own money, you understand. You have made a convert, Mr. Allison, decidedly you have made a convert. Can I take you somewhere? Very well, *au revoir*. You'll hear from me."

Dave came on Saturday.

"Fine!" he said, when I told him that he would receive a salary of twelve thousand per annum, 8 per cent on all the money he invested and 10 per cent of the stock. "By jingo, that's a mighty fine proposition and lays all over steam fitting. If it proves up, I'll sell out in New York, lock, stock and barrel, and bring Molly and the children down here. Gosh, there must be big money behind this corporation. Who's putting it all up, Norman?"

"Why, Dave," I said, "there will be no necessity for further financing if you will put up the fifty-six thousand dollars."

"Oh, but won't there?" he said, his face falling. "Am I to put up all the money? Who's in this corporation anyway? I understood you to say something about a millionaire called MacArran."

"But he is only a prospect," I said. And I explained to him, while he was heavily silent, our promoting and sales plan.

"Oh-h-h," he said, looking at me as if he had never seen me before. "And what are you going to be doing while I am serving five years at hard labor?"

"I am the promoter," I said, quelling my springing irritation.

"And what is Annie to be doing? And Genevieve? George too? He should be in on this. He's a good fellow. And what are all these investors going to be doing?"

"You don't expect them to work," I said shortly. "That is the very essence of our contract with them—that they are to be relieved of all work. I don't understand your attitude, Dave."

"A hundred investors," he said, "and you and Genevieve and Annie—a hundred and three people. All standing around waiting for some poor dumb-bell to get down on his hands and knees and go grubbing for oranges, and then you'll all get on his back. If this isn't sweet!"

"Look here, Dave," I said, losing patience. "The matter with you is that you're afraid of hard work. You're one of these people who think they can come down here to Florida and pick up a fortune without having to sweat for it. We don't want that sort down here."

"Much obliged for the chance," he said. "I'm not taking it."

"You mean you refuse to go ahead after all these people have trusted you? They've put up their money on the understanding that you'd come down here and go to work, Dave, and make their investments good, and now you're going to lie down on them. Is that the fact?"

"Yes," he said, "except that I want my thousand dollars back. You hear? A fine nerve you had."

I walked up and down until I had mastered myself.

Then I said, "The least you can do, Dave, is to keep quiet, and not let people know you're not coming down here and going to work. You don't need to start a panic among our investors, you know."

I hurried around to see Mr. MacArran at the City of Jax Hotel, one of the several fine new hostelries of the city. Perhaps the financing could be arranged.

I approached the desk. A gentleman whose youthful figure was displayed by his costume of knickerbockers, sport shirt and tufted golf stockings was leaning over the cigar case; he turned about, biting a long black cigar.

A sharper glance showed that the gentleman was elderly, but still I was puzzled to recollect him; his motions were easy and graceful, his cheeks were fuller and his voice had a ring.

"Hello there, Allison," he said, stepping forward and slapping his hand into mine with an extravagance of cordiality. "How are you, old man? I was going around to see you."

"Hello, Mr. MacArran," I said incredulously.

"Smoke?" He pulled from the breast pocket of his shirt a companion piece to the lethal stogie in his firm-lipped mouth. "Come over here and sit down. We must have a good talk."

We sat down.

"What are you going to do now?" he said, placing his hand on my knee in obvious liking. "What plans have you, my boy? I'm going to buy you out, you know. Yes, I'm going to develop that property on my own hook as a high-class residential place. There's nothing in that orange-grove thing, trust me. I'm afraid you're not a very sharp business man, Allison; somebody sold you a horse there. That land is absolutely unsuited for citrus, my boy. It's too low and wet, you know. Citrus trees must have well-drained land to prosper; the slopes round about there are ideal, but that hollow is quite worthless for citrus. No, no, it's idle to debate the matter; I've had experts look at it.

"But it will do very well indeed for residences when developed. I shall have an artificial lake in the center, twenty acres in area, and the soil dredged for the lake will be thrown out to form the upland—do you follow me? I shall put in streets, and white-way lighting, and royal palms and Australian pines and such. Can you not picture the city of MacArran Isle, girt by miles of perfumed orange groves, mirrored in a blue lake, shaded by feathery palms, blessed by Florida's matchless climate? Upon my soul, the thought of it has given me a new lease of life. I'll do it if it costs me half a million, and it shall be the show place of Florida. But I want you with me, my boy."

"You spoke about buying me out," I said, wetting my lips. "How much—were you thinking—of paying?"

"Every dollar you have in it," he said sturdily. "I'll take no advantage of you. You have a thousand dollars up, haven't you? That goes back. The man you bought from had only a tax title, and it's my right to pay him off and let you whistle, but I shall not do that. I shall take legal advice, and if I find that I cannot, as guardian of the Dunbar children, pay more than enough to redeem the land from the tax sale, I'll pay you out of pocket. Why, if it hadn't been for you I should never have redeemed the land at all; I let it go for the taxes when it belonged to the Dunbar estate, because I had been misinformed on Florida and supposed the tract to be worthless. It cost my old friend Barry Dunbar less than the last bill for taxes, to be frank, and I wouldn't throw good money after bad."

"You mean to say"—here was a pretty state of affairs that that incompetent Merrigoe had betrayed me into!—"you mean to say that the Dunbar children are the real owners of the land! Can you prove it? Even so, the land was sold for taxes and that gives a good title, doesn't it?"

"Now, now, we shan't quarrel," he said. "Let the lawyers row over that. But you'll find I'm right; I've taken the best legal advice. Beware of tax titles, my boy. The point is that there were infants involved here and the Florida statute of limitations does not begin to run against infants until after their disability ceases. That's the law of every civilized jurisdiction, and your attorney will so advise you. Let's not argue law when we are paying fellows to do it. Taking it for granted that I am right, what will you do now?"

"I don't know," I said.

"Go to work for me!" he said. "As a business man, my son, you are lacking, but you have a powerful pen. I want you to write my publicity for me, and you'll have a subject worthy of your poetry. You will get into it the charm and fascination that was in your descriptions of your preposterous orangeries. I shan't pretend to assess the value of a literary gift like yours. Shall we say two hundred and fifty a week until we have more light? If it will weigh with you, your extremely efficient sister Genevieve has accepted a position as my Florida secretary. But mull it over, my boy, mull it over."

I accepted his proposition after a conference with Merrigoe and Mr. MacArran's attorneys. But you know that, if you have read the metropolitan newspapers; you have recognized my flair for characterization in the advertisements of MacArran Isle. I slipped over two columns of blind publicity on the Star last week in the disguise of an article on the citrus industry. It is the work that was meant for me, giving boundless scope to my creative imagination.

I had the pleasure of sending Dave his miserable thousand dollars. A letter went with it.

He has asserted since that he didn't read the letter because he couldn't, and that nobody else could either, but that gibe is quite like Dave.

He knew about the loss of the property to Mr. MacArran; he wrote me from New York, saying that he was sorry if he had said anything objectionable, and saying that he would finance me if I found a good opportunity to go into business in Florida. He said that he'd put up ten thousand dollars on any proposition that stood his examination and would not require interest on his money, but should expect a half of the profits. That is, he had the impudence to suppose that I'd permit him to enslave me for the sake of the use of his wretched ten thousand dollars, and that I should then toil and moil under a torrid tropical sun and yield up to him the half of all I won. His impudence made me hot under the collar.

With the thousand-dollar check for Dave in my hand, I walked into Genevieve's sanctum. She was then studying stenography and typewriting and had asked me to dictate.

"Take this letter, Miss Allison," I said between my teeth. "It is to our big-hearted brother in New York. As a matter of form, begin it with 'Dear Dave.'"

Different
from any floor you know

It has color, pattern, luster. It is resilient, easy to clean, long-lasting. And it has *texture*—a rich *embossed* effect of old hand-set ceramics.

THOSE who like beautiful homes, who strive for refreshing newness and spirit in interior effects, will welcome this latest floor creation of Armstrong's skilled craftsmen.

Embossed Handcraft Tile Inlaid Linoleum it is called, a name that only partly describes its rare, unusual beauty. This beauty begins with an outstanding achievement in linoleum floor manufacture—real, tile-like texture in the design.

You can feel this texture; you can see it. Each unit in the design is *raised* above the surface. Thus the mortar line effects, which frame the tiles, effectively catch the play of lights and shadows. Here is something different from any floor you know.

Next come its colors—soft, pastel shadings of heather browns, dusk blue-greens, tapestry tans, or rugged brick reds. As you can see by the two designs illustrated on this page, the colors are not repeated regularly, but are varied in a delightful handcraft manner. And to add a further note of interest to this new idea in linoleum floors, colorful heraldic and figured emblems are inserted in some of the designs at random. Here again is something different, something smartly new.

Old virtues unchanged

While in texture and beauty of design these Embossed Inlaid floors are brand new, they possess all the old, practical virtues that have always characterized Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum.

Made of cork, they are springy and warm to walk on. They can be kept polished to a soft luster with an occasional waxing. A dust mop cleans them.

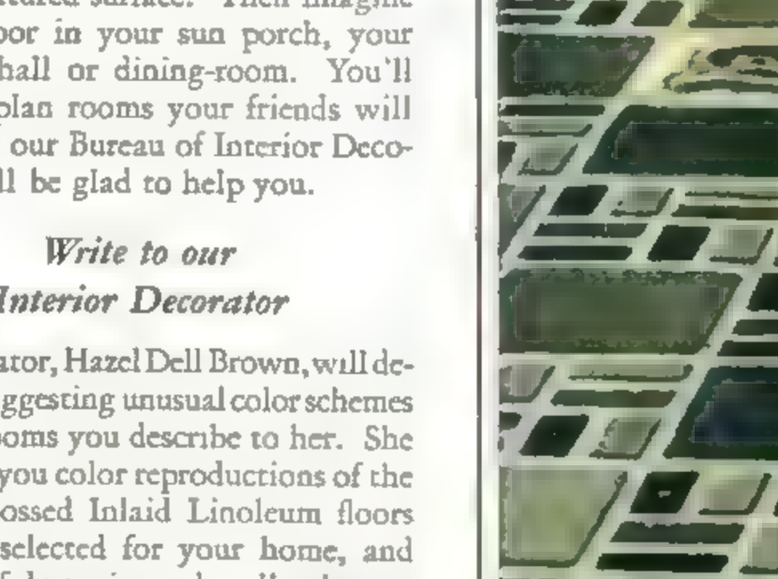
They can be quickly laid (cemented in place over builders' deadening felt) right over your old floors. Properly cared for, they should last as long as your house itself, without a cent for refinishing. And compared with other types of floors they are remarkably low priced.

Where can you see these newest Armstrong creations? Good furniture, department, and linoleum stores now have all the latest designs on display. See them next time you are shopping. Have the merchant spread one of the patterns on the floor. Look at it from different angles to get the play of light on the textured surface. Then imagine such a floor in your sun porch, your entrance hall or dining-room. You'll want to plan rooms your friends will envy, and our Bureau of Interior Decoration will be glad to help you.

Write to our Interior Decorator

Our decorator, Hazel Dell Brown, will delight in suggesting unusual color schemes for any rooms you describe to her. She will send you color reproductions of the new Embossed Inlaid Linoleum floors specially selected for your home, and samples of draperies and wall colors to match.

When you write to her, ask also for her new book, "The Attractive Home—How to Plan Its Decoration," which has just been published. All this service is free, of course, to anyone in the United States. Just address a postal card or letter to Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 818 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.



Another Embossed Handcraft Tile Inlaid, Pattern No. 6018, in quarry tile red. Room designed by R. W. Sexton, interior architect.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

A photograph in color of the latest Embossed Inlaid floor design in Armstrong's Linoleum—Pattern No. 6007. Note the free arrangement of the colors, the raised effect of the tiles. The heraldic emblems—a viking ship and knight's helmet—are but two of several that appear in this design. This floor is just one of eleven different patterns.

Armstrong's Linoleum

PLAIN ~ JASPÉ ❀ *for every floor in the house* ❀ INLAID ~ PRINTED

OO-HOOSK-AH

(Continued from Page 31)

"Just as good," jolly Dick Gowen, prominent real-estate agent agreed; "a reference—you won't mind that—just to prove ownership and a clear title."

"Quite right. I'll do better than a reference. We'll take them to your own bank. When they've been sold and everything's all right, your bank shall pay you for the house and hold the deed for me."

By this simple process of making it worth somebody's while, our youthful financier secured solid standing with a leading bank, in which he deposited bonds to the value of two hundred thousand dollars. He went on to Chicago with a letter of introduction from Gowen to Peter Rye, a bond broker. He paid for industrials with government bonds and again he was introduced to a bank. In that city of large affairs, a million is an incident, so he nonchalantly handed over securities to that value.

At Helena, Montana, this capitalist and financier, with gilt-edged references and solid wealth in two cities, bought Brown's Corner, a small attractive ranch. It had no valley in which ten thousand balsams could be made to grow, but Stella Burnleigh would never know that. He changed its name to Brule Sioux Ranch.

Mr. Paul Neale of The Eaves, Hartford, and of Brule Sioux Ranch, Montana, arrived in New York early on a Tuesday morning. He put up at the Plaza Hotel, opened an account in a leading bank with substantial checks on his three other banks, handed over all his matured coupons, put his remaining bonds in a safe deposit, patronized the leading tailors and outfitters, ordered letterheads and cards and called it a day.

His enjoyment of his carefully ordered dinner was intense, not only because it was delicious and he was hungry, and because he had achieved his remarkable objects with unexpected ease, but also because his fears were finally at rest. John Bates Benson, deceased, had purchased the bearer bonds issued in large units of ten thousand dollars. Obviously his motive had been compactness for easy concealment. But the most canny investor of two million dollars can hardly fail to leave clews, easily to be found by experts. Experts had been searching; Stella had said so. Neale, shaking in his riding boots, had wired from Helena to his Hartford bank asking if they had the deed all right. The answer might have been a policeman with a warrant; instead, it was a pleasant affirmative. So far, all right. On arrival at New York he had telegraphed to the Chicago bank asking for his total credit. He had waited, quaking. The answer not only gave the figures but included such dignified message as a bank would send to a new and important client. That settled it. The numbers of these bonds had not been circulated. The new-made bondholder was free to eat his dinner with untroubled mind; and so he did. Afterward, smoking a cigar which cost him one dollar, he strolled along Park Avenue and paid another dollar for inside information. Mrs. Benson was giving up at the end of June. Everybody knew that Mr. Benson had died penniless. The furniture was to be sold by auction, not by the lady, but by the landlord, to whom arrears were due. The young millionaire sauntered meditatively back to his hotel.

The hours of the next day were blocked out to the minute. Neale visited a vice president of the trust company affiliated with his bank, tried on clothes, hustled through for the giver of so large an order, arranged for lessons in riding—he had never been on a horse—and hunted up an acquaintance who belonged to an athletic club. A dinner to this man resulted in an invitation to join the club.

The next day he called on a professor of national reputation.

"I am very ignorant," he said. "I have come to know it. Can you put me in touch with somebody who will come every morning at seven and read literature with me for one hour; then a German instructor and also one in French?" The interested professor gladly helped him out. Thus began a career of mental and physical culture pursued with unremitting energy and unbending will.

He knew a little, a very little, about dining, and understood a little of the French menus; but each delicate meal was regarded as the serious study of an art. On the Monday he held an important conference with the head waiter and the result was a special dinner for two in a half-hidden corner, with special flowers and a special reticence about everything; for this new student of the art of living most of all feared ostentation.

When Stella came that evening he was with her before she had more than crossed the threshold of the hotel. She laughed as they eyed each other. "We meet in a different plane," she cried. But he was much too grave. He had been prepared for enhanced charm, had steeled himself against a new and brilliant Stella; but his priggish foresight had far underestimated this radiant girl in a peach-colored cloak. Her extraordinary eyes, alight with a flame of hope which he had kindled, swept his face as with a soft caress to which his cheeks tingled. Her manner, her glance, her voice combined to render exquisite tribute. Such homage from a beautiful girl, dressed in Paris, trained to carry her clothes, trained to perfect ease before batteries of eyes, was too much for this novice. He forgot his carefully planned opening sentence, forgot sentence Number Two; it was she who said she would leave her cloak.

Undaunted by failure, this resolute youth began all over. In pale blue and silver she approached him this time and he said quickly, "It's all right; it's come out as I hoped."

He heard her deep-drawn sigh of glad relief as he led the way to their table.

"May I tell it my own way?" he asked as they sat down. "Or will you have it all in a lump?"

"Your way, please," she murmured. She had no conscious coquetry. Black days with a distracted mother; sordid calculations; racking preparations for an auction sale of cherished possessions; no word from a young stranger who had told her to hope; then, his voice on the telephone; strong words of encouragement; an invitation to dinner; now, a definite statement that all had come right. Is it matter for wonder that he was Prince Charming, the Family Savior, the Rescuing Hero? Is it surprising that she hung on his words, that she was happily grateful, that she showed her gratitude? Why should she not?

"I would have telephoned sooner," said Paul Neale, "but I had to go out to Brule Sioux. Oh, didn't I tell you—my ranch?"

At this picturesque name she visioned illimitable acres stretching over mountain tops and encircling wide canyons. "You were much too modest, Mr. Neale," she said. "I think of our first meeting, you in your overalls, making an oration to a tree. And now ——" She glanced at his well-made clothes and around the brilliant room. "We presumed, my mother and I; but how could we know?"

"She's fixed all right," he said abruptly. "I've got her money from the estate ——"

"Yes, yes?" Her voice trembled.

"Please go on eating," he said. "There's a string to it. It's in the hands of a trustee and she gets only the income—say twelve thousand dollars a year. What will she say to that?"

"What does a drowning man say when he grabs the life line?"

"That's it. You've got it," he cried. "A line that lasts for life."

She stifled intense curiosity. One quick glance at him; another, reflectively at the table as the waiter changed the plates.

"I found it in the elm," he said at length. He saw the fork waver on its way to her mouth, but she nodded and went on eating. He admired intensely her self-control. "In business matters I am all business."

"Oh, yes, you told me. I saw it too."

"Of course I didn't find a life interest. I found money." He addressed the top of her head, visible because she had ducked to hide the reproach in her eyes. "No," he denied vehemently, "I did not leave you to weeks of unnecessary anxiety. I told you there was ground for hope."

"I dared not tell my mother," she murmured.

"Her worry could not be helped." He bent forward and shot a question. "How long would two hundred and fifty thousand last her?"

"I know—oh, yes," Stella admitted.

"Very well, then. I made up my mind she shouldn't fling away her capital. I'm her trustee."

She laid down her knife and fork and stared at him.

"You?" she breathed, astonished.

"What else could I do?" he demanded. "Suppose I asked your mother what friend she would like as trustee? Would she have fought against tying her money up?"

"Indeed, yes," was the quick concurrence.

"Would she have called me an impertinent boy?" He mimicked the mother rather well. "'This woodcutter or charcoal burner or cowboy, or whatever he calls himself, to hold out my money and presume to tell me what to do with it.' She would say more. Why should I put up with it? I might have got mad and handed the money over to the courts. I can't say. I can stand a lot—and now you're thinking that I might have asked your advice. Suppose you had named some trusted lawyer friend, and he had fixed it all up and then told your mother. What price you? What would she have said to you for helping secretly to tie up her property?"

"It seems to me," she said a little tartly, "that you are always right."

"It seems to me," he answered, "that you're a sport who can see reason."

Suddenly she began to laugh as she looked him deliberately over. "Mother's trustee!" she chuckled. "You're years from a gray hair, from a wrinkle; and yet—well, I'd bet a dollar she'd never wheedle a hundred dollars in advance out of you."

"My job's no sinecure," he admitted, "but there was no other way." An unusual gleam of humor marked his solemn face. "There are trust companies, of course, but Mrs. Benson—may I say it?"

"Say anything; you have certainly earned the right to be frank."

"Looks very young, doesn't she, and acts it?"

Stella hid a smile as she perceived his drift; but from that instant spontaneous grateful gayety was gone. That handsome head—yes, he was good-looking—was old inside, and cautious, and he was wise with the tiresome wisdom of gray hairs.

"I couldn't explain where I'd got the money, could I?"

She shook her head.

"Then what is the trust company going to think when a young man makes a handsome life settlement on a mighty good-looking widow, who is known to be broke?"

"A little overcareful perhaps," said Stella dryly, "but on the right side."

"Another reason; I can get half or one per cent more than any company and it would make heavy charges. So your mother will get about two or three thousand a year more."

"But, why," she demanded, "should you—I must say it—a stranger ——"

"Oh, do you call me that?"

"I am ungracious—pardon."

"You've never asked about your money."

"Another chapter to the fairy tale? Am I, too, your ward?"

"I hope that you will be," he answered deliberately, "but that's as you say. If you don't tie it up, Mrs. Benson, without meaning to or thinking about it, will draw a lot of it out of you. I should say that she must have been spending thirty or forty thousand a year and has no idea of the value of money.

"You feel a kind of responsibility for her," continued this precocious observer; "it was you who acted the mother, not she. Tie your money up. Tie it tight. Then she can't be angry when you refuse to help her out."

Stella smiled and consciously ranged herself on guard. She had no chance to think why, but slight antagonism leaped to vague suspicion. She fought it, feeling herself ungrateful; she was bitterly disappointed that this cloud had insensibly gathered. She rallied, apparently more gracious than ever, saying the right things, nodding at the right moment, but asking herself all the time why she was not wildly happy. Suddenly she found a possible explanation. Could it be that this evidently rich young man—oh, ridiculous; but out came the sudden thought.

"Did you find it?" she demanded. "Find anything?" She drew herself up. "You might do it, you know, if you were very rich and felt too sorry for a pair of paupers." He met a look almost fierce in its intensity with a laugh.

"That's the last thing I thought of; to be suspected of presenting strangers—your own word, Miss Burnleigh—with half a million dollars."

"Absurd of course—but there it is."

"I exploded the charge the night before," he explained. "You were both away. I found the money and hid it. The next morning was a pretense."

"Oh!" Stella's eyes were blazing now, but the young man did not flinch.

"I expected you to be angry," he said coolly, "but you've no right to be. I just made up my mind that I wasn't going to hand over money to be squandered."

"You knew it," she said almost shaking, "when I came to you in the quarry."

"I had it there."

She leaned forward. "And what were you going to do with it?" she asked with an accusation in her eyes.

"Not give it to you," he retorted. "Remember what you had sworn was in that tin case."

"Which you," she said contemptuously, "promised not to open."

"I kept the promise," he defended. "The cover was blown off. I could not help but see. I was mad clear through. I was the monkey, fooled into dragging gold chestnuts out of the fire. Then you came." His voice changed. "Fine you came and owned up. Not many would have done it. I hand it to you, Miss Burnleigh. You thought I was hard and all that, but I had to think it over and see if you made out your case. You had. So you, not Mrs. Holt, got it."

Stella was softened. She burst out with an intimate impetuous comment. "I could like you, I could trust you," she cried, "if you were not so old—so very, very old."

"There is a reason," he said slowly, with a somber smile. "I never had a chance to learn to play."

Surprised, interested, sympathetic, Stella's eyes encouraged this unexpected self-revelation.

"A slogger," he continued, "self-made; no childhood; work, always work; long, hard work at details which cleverer men knew how to use. I want to learn," he burst out—"to learn to play."

"Yes? To play?" Stella breathed

"I don't want gratitude, he went on. "It's awful to have to be grateful all the time. I had my job to do. I did it my way, that's all; but—if you could—if you could—I'd like your friendship."

"You have that; oh, yes, you have that." Her assurance was so spontaneous, so

(Continued on Page 73)

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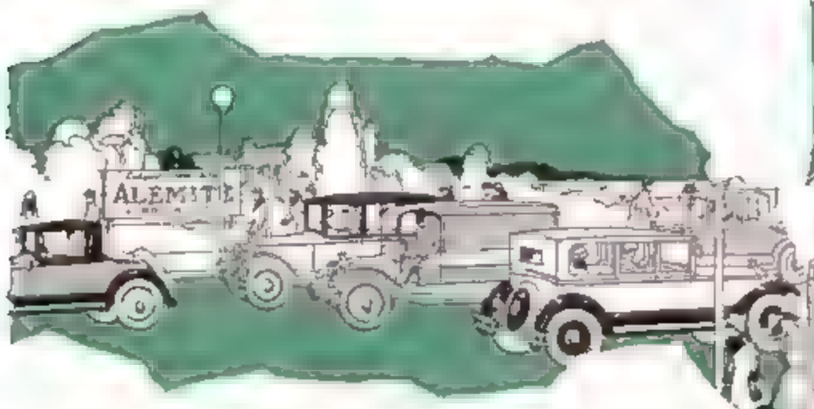

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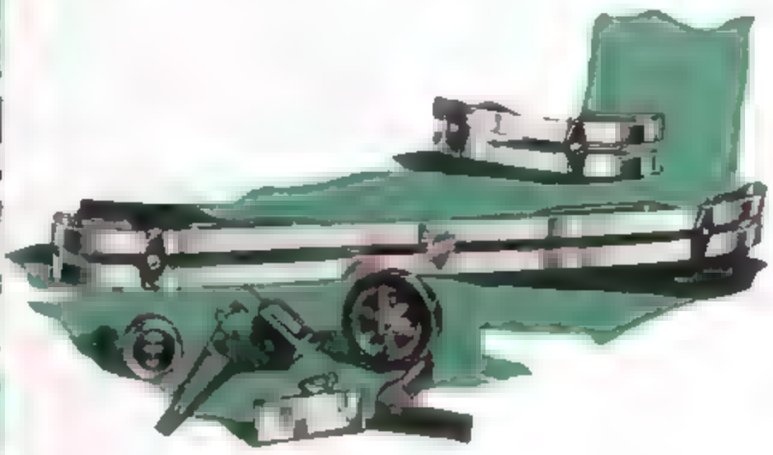

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obviously sincere that he was encouraged to go on:

"And your help to learn to play."

"Oh, anything I can do, of course." Profoundly impressed by his deep earnestness, by his frank confession, by his naïve request, she asked him precisely what he meant. He told her of the path he had mapped out for physical and mental culture.

"Hammering at it, you see," he summed up. "The same old slogging business; work, not play." He looked at her from hopeful melancholy eyes. "There's a phrase," he said; "I have read it somewhere. I don't know what it means, but I want to feel it—the joy o' life."

She wanted to laugh, but her thought was "poor boy." What she said was: "I can introduce you to some people and some pleasures, but joy o' life—that is something in the heart."

"I've dreamed of it," said quite simply this prosaic old young man. "I'll search, anyhow."

Sudden gayety came again to Stella. Depression, suspicion had fled. She set out to make this humble learner laugh, and she succeeded. No more talk of business until coffee and cigarettes came; then she was pleased with the quick success of her teaching, for he could speak of business with a smile.

"I didn't find the exact amount, of course," he explained. "There was five hundred thousand dollars in all. The extra fifty thousand dollars I thought you would be willing to take and pay off everything the estate owes."

"Oh, but ——" Her eyes danced in happy anticipation of paying rude creditors.

"I'll bet," he said, "the debts must be nearly or quite that much. Don't forget that lots of them, most of them, ought to have been paid by Mr. Benson; perhaps all of them. They are a legal charge against his estate. Well, we have some of it. We should pay it where it ought to be paid. Mrs. Holt ——"

"Oh! I forgot; shameful of me; you saw her?"

"Yes. Broken, of course, because she adored her father. But a strong woman. Rich—very rich. Remember, I had half a million dollars when I went to see her. Miss Burnleigh, if she had been poor I should have given her half. That restaurant ——" He paused, smiling. "Will you come there to dinner with me one night?"

"Please; I'd love it."

"Fine—well, it's a gold mine. You can honestly use the money."

The thought of those great heaps of bills, badges of shame, touched with reluctance, glanced at with averted eyes; so insidiously powerful as to force her mother to plan for a secret retreat; each one expressing the derision and contempt of the creditor of a bankrupt estate; and now transformed in an instant into mere statements of account, to be contemptuously paid and forgotten. Unaccustomed tears were forced back. She straightened, forced a laugh.

"Some people tell us, Paul," she said as lightly as she could, "that the joy o' life comes from making others happy. Bathe in it, revel in it, for I am happy."

"May it be Stella?"

"Of course I meant that." She shot from emotion into the refuge of realities. "What must I say to my mother?" she asked.

"Hadn't I better see her in the morning?"

She laughed. "Oh, I know you are brave. No hint beforehand? Would you rather I were there?"

He looked as young as his years as he grinned and uttered one of those precocious sentences which an hour before had so greatly antagonized the girl. "Irresponsible mothers," he said gravely, "must be treated as children. We must keep some secrets from them. You go away and pay bills, and don't come back until lunch. I'll be out of the way by that time." He burst into such carefree laughter that Stella was delighted. "I'd like to be there when she tells you. Does she know you're with me?"

"No. We come and go as we please. She has friends with her tonight; but I must not be late. She can't stand being alone." She looked up with a wistful smile. "I can't help it, Paul," she said. "I am afraid to move. I feel as if I have been dreaming, and when I—well—is it all really and truly real?"

"Come," he said, "I'll prove it real."

He led her to a desk in the writing room. "I've been fighting myself," he told her, a little embarrassed. "I should like to hand you this when you're in a taxi and say 'A little souvenir,' but I'm too hopelessly prosaic." He handed her a pretty little hand bag. "I'm your mother's trustee, and a trustee must have a receipt for everything. Please sign." He produced a form. She snatched up a pen. "Without reading? Without counting?" he protested, genuinely shocked. "You can slip your fingers in without anybody seeing."

She laughed and did his bidding.

"Twenty," she said, after an instant.

"Twenty what?"

She peeped in, flushing a little.

"Now," said this correct young man, "you can honestly sign for twenty thousand dollars on your mother's account, to pay some of her bills with."

She splashed her signature across. He folded the paper neatly twice and put it in his pocketbook. When she was in the taxi he told her he would not go with her. "You'll want a breathing time before you meet your mother," he explained.

"I'm beggared of thanks, Paul," she said.

"Good night, Stella."

He followed her in another taxi and saw her go inside her door. This was by no means because he was hungry for another glance; he thought no girl should go unwatched about New York in the evening with that sum of money in her bag. He had fought his other self—a check, a certificate of deposit, something safe—but ready money, more dramatic, more effective, had won. He had begun, you see, to play a little bit before asking for lessons in the art.

Stella's key would not open the door of the apartment. It was bolted. She rang, hiding Number Two bag under her arm. "Yes, me," she answered to her mother's query. The door was opened with caution and promptly slammed and bolted.

"Where's Emma?"

"Gone, sacked for insolence—the last of the lot, thank Heaven."

"Haven't the Framleighs been here?"

"I put them off. Look here." Mrs. Benson's room looked like a jeweler's store. The blue silk coverlet was hidden beneath trinkets. "I've had in Skermser. He offers sixty-four thousand for the lot, Stella—and they cost more than double. Well, that's all there is. I have to take it. I'm off for France next week. The exchange will help me."

"I see you're not expecting me to go," Stella said, pausing as she was helping to gather up the jewels and eying this mother, so carefully made up, so really attractive in her charming negligee.

"What! And throw away your chances? Not likely. You have a couple of thousand left, you say. Well, among your friends and mine that will bridge you to marriage. You've played recklessly with your brilliant opportunities, but your eyes ——" She stopped, staring, taking in her daughter for the first time. "You surpass yourself tonight." She laughed. "Oh, don't you worry about your future. Summer in Newport. The Gregsons, the Twinhouts, the Carter-Jenkses; any one of them will jump at you. Then the Lakes, Palm Beach—but that's for the honeymoon."

"Thanks, Jane."

The last jewel had been replaced in the safe and Stella had picked up the bundled wrap that hid the pocketbook.

"Good night, Jane."

Her mother came over to her. "Remember, Stella," she said, "what you owe to me." She put her hand on her daughter's arm. "Remember me, starving in Europe, in rags from bargain counters. Remember that there is but one hope for me. You must marry money."

"Yes, mother."

"I don't get sentimental—you know that—and I've never worried you with advice or any old nonsense from copy books. But, Stella, you have to face realities now. Marry money."

"Yes, mother."

Mrs. Benson pecked her daughter on the cheek.

V

STELLA left a note by her sleeping mother's bed: "Don't forget there are no servants. Use the house service. I have an engagement." She breakfasted at the Chatham before nine o'clock. She was afraid to linger at home. Young men who had never been taught to play might not know how late some people sleep and might telephone at an impossible hour. She was buoyantly happy. A crowded day; each bill paid, a separate thrill; then the grand climax, her meeting with her mother—her mother, saved from banishment, from the horrors of pretentious poverty, from a life without tiaras and necklaces and rings.

She chuckled. Paul Neale coldly setting out the terms, her mother madly protesting, wildly defying this stern precocious boy. "A stone statue, heroic in size," thus she thought of Paul Neale as she visualized him managing her mother in a tantrum. She had no shame that he should see her mother fling away dignity and self-restraint, for he evidently, with his uncanny insight, expected an outbreak. She had no fear that he would lose his temper and change his plans; he was too strong for that pettiness. There was the chance, too, of meek submission; her mother had streaks of hard common sense and could yield prettily when her interests willed it so. An exciting homecoming; Stella savored it as she ate her omelet.

She opened her attaché case—no hand bag would have held the load—and arranged the bills in the order of their addresses. She did not care who saw; if she had not been going to pay them, that would have been quite a different matter. Three separate acquaintances paused and greeted her.

"My busy day," she said to all, "paying bills." One of them, a pretty girl, glanced over her bright spring dress. "Mother wouldn't," Stella explained indifferently, "so I didn't." Mrs. Benson had indignantly discarded mourning on her return from Owl's End.

All debtors saved on the brink always act as though the precipice had never existed, so Stella distributed her thousands and her hundreds as casually as leaves fall in autumn. In most stores these were as casually accepted. In two cases dressmakers of distinction received the money in person, and as these important ladies had exhausted every form of pressure, they could hardly conceal their surprise and pleasure. Stella laughed at herself for enjoying her triumph and found an added thrill in hiding her proud joy. She refused, indifferently, alluring Paris models—"oh, so cheap after the season"—and would not even look at the new importations for autumn, "not shown to anyone yet and please pay when you like." She was only halfway along the exhilarating road of solvency when one o'clock came. She scurried home, bubbling inside, but corked and wired, and sternly determined not to go off with a pop, whatever happened. She entered the apartment indolently drooping, complaining of the warmth of the day, of hunger.

He had been there, all right. Her mother was electrically charged. "If we touch hands," Stella thought, "lightning will flash." She passed through to her room and locked up her load of bills. She lingered after freshening herself up, smiling into the mirror. "Mother is beautiful,"-she said to herself. "She looks not a day over thirty-five. Did she win?" She shook her head and chuckled, then pulled down the corners of her mouth and sauntered to the meeting.

"I've had lunch sent in," her mother said. Stella glanced at the melon, the pâté de foie gras, the galantine of turkey.

"I see you are beginning to economize all right, Jane," she said as she sat down. "Sold the jewelry, I suppose?"

"Napoleon—or was it Hannibal?—crossed the Alps," her mother commented between bites of melon.

"Both, I think."

"Well, Stella, there's a man living with more nerve than the two had between them. The woodcutter; yes, him; he came after the body of your stepfather. Now, what do you think of that?"

"After—after—what?" cried the stupefied girl.

"As true as you live—and got it too."

Stella, speechless, could only stare, but Mrs. Benson finished her melon.

"Yes, got it; he had promised Mrs. Holt, he said, that it should lie beside Gertrud."

"Quite right," Stella approved.

"Oh, yes; but what demon boy but this one would go about promising corpses that he hardly knew about and had no control over?"

"Most considerate. Thoughtful. I am glad for her sake."

"Ingenious; oh, most original; I grant that. He seems calmly to have promised to make all arrangements. That keeps her quiet, keeps her there, stops her inquiries, saves me. He says he did it for me. He explained that he had found a newspaper among the documents in the tree—an account of the wedding, a picture of me. He says he saw the date on the tombstone and understood everything. He saved my face—his words; calmly looking at me and reeling it off while I sat speechless. I'm sure I gaped. That kid! Sympathized with my painful position. I was so mad that I could only stutter 'Thank you very much.'"

"A great service to you, Jane."

"Yes, thank you, some pâté, please. Stella," Mrs. Benson added solemnly, "I am afraid of that youth."

"Jane!"

"Oh, it's true. I slanged him. He sat like a bronze Buddha, only his legs were not crossed. I stormed; still Buddha, with preternatural peace on his owl's face. I cajoled, wheedled, flirted; a sanctimonious statue, white-faced, with a halo; I—I—cried."

"No? But why, Jane, why?"

"I am an absolute nervous wreck or I would never own up to you that he reduced me to pulp. Me, Stella—that boy. It was take it or leave it. I was tired out too. I had tried everything. Oh, a tornado."

"You look very nice, Jane, considering you've been through such a storm," Stella soothed; "but what was it all about?"

"Oh, you don't listen. Surely I told you." Mrs. Benson laid down her knife and fork. "Stella," she moaned in anguish, "you can't buy a cigarette or a bonbon without asking him. I daren't buy a pair of stockings or a nightie without his permission. You and I must retire at ten, except Saturdays, when we may go to a censored movie. Oh, you laugh, but that's what it comes to. He found our money—yours and mine."

"Oh, found our money?"

"Yes, Stella." Mrs. Benson paused to eat some galantine. "And he's holding on to it. He likes us, he says. He admires us. He is going to protect us. Oh, oh! He is going to save us from the results of our improvidence. Oh, prodigal daughter, beware. Shop on Sixth Avenue and avoid taxis. If you are tempted beyond your strength to spend a dollar, call him up."

"Remember, Jane, he might have handed the money to Mrs. Holt."

"Oh, yes," said the flippant lady, "he's only given her what I do not want. He had wonderful reasons for everything."

Stella laughed; she, too, had fallen a victim to his logic. "You didn't forget and let any tears roll down your cheeks," she said.

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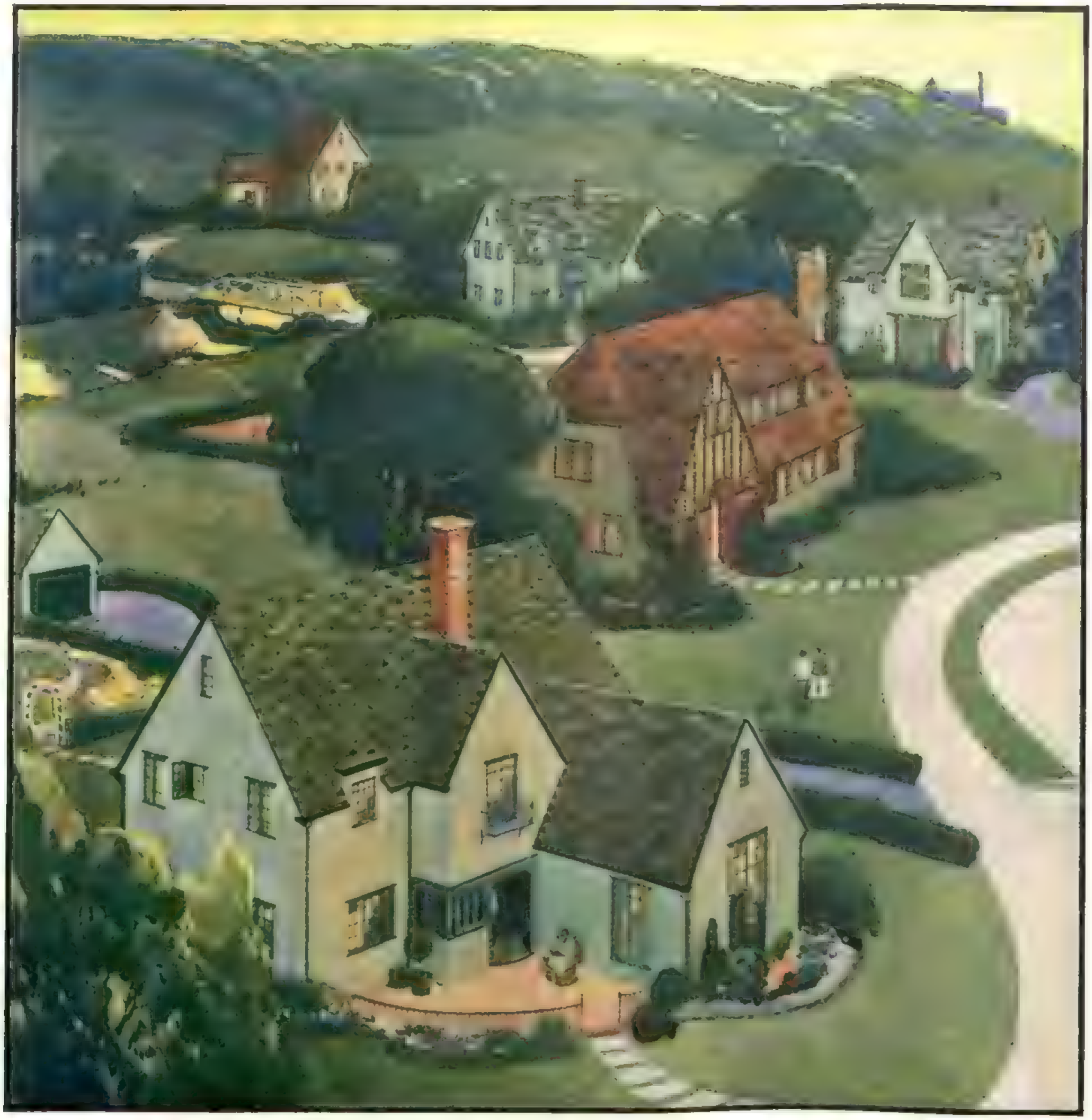

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(Continued from Page 73)

"As if that were possible," was the indignant response. Mrs. Benson consulted her hand mirror, however, and smiled as she saw rouge without a rivulet. "That was when he said he would pay all bills dated before today. After today a thousand a month and no more. I foamed and soaked two handkerchiefs, and asked him if he wished to check my dressmakers' and lingerie accounts, and whether he wanted to initial my laundry bills? He told me I was turning a serious matter into a travesty, and that it was better to stay thin on a thousand a month than to starve on nothing. Yes, a little more turkey, please." A long pause, while appetites unimpaired by exciting events were satisfied; then Mrs. Benson: "We parted friends."

Stella ducked to hide her smile. He had won.

"Make some coffee, Stella, in the large percolator. I want a double lot. Yes, I know when I'm beaten. He can expose my doubtful position. He can refuse to pay my interest. He can deprive me of my principal. He pointed it all out. I said, 'In a play, Mr. Neale, you would tell me that you hold me in the hollow of your hand, that you can take from me my fortune and good name.' What do you think he answered, Stella?"

"I cannot speak for him, Jane."

"'I can do all that,' he said, nothing more. I threw up the sponge then. 'Very well,' I said. 'Rather than sell my bits of jewelry and slink away, I'll consent to leave myself in the hands of an unprincipled adventurer.' Then he laughed and I did too. We smoked a cigarette; he gave me this."

She flipped a check for a thousand dollars across the table.

Sipping coffee, Mrs. Benson remarked that she was meeting the boy trustee at Billy Holder's at half-past four. "I dared him to see my lawyer with me. 'But we must do just that,' he answered, 'to fix up Mrs. Holt's matter,' and there you are."

"And he didn't give you any reason," Stella asked, "for taking all this trouble?"

"To save us from ourselves, he says. Impertinent, absurd, of course. He wants to marry you or me—both, perhaps. If he does he'll succeed."

Stella laughed. She wished she could give her version of his motive, just to hear her mother's shriek. "To have me for a friend, that I may teach him to play and lead him to the joy o' life." It sounded more absurd than her mother's solution. Stella had to recall the profound feeling in his moving appeal before she could now believe in it herself. She could never, of course, make anybody else believe it. It was so wildly impossible that it must be true. This practical young man, who succeeded in all he undertook, who had so naïvely unveiled his deep-hidden secret aspirations for romance, had already acutely, intensely, interested her; his almost effortless victory over her mother excited in her a wondering admiration. Marriage? Oh, no; her mother was utterly wrong; he had better means than a club for getting a girl. He had not thought of marriage; Stella was sure of that. If he should change she could promptly nip that idea; he did not appeal to that side of her.

She had more triumphant thrills that afternoon, and her money was nearly gone when she turned up to meet her mother at the lawyer's office. Uncle Billy Holder's tired eyes got bright as he looked her up and down and questioned about her trip to Europe.

"I haven't time to tell you how lovely you are," he said. "Your mother may be coming back at any moment and the young man is almost due. You've returned to a horrid mess. I've heard your mother's extraordinary story. I want your views. This Neale, on your honor, a stranger?"

He tugged his white mustache, as was his habit, and his deep-set eyes peered into her face.

"He was, two weeks ago—on honor."

"And now?"

"A friend."

"Ah, he's told you about himself, proved himself worthy of that high honor."

"It was I," said Stella, smiling, "who told him about ourselves, and he then proved himself worthy."

"By doing what, my lovely Stella?"

"By secretly giving us our money back when he knew we hadn't any legal claim."

"Then he's told you nothing about himself?"

Stella smiled. "Time was limited. I did all the talking."

"I suggested to your mother that he be looked up. Do you agree?"

"And paid for out of the money he gave us?" she asked indignantly. "There's a proverb about seething a kid."

"Fits like a glove. Your mother called him a kid. Absurd situation—his wards, you two. Do you think he'll come?"

"I dare say. Why not?"

"He may have a lot to conceal, you know."

"Concealment is his greatest stunt, Uncle Billy."

"Do you and he share any secrets, my princess?"

"Such as ——"

"Dividing the swag, for instance. You would have done it, you know."

"Of course," was the calm admission. "But not he. He's honest."

"Size him up for me, wise child. Why has he done this thing?"

"I asked him to," Stella said calmly. "I told him everything. He threw over his principles, bagged the money for us, and made up his mind it shouldn't be squandered."

"Threw them over—for you? Why?"

"I convinced him mother had the higher right. Sounds ridiculous, Uncle Billy, doesn't it? He never asked me for so much as a kiss when he had me at his mercy. So it isn't me. There must be lots of people still in this world who act from a sense of duty."

"We do not," said Uncle Billy dryly, "often hear of them."

"No. They do not need lawyers," was the answering thrust. "It may be sweet girlish innocence on my part, Uncle Billy, but I see in this young gentleman one who acts on principle."

"And finds precisely the amount due to you and your mother, oh, credulous maiden?"

"No," she cried triumphantly as she opened her case and disclosed a heap of bills. "Paid, Uncle Billy. He found five hundred thousand dollars in all, and gives it all up."

"You have had meetings, then, unknown to your mother?"

"Several. Don't tell her. He's behaved splendidly."

"When I was young, Stella, girls were thought sentimental fools. My granddaughters have kept me up-to-date and taught me differently. In this inexplicable business I attach weight to your opinion. You genuinely believe in him?"

"Genuinely."

"You understand that this stranger has such immense power over both of you that he can control your lives."

"Not over me, Uncle Billy. We've settled nothing. He offers me all my money."

The lawyer flung up his hands. "More and more mysterious. Why, then, retain iron control over your mother?"

"To protect me," was the smiling answer. "He will not let mother squander her money and then come back on me."

"He loves you," Uncle Billy cried.

"Friendship. You're not up-to-date, after all. There are such friendships. We had some extraordinary meetings. He may love me yet. No girl can say what's coming, but he's not thought of it so far."

"And you?"

"Should refuse him today. No girl speaks for tomorrow."

And then Paul Neale was announced.

"You'll wait, Stella? Make yourself at home."

"Be careful, Uncle Billy. He has a reason for everything."

"Prig!" the lawyer said, as he went off to one of the most curious interviews of his long experience. He hid surprise at the good appearance and calm self-confidence of his visitor.

"Very singular position, Mr. Neale."

"Very," was the answer in amiable agreement.

"A stranger—a boy to me. I am over sixty; don't mind, boy. A trustee—considerable sums. In that position by your own act without request or desire from either lady."

Paul Neale nodded in cheerful assent.

"Why?"

"One who gives the money," was the assured reply, "dictates conditions."

"Gives?" echoed the startled lawyer.

Again a quiet nod. Mr. Holder had hoped to turn this youth inside out in five minutes; he steeled himself to patience and good humor. He stroked his mustache and tried in vain to form an intelligent judgment of this reticent youth.

"Why a trusteeship? What interest had you in these strange ladies that you should wish to hold and control their money?"

"Strange ladies?"

"Are they not?"

"Is a lady a stranger who asks you to steal a fortune for her?"

"Steal, Mr. Neale; a strong word?"

"What else?" asked the young man.

"All right—any name. You did her an immense favor. Having done so much, why not have handed the money over?"

"I understand you are an old family friend as well as lawyer. Well, I ask you: Should I commit an illegal act at the request of a young lady and then see her mother squander the lot?"

"Ah, for the young lady?"

"Entirely."

"You wished to serve this young lady to the best of your ability?"

"Yes."

"Then it would surely have been more considerate to have made other arrangements about the trusteeship—some older man, some family friend, not necessarily me, some trust company."

"You forget. I was doing an illegal, perhaps even a criminal act. I had to cover my tracks."

"Not from me—their legal adviser. You are frank with me. You seem to understand that I consider your theft, as you call it, justified. Why not have trusted me before?"

"Why should I?" Neale asked. "I chose my way of making this gift."

"May I tell why, quite frankly?" the lawyer asked as he leaned forward, fixing his eyes on his visitor. "You found securities, not money. You found more than you have given up. You dared not hand over securities to Miss Burnleigh or her mother because you retained others of the same kind. When you would try to sell yours a village constable would have known that they came from the same treasure-trove. Mrs. Benson had a moral, almost a legal claim. You had none. So you invented this ingenious idea of a trusteeship."

Neale nodded almost indifferently.

"You protect yourself doubly," the lawyer continued. "If Mrs. Benson lifts a finger you can withold the interest, you can deprive her of the principal. At the slightest effort to use force to compel you to disgorge, you can tie up the property in a knot so tight that nobody but lawyers will get anything for years."

Neale smiled. "Your clients," he said, "solely through my good will have all that is coming to them, and more. There is a proverb about gift horses."

"Mr. Neale," the lawyer retorted, speaking with great earnestness, "I have not threatened. I do not intend to. Frankly, I dare not. You have a good side to you. I see no reason, except your own sense of fairness, that you should have given up half a million dollars. On the other hand, you seem quite willing to live under the odious suspicion of having taken what does not belong to you. Now, I put it to your

(Continued on Page 77)

What becomes of the empty tobacco tins?

"Say it with empties," seems to be the sentiment of certain pipe-smokers

Of course, to most people an empty tobacco tin is just something to throw away. But there are exceptions.

Every so often some member of the Edgeworth Club writes in to tell of a novel use to which he puts his Edgeworth "empties."

A railroad fireman started a pile of Edgeworth tins on the American desert as a sort of shrine, he says. Passengers and employees, according to his story, caught the spirit and the pile grew fast.

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A telegraph operator says he uses Edgeworth tins as amplifiers for the Morse code that comes in over his various wires.

Still another use is brought to light by Mr. L. C. Quinn of New York. He says

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As a member of the Edgeworth Club, I want to tell you of a little scheme I have to help the game along. When I take the last pipeful from the blue can, I always set it up in some conspicuous place where it may be seen by passengers on the subway or elevated platforms, or in an office window where passersby may have their attention mately drawn to this very good smoking tobacco, which I have been using for eleven years. Maybe other members of the Club would like to follow suit when they have an opportunity.

Yours very truly,
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(Continued from Page 75)

better side. Are you the proper person to hold a whip over a lady of the standing of Mrs. Benson? Can I, as a friend of the family, see you controlling the purse strings for Miss Burnleigh? Who are you? What is your history? Who are your friends?"

"Miss Burnleigh," was the answer, "may have her capital for the asking. As for Mrs. Benson, I will retire at any moment she wishes it, but only if the new trust is on the same terms as the old."

"Extraordinary! Several questions not answered, I note."

Neale produced his card and referred nonchalantly to his bankers at Chicago and Helena.

"Ask them," he said loftily, "or the people about Brule Sioux."

"Come," said Mr. Holder. He led his perplexing visitor to his room, where he watched with intent curiosity the greetings exchanged by the two young people. Stella eager, warmly cordial; the youth pleasantly friendly; Mrs. Benson, who had returned, very subdued, for her.

"Mr. Neale," the lawyer said, "agrees with me that there are strong reasons for a change of trustees. It is up to you two. We can settle it now."

Mrs. Benson stepped forward and took the floor.

"Fair enough," she drawled. "I will take my money and I am the natural trustee for my daughter."

"I fear, Jane," said Billy Holder dryly, "that is hardly what Mr. Neale meant."

She flamed at Paul Neale, this beautifully dressed experienced lady; and indeed there seemed reason. Standing by the side of the dignified lawyer he looked absurdly young. Was this boy to run her life for her, to dictate her breakfast foods and decide her frocks? Who was he to deny her her own money to do with as she chose? His name was not even in the Social Register. She stamped her foot as she got more angry at his calm silence. Emboldened by the surroundings, by the presence of her lawyer, she railed at him. He only looked at her; not staring as though embarrassed, but winking naturally. Stella's interruptions, the lawyer's gestures availed nothing; but Neale's immobility achieved ultimate silence.

"I might as well stand on Broadway and howl at the Woolworth Building," Mrs. Benson cried in despair.

Stella's voice came in pleasant soothing contrast to her mother's sharp staccato notes. "I hope, Mr. Neale," she said, stepping forward, "that you will take on the charge of my money."

"Stella," the lawyer cried, "think!"

Stella smiled. "Mr. Neale is entitled to that much confidence," she said. "After all he has done for us," she added scornfully, "it would be a fine return, wouldn't it, even to seem to doubt him?"

"So it would, I quite agree," Mrs. Benson said in sudden complete change of front. "Take my money, too, Mr. Neale. Then we can call you the agent of the Burnleigh estate, can't we, and we won't have that ridiculous word 'trustee' tacked on to you. You are much too young for that, you know."

"A heavy burden for Mr. Neale," the lawyer interposed. "Perhaps, Mr. Neale, you would prefer not to assume it?"

"How could I refuse now?" Neale asked. "It is the wish of both ladies."

"But you will file a bond?" came the quick question.

"Of course, if you wish."

"The cost will be heavy for so considerable an amount. Do you propose to charge it against the estate?"

"It will cost practically nothing," was the prompt answer. "I will deposit securities of my own to the full amount."

Mr. Holder flung out his hands. He had done all he could.

Mrs. Benson glanced from her daughter to Paul Neale. "Stella," she said, "our other business needn't keep you. Mr. Neale, please put her in a taxi while I have a word with Mr. Holder."

"Won't you all," said the calmly triumphant young man, "come and have dinner with me tonight?"

"A jolly idea, a celebration," Mrs. Benson cried. "Do come, Billy. You'll often be meeting the agent of the Burnleigh estate, you know, and now is a good beginning."

The lawyer bowed an unwilling assent.

"At seven, then," Paul Neale said as he went out with Stella.

"Why, Jane, why?" Billy asked in hot protest. "You had your chance."

"Oh, Billy, I surrendered yesterday and forgot. I lost my temper just now. It doesn't matter. He doesn't care what I say." Mrs. Benson walked up and down, clenching and unclenching her fists; the rouge on her cheeks was bordered all round by a different shade of red. "Four people know," she said in a voice made guttural by suppressed anger. "Three won't tell and the other must be muzzled."

"My dear old girl," Billy Holder said in a voice of impressive gravity, "you may pay too high a price. The world will be lenient, even sympathetic. A woman so shamefully deceived——"

"Nonsense, Billy. Hear my dearest friend, Nellie St. John, talking for my world. 'Poor old Jane,' Mrs. Benson mimicked. 'Kept for ten years by that rich old man; pretending she was fooled, dining us at cost in the family restaurant in the day when it was smart; well, I for one, won't turn her down; I'll see her, sometimes, quietly.'"

Holder's hands were on her shoulders, and his face was expressing the affection that had existed since her early girlhood.

"Better the alienation of your friends than the hard domination of an adventurer," he said gently.

"You know me," she cried. "Cold-shouldered? I might stand that. I could travel. But a pauper besides? Oh, no, no! My money seems safe. My secret must be made safe. I say, do you remember The Polish Jew? In that play an innkeeper killed a man and married his daughter to the policeman to buy his silence. Well—Billy—he's trustee, all right, now, but that padlock's not strong enough."

The lawyer, removing his hands from her shoulders, seemed to push her almost rudely away.

"You're not serious. You can't be." His face was very stern.

"He's rich. He can put up nearly half a million in securities."

"The final proof of guilt. I told you it was obvious to any man of business that he had found more than he gave you. I charged him with it. He practically asked what I was going to do about it. Now he puts up his theft to secure yours. Jane, Jane, be careful."

She faced him, quiet now and almost normal. "The more reason, Billy," she drawled. "A family affair, all equally involved; if he's not in the Rogues' Gallery I shall marry him to Stella."

"Oh, shame—to throw her away on a crook—to wreck her life."

"Nonsense. Some marriages are less tragic than others; no one hopes for more these days."

His face cleared as he tugged his mustache. "I forget always," he said; "I think as we thought fifty years ago. A mother can no longer deliver the goods, Jane."

"He wants it; that explains him."

"There is no other apparent motive," the lawyer admitted regretfully.

"And she? Well, she's a long time getting into the taxi, isn't she?"

And then the young man whose destiny had been shaped for him came into the room.

They spent half an hour in preparing the documents necessary for the legal disinterment and removal of the remains of the late John Bates Benson.

"I have had a new name plate prepared," said the manager of the Burnleigh estate. "I will go up with the motor hearse and find a chance to exchange. The casket will go marked John Bates Benson and arrive as Johann Bitte Bintzen."

"You think of everything," said Mrs. Benson in a voice of awe.

VI

THE summer passed swiftly. Paul Neale, unknown to Stella, made a business of pleasure. He attempted nothing in her presence or in that of her friends as a beginner. He said nothing of his little New Jersey cottage where he paid for lessons in lawn tennis and where he kept two horses. He was silent about his golf practice, his lessons in bridge, his daily practice with the shotgun. He studied books on games, on riding, on preserving pheasants, on hunting with the hounds; thus he learned the language of sport. He got lean and tough and sun baked, working harder than any farmer; one may jog along with the plow, but not with a racket. He never rested, even when with Stella, and that was not oftener than twice a week. He seemed to rest then, but his unwearied brain was alertly taking in the phrases, the accents, the point of view of her and her friends.

He was consciously absorbing the atmosphere of luxury and wealth, and his aim was to breathe the rarefied air in and out with an absolutely natural manner. He was liked in the country club, to which Stella had introduced him. He had a striking appearance, a naturally good manner, plenty of money and the disposition to spend it. His hospitality was unbounded, in good taste and by no means indiscriminate. Guided by Stella and his own keen observation, he gave dinners and dances at the club to the right people. He gave little attention to men, but was unwearied in paying court to women, selecting those who were socially powerful, especially if they had international connections.

To some, this Westerner from Montana was a snob and a climber; to Stella, who listened with heightened color and eager interest to the confidences of this promising pupil, he was a romantic seeker after something more than empty pleasure. He was believed by her to be absorbed in the management of his property, and she thought his progress in the social graces astounding. One Saturday he came to the club with a racket. He was not more than fair, but his method was good and his service promising; he was far from ridiculous. Another day he brought golf clubs and got round in two figures. Asked by the friends whom Stella was visiting to spend the week-end, his bridge was declared beyond average. On the Sunday he paid absorbed attention to Mlle. Jeanne de la Clos, a very pretty French girl. To this vivacious guest, whose English was limited, he flung scraps of her own language, learned sentence by sentence, not word by word. The method is useful for a traveler but limited for flirtation, and her peals of laughter rang out.

On the porch in the evening Stella was cool, and she sat silent and nettled that her mood passed unnoticed. She found that by degrees her ruffled spirits were soothed, and she awoke to see herself interested and responsive. That night in reverie she asked herself if she cared to win Paul Neale. Vagrant flittings of fancy such as this had lightly swept across her brain about other young men. These cloudlets form in the mists of the subconscious mind of all girls, and often float into nothingness, leaving not even a memory; but Stella recalled the question in the morning and asked it again of herself in the bright light of day. She snatched covert glances at Paul Neale across the breakfast table as she lifted her eyes from her mother's surprising letter.

Written from Newport in exuberant mood, it hinted at a windfall and asked Stella to join her mother in an autumn trip to London. This first evidence in a lifetime of a desire for her company touched the girl profoundly. She was eager to respond to this unexpected advance—and yet she glanced at Paul Neale. Her mother in prosperity did not need her, moved in a rackety set always which did not interest her and rushed from one idle pleasure to another from sheer fear of being alone for an evening. Stella was conscious of regret that her

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LAURA LA PLANTE IN "THE MIDNIGHT SUN"

LAURA LA PLANTE has had her big chance in the brilliant Russian drama, ***"The Midnight Sun,"*** and I leave it to you lovers of good movies to pass judgment on her work. My own opinion is that it is artistic to a degree, and that she has scaled the heights of stardom beyond question.

Moreover, her associates in the picture, able as they were known to be, have added greatly to their reputations, particularly PAT O'MALLEY, as the Grand Duke; GEORGE SEIGMANN, one of the greatest "villains" on the screen, as the banker, and the promising young actor, RAYMOND KEANE, as the young lieutenant. All three men are in love with a dancer in the Imperial Ballet. She is in love with one, and he the least of the trio in prominence and power.

The picture is a succession of brilliant scenes, gorgeous uniforms, beautiful costumes. It is intensely dramatic from the moment it opens in the court to an exciting chase at sea. The direction is by DIMITRI BUCHOWETZKI, who was thoroughly familiar with the Russian Court under the reign of the late Czar, and he has reproduced the court and its life to the letter.

Pictures you *must* see: ***"The Flaming Frontier"*** with HOOT GIBSON, DUSTIN FARNUM, ANNE CORNWALL and others; REGINALD DENNY in ***"What Happened to Jones," "Skinner's Dress Suit"*** and ***"Rolling Home"***; GEORGE SIDNEY and CHARLIE MURRAY with VERA GORDON in ***"The Cohens and Kellys."*** And of course—***"The Phantom of the Opera"*** with LON CHANEY, MARY PHILBIN and NORMAN KERRY.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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pupil across the table had made such brilliant progress. It surprised her to think of his ever-widening circle of acquaintances, of his popularity, of his autumn engagements. It gave her pleasure to reflect that he was asked to all the country houses to which she was invited.

She had been indifferent to know that people were watching progress with interest; now, she felt suddenly glad that her world coupled the name of Paul Neale with hers. He needed her still, she said to herself; he was not firmly established; and what about those deeper aspirations so carefully hidden from all but her, for a richer culture and for the joy o' life? She had taught him to play. She believed that, not knowing that he had secretly worked at learning with the intense and concentrated labor that big men give to big business.

As for that other will-o'-the-wisp, they had many an intimate talk about it and what it was and whether it could be captured; and as their moods varied, so did they agree sometimes that it meant nothing more than radiant health without brains or conscience, and sometimes that living entirely for others was the road to it. Sometimes they agreed that it had existed among the Polynesians before the white man came, but had vanished from earth. The night before, Paul Neale had said that talking about happiness—which nobody ever seemed to do nowadays—might not bring you to it, but that it was a mighty interesting subject anyway. "We are searching for it hand in hand," he had said, but he had not taken her hand, and these dangerous words had been denatured by the amiable good will of their utterance.

Stella resolved not to accept her mother's invitation, and folded up the letter. An unnoted postscript overleaf said that an invitation had also been sent to Paul Neale. As she was bidding him good-by she told him.

"Like a shot," he responded. "I can easily get away." He showed extreme pleasure. "I shall enjoy it," he exclaimed.

He left without asking Stella if she was going and she wrote a refusal. She later reflected that he must be taking her inclusion as a matter of course, and she accepted. Afterward she decided that he had not cared whether she went or not; all the same she mailed her acceptance. She was very quiet, very grave, through that day, as she went over their meetings in the vain effort to find one comment, one glance, that hinted that he sought more than friendship.

She knew definitely now what this hand-in-hand search meant for her; and was she not still his teacher?

Stella joined her mother in New York a few days later, and was greatly pleased at the improvement in health and appearance wrought by widowhood and freedom from money cares.

"Jane," she cried in the manner most approved by her mother, "you look like a lovely stick of lemon candy"; and indeed yellows were most artfully used in the dress and hat. They chatted of happenings during their weeks of separation and the name of Paul Neale often came up. The delicate probe in the hands of the flighty mother was never apparent, but she was forced to the conclusion that nothing had happened; Stella was much too open and friendly about him. For once in her life Mrs. Benson deliberately checked her exuberance, and thought she was underpraising the young man. She had never seen anyone improve so much in tone and manner as he had, she said. He was a "frightfully good sort." He had paid all her debts and handed over nine thousand in cash out of some mysterious fifty thousand he had laid aside somehow. He had done her a lot of little kindnesses. He was taking all the trouble of this European trip off her shoulders. She slipped these commendations into her talk here and there and listened with regret to candid and equable return praise of this paragon. "I am simply delighted that he is going with us," she said, completely changing her tactics. "He will make the perfect courier."

"Jane!" Stella flushed, hot with anger.

"True, old girl. No reflection on him. Clever, I call it. He pays—pays well."

"For what, pray?"

"For the use of your charming shoulders, dear child. By your own account, you have toted him everywhere. He's inside now, with a solid status. I speak with more truth than elegance when I say that he climbed there on your back."

"Jane, you are offensive."

"Oh, la-la! That youth is going far—right to the top. You've placed him on this side of the water. We'll place him on the other. He foresees that, expects it. Why else would he go? Not for love of me—nor you."

"You belittle him," Stella flamed. "He's made you independent and now you patronize him. He tries for the best in everything and is no snob."

"I'm praising him," the mother asserted, and changed the subject. She was pleased, but not convinced. Her silly daughter often flared when she gibed at people.

Mrs. Benson went reluctantly to Billy Holder's summons; since he had spoken so strongly about the proposed marriage she had not been near him.

"Do you remember," he asked, "this Neale's speaking of Johann Bitte Bintzen? He had the name pat. He might have got it in a dozen ways, but it set me to thinking. I looked up Benson's employes. This Neale was with Mr. Benson over in that Jersey City laboratory for years, from his early boyhood, trusted, a confidential helper."

"Well, Billy, what of that?" asked Mrs. Benson, playing with her fan.

"My dear Jane! What of that? Instead of being an accidental thief, tempted by a find, he becomes an embezzler who loots an estate before his employer is cold in his grave. You appear on the scene. He knows you of course. He thinks it over and decides to buy your silence with one-quarter of the swag."

"One-quarter?" She was startled. "How do you know that?"

"Two million disappeared without a trace. You remember?"

"Yes—yes."

"Well, I think the lot was pouched up there in Vermont. The thief cashed in a lot of government bonds at Hartford."

"Billy! Your inquiries didn't excite suspicion, I hope."

The lawyer shook his head.

"Well," Mrs. Benson demanded, "what can I do about it?"

Mr. Holder flung out his arms.

"Why worry then?" she asked. "He's got me bound and gagged all right."

"But this—this—shameful sacrifice of Stella?"

"Sacrifice? And the man worth a million and a half?"

"A crook—an ingrate—an embezzler."

"Billy, if honest men behaved as he does, the world would be full of angels."

"Why were those bonds buried? To rot? Oh, no. There's some writing somewhere."

"Destroyed by Neale, of course," Mrs. Benson acutely retorted. "Unless he was sure there was no clew, he would not have sold them openly at Hartford. He would not have stayed in this country. Billy, you've given me one and a half million more reasons for the marriage. It has to be. This must be made a family affair. I want that youth chained to the hearthstone. I want to see him around. I want to know always what he's up to."

"You are taking a heavy responsibility. You are introducing him, vouching for him."

"I am doing more. I am taking him to England."

"He'll try something else—and end in prison."

"So be it. What you can't grasp and won't remember is this: That this boy has outwitted us all, that he has Stella and me chained to his chariot wheel, that if he smashes we smash, that my only way is to get all control of him I can. I'll tell you more when I come back from Europe. Good-by, Billy."

He usually kissed her; today his hand no more than touched hers. She left contented, for she knew that in following always the easy path Billy Holder had lost moral courage; he would never warn Stella.

Fear for her income, for her secret, invested Mrs. Benson with a sense of responsibility. She developed an interest in Stella's doings, which brought instant response. She showed none of that childish vein of jealousy of her daughter which had always spoiled their lives when together. She treated Paul Neale as she might have treated a son. On the voyage to England she developed democratic sentiments. She no longer spoke of the lower classes; a man was what he made himself. As they entered Southampton Water she said, "It's a pity, Stella, that your out-of-date aristocratic prejudice won't bend in this new age. He has every good quality except family. Yet you fend him off."

Startled, Stella rallied to hide her secret. She laughed.

"Do you want it?" she asked. "Why?"

"Stella," her mother cried, "I will not let a young man like that get out of the family. If you don't, I will. Oh, don't despise me as a rival. Stranger things have happened. You have youth. I have experience. Go to it, youth, or one day experience may walk in on his arm and say, 'My child, call him father.'"

The words were absurd enough, but the manner was serious.

To a girl who has failed in the course of an ocean voyage to turn a friend into a lover, these words were lashes on a raw skin.

Stella squared herself for a row as she made tart answer.

"I cannot lend you youth," she said, "but you could give me experience."

She saw the indignant flush, the signs of the checked retort.

"I can gladly give if I know that it is wanted," her mother said softly.

"Sorry, Jane, I was rude." She added indifferently, shaking her head, "I love him as a brother."

"We shall lose him then. That is not what he wants."

"Oh," Stella cried, forgetting to guard, "has he said anything to you? What has he said?"

"My dear Stella, in business the boy's a lion, in love a hare. He simply worships you. Everybody's noticed it."

"Except me," she laughed. "You, a fond mother, working off a daughter! Not your rôle, Jane."

"You never can tell, Stella, what new responsibilities I may take on. You'll see me doing it tonight all right." This was the thousandth cryptic allusion in the course of three weeks, but Stella, knowing her mother's love of mystery, never asked questions.

In the London train, some hours later, Stella found keen pleasure in introducing Paul Neale to the green fields of Hampshire, the timbered houses of the distant villages, the spreading oaks, the towers of Winchester, but she never mentioned elms. At their hotel of splendor in London she was disappointed to learn that Paul Neale was not expected to dine with them on their first night in England.

"Much too expensive." Stella's protest against the extravagant suite was met by a laugh.

"I told you I had shaken the pagoda tree," her mother cried. "I'm busy all the afternoon. Find me a maid; French, if you can. Do you mind? And, Stella, dinner at eight in the dining room. Dress early and then you can entertain my guest while I change."

"Let it be so." Stella chuckled at her mother's suppressed excitement, at the veil of childish mystery. "*À bientôt*, kid," she said as her beautifully dressed mother hurried away.

(Continued on Page 80)

All America Has Taken The Incomparable Chrysler To Its Heart

The Chrysler "70" sells itself every time it exhibits its dashing appearance on road or highway. The contrast between it and other cars is so marked that the desire to own one is bred then and there.

But that desire is as nothing compared to the delight induced later on. For the Chrysler is just as far beyond comparison in other qualities as it is in looks. Just to sit in the car and look about reveals first a quality all Americans love—compactness, conservation of space, dynamic symmetry, artistry and a complete elimination of unnecessary elements.

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CHRYSLER "70"—*Phaeton, $1395; Coach, $1445; Roadster, $1625; Sedan, $1695; Royal Coupe, $1795; Brougham, $1865; Royal Sedan, $1995; Crown Sedan, $2095. Disc wheels optional.*

CHRYSLER "58"—*Touring Car, $845; Roadster Special, $890; Club Coupe, $895; Coach, $935; Sedan, $995. Disc wheels optional. Hydraulic four-wheel brakes at slight extra cost.*

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An attractive perforated design. Beautifully nickel plated. Equipped with a nationally known guaranteed cooking glass, with engraved lid.

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141-151 S. Fifth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 78)

At six o'clock Stella was back with an English maid, lent by Stella's friend, Lady Almondsbury. At seven, luggage was announced. "But ours is all up," Stella said; then she saw her mother's name on a tag. "In there." She pointed to the third bedroom. She was highly amused as she inspected these luxurious trappings, obviously foreign, the dressing bag coroneted, another with an undecipherable crest, some with Paris labels, one with an almost illegible "Wien." What rich friend of her mother's was joining them? She could not guess. As she dressed she pictured an artificial middle-aged dame, very welcome because there would be more time for Paul.

At quarter to eight, a girl came swirling in. "Stella," she cried, extending her hand, "I am Katinka."

Stella's swift survey of this pretty, smiling beautifully dressed stranger hardly delayed her murmured reply: "At last, Katinka."

"Mrs. Benson—oh, but she is charming—will be an hour late. You and I are to dine together. How jolly."

"Ripping," Stella agreed. "Here's your room."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SUNRISE

(Continued from Page 33)

him he could catch a glimpse of the red torchlight on the forest path. The morning star had paled a little. He could not be sure that the sky was brightening. How near was dawn? He could form no idea. The only thing he felt sure of was that they knew—these approaching worshipers: their ritual would be timed so that whatever it was they did would come to a climax just as the sun shot up above the sea.

The time had come for him to conceal himself. Peering about him, he could now make out the three great rectangular openings of the caves; but he did not dare hide there, for they would almost certainly form a part of the ceremony. He felt his way to the edge of the jungle and stepped within its curtain.

Now he could see that the great torch must be mounting the stairway; its smoky red light flickered over the face of the idol so that the stone seemed to waver and smirk. Mayne's heart gave a sickening leap as Antonia began to rise into his sight. On her head was an enormous erection of feathers that rippled down her back, feathers of every shade—green, yellow, blue and red—and round her was a long feathered cloak of the same soft brilliance. As first her head and then her shoulders and then her whole body came into view, she had the effect to Mayne of slowly soaring upward like a great bird. Immediately behind her came the torch, held in the hand of the strangest figure Mayne had ever seen—colossal in proportions—a man up to the shoulders, with the head of a huge beaked bird—a figure like a god on an Egyptian tomb, except that this one wore a kilt of feathers.

Mayne had seen these painted clay heads many times, had even seen them in use in our Southwestern states; but Molpili's tall figure, thus capped, was terrifying and menacing. Mayne slipped his hand back and freed the grip of his revolver from its case.

Only these two figures mounted the stairs; the rest of the worshipers remained below, softly thudding on their drums and occasionally shaking their rattles. Antonia and the great bird-headed figure faced each other across the altar. Mayne could see her face—and the thing he saw on it was terror—terror that has passed beyond anything but a sort of wondering surprise—the expression he had so often seen on the faces of men struck by a bullet in the war. He drew his revolver, and at that instant Molpili reversed the torch, extinguishing it in the earth.

The darkness in contrast seemed for a second or two complete—inky.

Then he heard Antonia's voice ring out, speaking in English.

"No, no, I do not want to die!" she cried. He called her name quickly again and again, and she ran to him in the dark, found him and clung to him.

"I cannot die!" she said over and over again. "I cannot, I cannot! I am afraid!" She hid her face in his shoulder and all her plumage fell softly about him.

The figure of Molpili, towering a foot and a half above Mayne—and Mayne was a tall man—could now be seen in the dawn approaching them. He was unarmed except for the knife in his hand—a long thin blade of chipped black obsidian, like a fine slender leaf. Mayne's revolver controlled the situation.

"*Cuidado, hombre!*" he said.

The three stood there in silence. They were far enough back of the idol to be entirely out of sight of the Indians below, who probably supposed that the pause was due to some necessary magic which would end in the glorious return of the sun.

A great rumbling of Indian words came from the bird's head, and Antonia, still clinging to Mayne's shoulder, interpreted:

"He says that a sacrifice is required—that the life of the tribe depends on it—that the sun will not rise."

"The sun will rise, Antonia," said Mayne with a firmness, which he remembered afterward with shame, that he was far from feeling: for at the moment it seemed to him that this strange pale-gray unnatural light was stationary—an eternal twilight. "Go and stand where they can see you. It will be only a few minutes now. I will take charge of Molpili."

Again a rumbling from the clay head: "The sun will not rise without sacrifice. There is no rebirth without death—it cannot be."

Antonia looked questioningly at Mayne. He pointed to the east. "Look!" he said. The faintest possible pink began to flood the sky, leaving the sea a menacing slate color. It spread rapidly, grew brighter before their eyes.

"It is not the sun," said Molpili passionately. "It is the last great conflagration. The world is to be destroyed by fire—it is approaching. Woman, you have betrayed the whole world."

Afterward, when Mayne described the scene—the enormous half-baked figure with the head like a skull as to the great black eye sockets, like a bird as to the beak between the eyes; the tall brown stone idol, its elaborately carved garments and its calm, sophisticated Oriental face; the sense of expectation and fear in the unseen group below; the strange light of dawn, always an unfamiliar illumination, but doubly so in unknown latitudes, stealing upward so that leaf by leaf the complex pattern of the jungle began to stand out—afterward, Mayne always told how his belief in the ordered sequence of day and night had been almost shaken by that great booming voice issuing from so strange a headpiece. But, as a matter of fact, his belief was for a second utterly shaken, and he, too, was assailed by a terrible doubt as to whether the sun would ever rise again; but was enough in control of himself to laugh.

"Go and tell your friends that the sun will be up in five minutes," he said, and he gave her a little push toward the altar. "And I'll guarantee that you make good on your promise."

She still hesitated. "If it doesn't they will tear me to pieces," she murmured, but she obeyed. She took her stand between the altar and the idol, and spoke to the people below.

Silence fell on Mayne and Molpili. It seemed to Mayne as if all the primitive fears of the world were concentrated in that huge bird-headed figure, and as if he himself, a feeble champion of reason, were defending the safety of the world—defending it by believing that the sun would rise—was even then rising.

The forest began to wake, the idol began to cast a shadow—a long shadow that fell back to the caves and their circle of short grotesque stone statues. Yes, the clouds above the horizon were turning crimson—were edged with gold, and suddenly over the rim of the sea, like a huge red balloon, the sun itself began to emerge.

Antonia, with such joy on her face as he had never seen, cried out to him, "The sun, the sun, Luis!"

The great bird head turned toward the east in silence. The sun hung an instant on the horizon and then seemed to clear it with a bound. The worshipers below could not see it as yet, but they saw the light on the face of the idol and let loose all their joy, in shouts and drummings and whistlings and rattles—a wild tumult of gratitude and delight. The world was saved, the sun had risen, a new cycle had begun.

Molpili put up his hands, lifted the great mask from his head, and raising it to the full reach of his arms, dashed it on the ground, where it shattered in pieces. He spoke three bitter words in his own tongue.

"What was it he said?" Mayne asked.

"He said there are no gods," replied Antonia.

"Thank God, there are not his gods," replied Mayne, unconscious of a somewhat strange form of words.

Presently, when the joy of the Indians below had spent itself, Antonia dismissed them, and they went straggling back to the farm. Then she spoke to Molpili, who stood immovable, staring before him. He did not answer her; he did not give any sign of having heard her.

She and Mayne left him alone at the foot of the idol.

They went in silence down the long flight of stairs, between the two stone serpents' heads, along the path that led first through the jungle and then out through the banana plantation. They passed down one of the alleys between the great plants—the long leaves, fringed by the winds, met over their heads—and then they came out on the clearing about the gray house, with its veranda running all round it. They reached the steps in silence. The question Mayne longed to ask seemed cruel. Suffering, which always makes the old look older and the young younger, had made her look like a pale wan child; and her strange costume added the suggestion that in all innocence she had been playing a game which had somehow turned into a tragedy. She went silently into the house and upstairs, trailing her bright cloak.

It was almost startling to see a breakfast table set—a checked red-and-white table cover, the familiar tin of evaporated cream without which no breakfast table in the tropics is complete. Then a door opened and the old Indian woman entered, carrying a large blue agate coffeepot. It was hard to believe that the night had ever been.

"Good morning, Atla," he said, in Spanish. "You don't seem to take much interest in festivals."

She grunted. Her Spanish was not fluent, but it was sufficient to express her contempt.

"Ceremonies!" she returned. "New ways that men find to be idle."

"And the gods?" asked Mayne. "Don't you care for the gods?"

She shook her head. "Men invent them for their own amusement," she answered. "We women have enough to do taking care of the world as it is." And she waddled back to the kitchen.

"Well," said Mayne to himself, "there's the low-down on that."

(Continued on Page 82)

Why Your Studebaker Dealer

Pledge to the Public
on Used Car Sales

1 All used cars offered to the public shall be honestly represented.

If a car is suitable only for a mechanic who can rebuild it, or for some one who expects only a few months' rough usage on a camping trip, it must be sold on that basis. Each car must be sold for just what it is.

2 All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.

This is possible because tremendous reserve mileage has been built into every Studebaker, which it is impossible to exhaust in years.

3 Every used car is conspicuously marked with its price in plain figures, and that price, just as the price of our new cars, is rigidly maintained.

The public can deal in confidence and safety only with the dealer whose policy is "one price only—the same price to all." For, to sell cars on this basis, every one of them must be honestly priced to begin with.

4 Every purchaser of a used car may drive it for five days, and then, if not satisfied for any reason, turn it back and apply the money paid as a credit on the purchase of any other car in stock—new or used.

It is assumed, of course, that the car has not been smashed up by collision or other accident in the meantime.

Not only to the public, but also to The Studebaker Corporation of America, whose cars we sell, we pledge adherence to the above policy in selling used cars.

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Name	Mileage
Geo. Stauffer, Fremont, Pa.	[illegible]
John W. Hunter, Salamanca, N. Y.	[illegible]
C. [illegible], Salamanca, N. Y.	[illegible]
Ross Tout, Salamanca, N. Y.	103,722
David R. Abrams, Northville, N. Y.	138,000
Otis Lawrence, Johnson, N. Y.	[illegible]
[illegible], [illegible], N. Y.	[illegible]
Henry Cooper, Postmaster, Minn.	[illegible]
Bert Evans, Hemmingford, N. J.	[illegible]
F. L. Morrell, Dexter, Me.	134,000
[illegible], Kern, Lakefield, Calif.	[illegible]
Anderson Stage, Mojave, Calif.	[illegible]
[illegible] W. Rob[illegible], Tipton, Ariz.	[illegible]
F. E. Speer, Dodge City, Kans.	100,300
Frank Freeman, Dodge City, Kans.	100,000
Lee Spence, Monmouth, Ill.	130,000
W. H. White, Pasadena, Calif.	300,000
Thos. L. Medaugh, Pasadena, Calif.	225,000
H. R. Taylor, Pasadena, Calif.	110,300
Walter Mushrush, Pasadena, Calif.	125,000
Police Dept., Pasadena, Calif.	150,000
A. W. Schaffer, Pasadena, Calif.	100,000
F. H. Whitney, Buffalo, N. Y.	150,000
Dr. Emanuel Munoz, N. D.	100,000
Albert Dienne, Seattle, Wash.	146,000
E. Benning, Seattle, Wash.	135,000
[illegible] A. Adams, Everett, Wash.	120,000
Wm. Moore, Ontario, Calif.	150,000
J. Lawrence Lee, Jefferson, N. Y.	400,000
F. A. Casper, Malden, W. Va.	102,264
H. D. Nees, Southport, Pa.	155,000
Pa[illegible] 343 Sta[illegible] Ave., Pa.	145,000
T. F. Tompkins, New Brighton, N. Y.	100,000
Dawson Garage, Pueblo, Colo.	103,000
Richardson & Smith, Devils Lake, N. D.	100,000
Alex Noman, Superior, Wis.	185,184
W. L. Brown, Waterville, Maine	105,000
C. W. Ewin, Waterville, Maine	100,000
Shaw's Transportation Co., [illegible], Utah	130,000
John [illegible], Portland, Ore.	132,000
C. E. Dickens, Sidney, Ohio	218,000
S. O. Evans, Sidney, Ohio	150,000
[illegible] Robinson, Santa Paula, Calif.	247,792
F. J. Paul, Orange, Calif.	170,000
C. [illegible] Beach, Fremont, Ohio	235,000
Jerome Fisher [illegible]cyrus, Ohio	224,000
Ray Lon[illegible], Bucyrus, Ohio	100,000
[illegible] Lucas, Westminster, Md.	125,000
John Henshaw, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.	261,000

Name	Mileage
J. F. Baker, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.	180,641
George Ives, Gouverneur, N. Y.	110,000
Sm[illegible] Co., [illegible] Paint St., Chamberlain, Ohio	100,000
Cannon Ball Transportation Co., Portsmouth, Ohio	100,000
Scott Lee Motor Co., Mason City, Iowa	257,286
[illegible] Tarr[illegible], Mason City, Iowa	135,284
Merchants Carting Oil, [illegible], N. Y.	125,000
Frank Reynolds, Lockport, N. Y.	117,000
Dan Wood, Clark, S. D.	150,000
Kuehl & Ruff Auto Co., Georgetown, Ark.	125,268
Dan Wood, Jack, S. D.	150,000
Oscar Hoogheem, Clark, S. D.	100,000
Fred Schlegel, Clark, S. D.	100,000
Hans Thode, Mesa, Ariz.	131,000
Otto Neuman, Baltimore, Md.	144,000
Jack [illegible]ady, Baltimore, Md.	115,170
Fred H[illegible]rrison, [illegible]ghton, Neb.	113,492
Hare Decker, Horn Lake, N. Y.	117,000
Harry Speedler, New Haven, [illegible]onn.	170,000
R. F. [illegible]ndon, Indianapolis, Ind.	130,000
R. E. Francis, Indianapolis, Ind.	120,000
W. [illegible]ver, Houston, Texas	100,000
W. [illegible]ver, Houston, Texas	101,000
Welch [illegible]ver, Houston, Texas	100,000
A. F. Ferr[illegible], Houston, Texas	150,000
S. K. Wheeler, Holyoke, Mass.	115,000
John Shea, Holyoke, Mass.	100,000
Chas. Kluge, Avona, Ho[illegible], Mass.	100,000
Dr. T. F. Ho[illegible], Miami, Fla.	300,000
M. Snyder, Miami, Fla.	300,000
Ft. Madison Fire Car, Ft. Madison, Ia.	340,000
John Snyder, Joplin, Mo.	300,000
John Snyder, Joplin, Mo.	140,000
John Snyder, Joplin, Mo.	140,000
D. W. Neer, Ashland, Ohio	250,000
R. A. Ebey, Ashland, Ohio	100,000
W. [illegible] Ebey, Ashland, Ohio	100,000
Stilwell Auto Livery, Los Angeles, Calif.	100,000
Stilwell Auto Livery, Los Angeles, Calif.	100,000
F. K. Eaton, Rosewood, Calif.	120,000
Rogers-Robertson & Penoker, Mich.	118,346
Ed. Oberg, Merrill, Wis.	118,401
E. J. Tourtelot, Benton Harbor, Mich.	165,000

Name	Mileage
Joseph Scott, Rhinebeck, N. Y.	200,000
Chas. Covert, Benton, N. Y.	150,000
Jack Lankford, Greenville, Tex.	150,000
[illegible] V. Frank, Winslow, Ariz.	140,148
Russell Freer, Highland, N. Y.	200,000
[illegible] McFall, N. Conway, N. H.	125,682
[illegible] [illegible]ch, N. Conway, N. H.	141,237
Barnes Bros., Valparaiso, Ind.	180,000
Eugene Hartline, Austin, Tex.	134,592
A. E. Lawrence, Austin, Tex.	108,000
Mrs. F. Schendel, Austin, Tex.	115,000
A. P. [illegible]nders, Frankfort, Ky.	235,000
Fred H[illegible]rson, Creighton, Neb.	161,165
Harry Ford, Sterling, Colo.	100,000
W. E. Hemming, Sterling, Colo.	100,000
Savage Bros., Uniontown, Pa.	100,000
M. F. Sypal, Brainard, Nebr.	100,000
S. B. Baker, Red Star Bus Line, Dunkirk, Ohio	150,000
L. Bamberger, Yuma, Ariz.	130,000
J. E[illegible]rger, Yuma, Ariz.	118,000
L. Funk, Ada, Okla.	107,000
Bisbee-Douglas Stage, Tucson, Ariz.	135,000
Bisbee-Douglas Stage, Tucson, Ariz.	127,000
H. [illegible]ennison, Tucson, Ariz.	300,000
Heber White, Buffalo, Mo.	140,000
E. T. Williams, Springfield, Mo.	132,000
Dr. A. J. Sergeant, Chicago, Ill.	125,000
Chas. Curley, Savanna, Ill.	100,000
Davis Allagby, Savanna, Ill.	100,000
Dan Daughton, Savanna, Ill.	100,000
J. H. [illegible], Cheshire, Mass.	150,000
Ralph Pierce, Monroe, Mass.	120,000
Oliver Mitchell, Dalton, Mass.	120,000
Joe Mooney, Highland Park, Ill.	100,000
Jens Russell, Highland Park, Ill.	100,000
Mrs. J. Sheahen, Highland Park, Ill.	103,000
E. A. Bullock, DeLand, Fla.	102,000
F. C. & F. Traction Co., Springfield, Ohio	100,000
Red Star Bus Line, Springfield, Ohio	100,000
Pendergraft Bus Line, [illegible], N. C.	100,000
Steubenville Canton Trans. Co., Steubenville, Ohio	160,000
Jefferson County, Steubenville, Ohio	108,450
Cadiz Bus Line Co., Cadiz, Ohio	135,000
Ramsey Bus Trans. Co., Waterbury, Conn.	200,000
M. Hengerer, Miami, Fla.	250,000
E. G. Palmquist, Miami, Fla.	100,000

Name	Mileage
Walter H. Goodrich, College St., New Haven, Conn.	120,000
Consumers Wood Co., Old Mission, Mich.	102,000
Rus. Heycock, Olympia, Wash.	175,107
White Line Lewiston, Me.	150,000
White Line Lewiston, Me.	146,000
R. S. Whitney, Lewiston, Me.	100,000
Aaron Anderson, Montevideo, Minn.	270,000
Pete Stalmen, Morris, Minn.	125,074
M. Howard, Sabina, Kans.	[illegible],000
Al Jennings, Sabina, Kans.	116,000
Oak Ridge [illegible], Santa Paula, Calif.	100,000
Youngstown Southern Trans. Co., [illegible] Line, [illegible]	110,000
Youngstown Southern Trans. Co., [illegible]ana, Ohio	106,000
Nat Strother, Glens Falls, N. Y.	210,237
Allen Gerlock, Memphis, Tenn.	150,000
H. Anderson, Jamestown, N. Y.	175,000
R. B. Neale, Denton, Texas	200,000
R. B. Neale, Denton, Texas	125,000
L. Langler, [illegible]ee and Ohio	110,000
Hampton Cream Co., Norfolk, Va.	118,000
Frank H. Emerich, Johnstown, Pa.	115,000
Ye[illegible]ow Cab, Benton Harbor, Mich.	105,000
Ye[illegible]ow Cab, Benton Harbor, Mich.	100,000
Richard [illegible]ame, Detroit, Mich.	[illegible],000
A. F. [illegible]n, Detroit, Mich.	100,000
J. W. [illegible]ma, San Antonio, Tex.	110,263
Capt. C. W. Tutt, San Antonio, Tex.	[illegible],431
F. M. Taylor, San Antonio, Tex.	100,000
W. C. Jackson, Anderson, Ind.	140,000
[illegible]mpton Refining Co., Santa Paula, Calif.	100,000
R. R. Wallace, Rutherford, Ill.	108,000
John Smalley, Jackson, Calif.	$38,600
Wm. Dement, Lodi, Calif.	120,000
Burton A. Towne, Lodi, Calif.	110,000
George Cross, Jeannette, Pa.	104,500
George Baughman, Avona, Pa.	110,000
George P. Thompson, Irwin, Pa.	124,490
[illegible]sburg, New Alexandria and Blairsville Bus Co.	138,000
Chas. Reese, Chicago, Ill.	100,000
E. F. Turner, Chicago, Ill.	100,000
A. F. Hoffman, Chicago, Ill.	250,000
Mann Auto Co., Liberal, Kans.	150,000
City Garage Co., Meadville, Pa.	100,000
Lawrence Anderson, South Bend, Ind.	210,110
J. R. & Harry Howbert, Lima, Ohio	100,000

Name	Mileage
William R. Jewerson, Brooklyn, N. Y.	100,000
T. A. Taylor, [illegible]ork, N. Y.	100,000
E. J. Tuttmann, Benton Harbor, Mich.	175,000
Oscar Gernert, Shillington, Pa.	[illegible],000
Ed. Oberg, Port St. Mary, Wis.	118,401
Baker & Co., Modesto, Calif.	101,050
F. D. Clements, Gateway, W. Va.	[illegible],000
R. R. Wake Burton, Hamilton, Ill.	100,000
T. S. Wright, Temple, Texas	105,000
Oak Ridge [illegible], Santa Paula, Calif.	100,000
Ike Warren, Illinois, Mich.	[illegible],000
W. F. Nanneman, Tyler, Tex.	111,000
W. F. Nanneman, Tyler, Tex.	112,000
W. E. Nanneman, Tyler, Tex.	106,150
Nathan Feldman, Kingston, N. Y.	185,000
Samuel Feldman, Kingston, N. Y.	170,500
Chas. Van Etten, Kingston, N. Y.	100,000
Sheriff [illegible]mbaugh, [illegible] E. Liverpool, Ohio	142,000
Canton-E[illegible]verpool Bus Co., E. [illegible]verpool, Ohio	200,000
Tom Bishop, Tuscola, N. Y.	[illegible],000
[illegible]orge Ward, Anson A. Dean, [illegible]ark Barger, Bristol, Ohio	114,000
H. Kerr[illegible]ton, Ohio	110,000
J. S. Truby, Dayton, Ohio	101,000
Howard & Grant, Int. Falls, Minn.	111,000
Red Top Cabs, Wichita Falls, Tex.	140,000
Red Top Cabs, Wichita Falls, Tex.	130,000
Dr. H. J. Funke, Tecumseh, Nebr.	117,000
M. P. [illegible]ssen, Terre Haute, Ind.	211,536
B. F. Dav[illegible] Bus Line, Terre Haute, Ind.	108,036
Warner Paige, Terre Haute, Ind.	103,400
W. B. Bruce, Terre Haute, Ind.	112,760
C. H. Hurd, Beaumont, Tex.	140,000
W. H. Perkins, Dallas, Tex.	125,000
Jack Snyder, Dallas, Tex.	110,000
Larry Moore, Bemidji, Minn.	100,000
Geo. Erickerson, Bemidji, Minn.	140,000
Nick Dave, Huntington, Pa.	106,456
Geo. Magula, Huntington, Pa.	105,351
A. E. DeCou, Woodbine, Ia.	120,413
Harry E. Yount, Dunlap, Ia.	120,413
Ira Mongeon, Laconia, N. H.	140,000
Robert Shelby, San Antonio, Tex.	150,000
Central Garage, Lake City, Minn.	117,000

Name	Mileage
C. A. Goff, Ironton, Minn.	116,000
H. M. Wander, Ironton, Minn.	135,000
Herbert [illegible]son, N. Y.	100,000
Johnson Co., Marshall, Tex.	115,000
Eugene Bradley, Georgetown, Ky.	107,000
H. [illegible]ge, Fremont, Ind.	120,000
Art Kent, Nauvauk, Minn.	200,000
F. O. Boggs, Nashwauk, Minn.	165,000
C. [illegible]d, Atchison, Kans.	140,000
Red Star Bus Line, Canton, Ohio	104,000
Steubenville Bus Line, Canton, O.	150,000
E. [illegible]rpe, Bus Line, Canton, O.	114,000
C. O. Hamberger, Phoenix, Ariz.	135,000
C. E. Anderson, Phoenix, Ariz.	121,000
Denver Stage Co., Denver, Colo.	103,000
B. C. Cluck, Sherman, Tex.	117,000
W. L. Thomas, Long Beach, Calif.	125,000
Hiron Phelps, Long Beach, Calif.	150,000
C. DeAngelo, Long Beach, Calif.	140,000
L. B. Dorwright, Brunswick, Ga.	194,330
J. M. Armstrong, Brunswick, Ga.	235,221
Claude Armstrong, [illegible]ewers, Ohio	175,000
F. M. Lord, Mt. Vernon, Ohio	100,000
Robert Kersey, South Bend, Ind.	115,360
Plateau Garage, South Bend, Ind.	214,140
Dan Line, Stockton, Cal.	127,000
Edward Dunn, Cheshire, Ohio	200,000
Peter Mazzeau, Waterbury, Conn.	100,000
Irving Ravino, Detroit, Mich.	140,000
G. A. Cooper, Xenia, Ohio	125,000
J. A. Landon, New Ulm, Minn.	183,000
Harry Fasnacht, Union Deposit, Pa.	146,587
A. F. Jean, Evansville, Wis.	125,000
Norman K. Stump, Akron, Ohio	156,992
C. F. [illegible]on, San Francisco, Calif.	110,200
Border Taxi Service, Nogales, Ariz.	225,000
Van Motor Co., Kingston, N. Y.	100,000
E. W. Barker, Norfolk, Va.	197,000
Service Taxi [illegible] Mt. Vernon, Ohio	350,000
H. S. Savage, Fresno, Ca.	180,000
Geo. W. Dumm, Albany, N. Y.	297,000
John P. Gartner, Fredericktown, Mo.	164,831
M. [illegible]. Parades, Taftville, Conn.	106,500
B. F. Chunn, Midland, Pa.	112,400
E. H. Brooks, E. Liverpool, Ohio Taxi	108,300
B. O. Peters, Chester, W. Va. Taxi	147,000
U. S. Price, E. Liverpool, Ohio (Taxi)	137,000

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LESS WEAR

on all moving parts so you can run your car on filtered air three to five times as long before having valves ground or motor overhauled. Filtered air also means

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because carbon is largely made up of the dust, dirt, etc., that Protectomotor filters out of the air. Filtered air reduces carbon deposits and carbon troubles 60% to 75%.

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carburetor, model

Name

Address

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(Continued from Page 80)

He sat down very wearily, lit a cigarette and waited for Antonia. She was not long She came down presently in a blue cotton dress; he had never seen her so simply and normally dressed. She sat down without a word and poured a cup of coffee for him.

"Aren't you taking any?" he asked.

"I cannot eat," she said, and he saw that her eyes had the wide-open staring look of a person who has been through a great physical shock. He was ashamed to find how delicious it all seemed to him—the toast and bacon and eggs, all cooked according to the best English traditions. "You eat and I will try to tell you—if you will listen to me." She drew a long breath and began: "You see, dear Luis, that I have within me a great need to worship. I think you cannot understand that; great and noble as you are, you have not that. When I was a child I tried to believe first in my mother's God and then in my father's."

"My dear, they were the same," said Mayne.

She shook her head. "They did not seem so to me," she returned. "I suffered, Luis. I was so little and I wanted so much to have a god. And then, after both my parents were dead, Molpili came to me with his god, and all the lovely legends of his people—my people, too, in a measure. He knew everything about the forest and the animals of the forest and about the volcanoes and the earthquakes, for, you see, his people have been here since the beginning of time. But most wonderful of all, he knew about the stars and the sun and moon, and eclipses and shooting stars. Some day I will tell you our—their hymn to the morning star; you cannot help thinking it beautiful and high and pure. You cannot imagine, I think, how happy I was. This was what I had been craving always—something definite and beautiful. All the time I was flooded with joy and faith. I was only fourteen, you know, and almost always alone, except for Molpili."

The time had come when he must ask his question: "And was it always beautiful, Antonia? The idol and the altar ——"

She interrupted. "That is not an idol, Luis, not a god. The Indians think so, but no. It is a portrait of a great king—my ancestor, perhaps—who long ago, so long that another star was at the pole then, gave his life at the end of the first great cycle so that the sun should rise again. I mean that that is the legend."

"And these other men who have died mysteriously, Antonia—Culbertson and your father and ——"

She looked at him, not understanding his meaning, and he went on baldly: "Were they sacrificed to Molpili's god, on that altar with the death's head?"

She gave a low cry. "Oh, no! Oh, Luis, how can you think such a thing? Never anyone!"

"Never anyone—but you?"

"Never anyone but me," she returned, "and I offered myself years and years ago. You see, Luis, it is hard when you are fourteen to believe that it makes any difference what happens to you when you are twenty-one—so old. There had always been the prophecy that the Mayan empire would be restored on earth when a white princess gave her life at the end of a great cycle. Oh"—she flung out her arms—"it all sounds mad, mad, mad to me as I sit here and tell it to you; but day after day, night after night, here, alone with forest all about you—you cannot know, you cannot dream what it does to a child, you with your clear terrible mind."

Her eyes clung to him appealingly, hopelessly.

"The mind, Antonia," he said, "is a very recent organ, biologically speaking."

She almost smiled. "I love you when you talk like that, Luis," she answered; "it steadies and clarifies."

As an honorable man he could do no less than tell her of his own experience in the jungle, which made the superstitions which had seemed so revolting to him when she hinted at them in Coronada so understandable to him today. He had a moment of discouragement as he ended, for she asked very gently, "You do not think, my dear one, that there is an evil spirit in the forest?"

"I think there is a hundred thousand years of instinctive fear, Antonia. Before your noble ancestor died for the rising sun, our common ancestors were afraid of night in the forest, and with very good reason."

His exposition was interrupted by a dull detonation that shook the ground and made the cups on the table rattle in their saucers. They sprang up and ran to the door, looking up toward the volcano. But the noise had not come from as far as Erata's pale peak. A faint film of smoke and dust was drifting up from the forest where the idol must have stood.

"He has destroyed them," said Antonia. "He always said he would destroy them rather than have them desecrated by—by ——"

"—— by men like me?" said Mayne.

There was no trouble about the method of destruction—dynamite is a commonplace on such farms, used indiscriminately for blowing stumps out of the ground or fish out of the river.

He put his arms tightly about her. "It has gone, Antonia," he said; "your temple and your altar and your noble ancestor. Are you sorry?"

She shook her head, rubbing her face against the crash of his coat. "No; oh, no," she returned. "From now on I am like that girl in my father's Bible—your gods shall be my gods—yes, I know it is only one really, but that is what she said, Luis. You must teach me." He was silent, experiencing a strange poignant regret, like homesickness for the faith of his own youth, and she went on: "No, my dearest, I am glad it has all gone—disappeared forever."

It was the measure of his love for her that, scientist as he was, he could be glad too.

Atla came waddling out of the kitchen to find out what the noise meant, and grunted something in answer when Antonia told her. For the first time, the girl smiled.

"Atla says it is the end of a great foolishness," she said.

(THE END)

The Westward March. Blackfeet Indians at Iceberg Lake, Glacier National Park

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And the seat upholstery is of the genuine Chase Velmo Mohair Velvet.

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—4-wheel brakes, full balloon tires, five disc wheels, air cleaner, oil purifier, gasoline filter, twin fly-wheel, and full force-feed lubrication—*all included in the arrestingly low price of $1315.*

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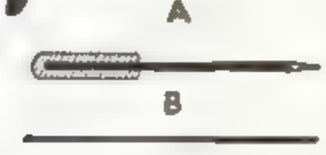
(3183)

Ever-Ready Blade takes and holds the Keenest of Edges!



HERE are cross-section views of the Ever-Ready Blade, and of an ordinary wafer blade.

The upper sketch [A] shows a view of the Ever-Ready. See that staunch body of steel which we grind to a perfect bevel, such as you'll find on the heavy hollow-ground straight razor!

Plenty of stock to take and hold an edge—*the keenest edge in the world!*

The reinforcing "backbone" of the Ever-Ready is another feature that adds superiority. It keeps the blade absolutely rigid—its edge presented straight toward the whiskers and never flexing.

—These are just a few of the points which enable Ever-Ready to outshave and outlast your expectations. We promise that every shave with the Ever-Ready Blade will be a revelation.

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Ever-Ready Blades

35c the package

THE FIFTH ESTATE

(Continued from Page 44)

Club, in the suburbs of Philadelphia, and was at the top of my form. George Crump made the round of the unfinished course with us, explaining each of the fine points of the links as we went, notably that par had been worked out on such scientific principles that the question of distance on many of the holes had been scaled down almost to inches.

When I managed to make every one of the holes in par that afternoon he actually found more pleasure in the accomplishment than I did. And when I told him frankly that I believed he would soon have on his hands the best golf course in America, he concurred so heartily that I gained my first insight into the depth of the pride he felt in this development. My enthusiasm was genuine. Pine Valley has been my favorite links from the first day I played it.

The magnitude of golf is colossal. I refer now not so much to the numerical strength of its followers as to the profound effect it is having on many currents of human activity. I have heard men of affairs mention from time to time that they had reached decisions of the utmost importance while making a round of the links. Some of the world's ablest statesmen have admittedly sought the quiet and restfulness of the golf course while deliberating questions of international importance.

The Seniors' Golf Association

It is even traditional with the game that it has always appealed to persons of high estate and leaders of thought. Its designation as the royal and ancient sport is significant in this respect. That phrase was not haphazard. It goes back through the centuries to the Scottish monarchs, notably James IV, whose name is the first of the royal sponsors of the game to be found on the golfing record. And it is a curious fact that while James IV was an ardent devotee of the game, an edict of 1491, bearing his signature, sets forth:

"Futeball and Golfe forbidden. Item, it is statut and ordanit that in na place of the realme there be usit futeball, golfe, or uther sik unprofitabill sportis."

In this day we have all the evidence the most skeptical might require to prove that the game has a peculiar fascination for men who have attained distinction in the various byways of achievement. The membership rosters of the hundreds of clubs now in existence bear mute witness to this fact, and there is also the convincing accumulation of testimony furnished in the personnel of the Seniors' Golf Association, an organization which sprang into being merely from a deep-seated love of the game, but which has unconsciously come to be a symbol of the type of older men who go in for the sport.

On a recent tabulation the rolls of the Seniors' Association showed 600 members, representing twenty-seven of the forty-eight states, with a waiting list of 250. It takes about four years for an applicant to find a place in the membership ranks. A man must be fifty-five years of age before he may play in the association's annual tournament, and he cannot be proposed for membership until he is fifty-three. The tournaments have always been played at the Apawamis Club, Rye, New York, where was born the inspiration for the creation of this organization, now the largest in the United States in point of individual members.

I believe the motivating thought of those who founded the Seniors' Tournament penetrates to the core of the game's popularity in America. Let us glance at the philosophy of the event as it is expressed by Horace L. Hotchkiss, the recognized pioneer of the movement, in his monograph describing the origin.

"The original idea of such a tournament started from a discussion at the nineteenth hole at the Apawamis Club in the winter of 1904," Mr. Hotchkiss says. "Some radical views were being expressed in regard to the future of golf in the United States—that the game would be played by young men and that it would be only on rare occasions when men of fifty to sixty years would be seen on the golf links. As I was at that time over sixty years of age, and also very much interested in golf, I challenged this view of the future of golf in America and declared that a field of golfers could be arranged in the near future sufficient in number to make up a tournament on the Apawamis links, and all players would be fifty-five years of age and over. The problem of arranging for a tournament seemed difficult, as the general impression existed that the moderate skill required at that time by the old men, as they were called, would discourage many who might wish to enter the competition, by the possibility that it might prove a spectacular exhibition of old age and poor golf."

Mr. Hotchkiss later on laid his views before his colleagues on the board of the Apawamis Club and was encouraged to undertake the task, "with full authority and as the only member of the committee in charge."

"Having passed most of my life as a boy and man in Wall Street, I was particularly favored by a knowledge of those of my associates who were golf players and were eligible for the competition," he adds. "I placed myself in correspondence with them, and many others, and invited them to take part in a golfing competition to be arranged on the Apawamis links. I received many interesting and amusing replies, and was early satisfied that a field of fifty or more golfers could be depended upon to make up the first tournament.

"At the very beginning of my efforts I found the term Old Men's Tournament quite distasteful to some of those who were to play in the coming events, as this title was being continually used when talking about the tournament. I discouraged the use of this title and christened the coming event the Seniors' Tournament, which distinguished title now identifies this annual at Apawamis as one of the important golfing fixtures of the United States."

Growing Old Merrily

Some years after Mr. Hotchkiss had launched his pet undertaking, and it had gone over with a flourish, the suggestion was made by Walter Brown that the time was now at hand for the veteran players participating in the event to organize themselves into a permanent association. Frank Presbrey, then chairman of the committee having the tournament in charge, seized upon this proposal as possessing rare merit and at once set about building the framework of the structure of the association we now see. Darwin P. Kingsley became its first president and Mr. Presbrey succeeded him, serving for three years.

There are three specific points which impress themselves upon me in connection with this move of the older golfers to stabilize the game for themselves and to prevent its complete alienation by youth, in the usual fickle manner of sports and other things. One is that these veterans of the links recognized in golf an outlet for the play instinct in older men such as had never before been offered by any sport. Another is in the thought expressed by Mr. Kingsley when he told his fellow members:

"We have played our part in the fierce contests of middle life—and, I think, played it honorably. Now we come together as men like us have never before assembled. Why? Because we have discovered as, alas, thousands of others have not—how to meet advancing age merrily. By this game of golf and this fellowship we vanquish time even as the boy scores a seventy-nine. None of us knows how we do it, but we do."

That to me carries the breath of the philosophy about golf itself in this country. You may recall the remark of John C. Ten Eyck, one of the pioneers, which I quoted at the outset of this informal review of the human phases of the game, and which he made in response to my request for an explanation of the motives impelling him and his colleagues to take up the sport. "It was a move toward the resurrection of youth," said Mr. Ten Eyck. And here in this later-day analysis made by Mr. Kingsley we find the same logic, expressed just a trifle differently.

The third point goes back to the type of older men who turn to the golf links for recreation, strikingly exemplified in the composition of the Seniors' Association. On its membership rolls are inscribed the names of justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, industrial leaders, distinguished bankers and men of note from nearly every branch of professional activity, including scientists, physicians, clergymen, editors and authors.

I believe the hold the game has taken upon them goes beyond the mere fact that it is the one outdoor sport open to men past their athletic prime. It seems to me it is traceable more to the rare qualities of golf as revealed in the game's combination of the physical and mental equations. Relaxing to the mind in the complete concentration required, stimulating to the body in the superbly proportioned exercise, scientific in the exacting demands of each play, varied in the ever-changing problems presented and fascinating to the ultimate degree—golf is a game with a soul, as definite as the souls of those who play it and who gravitate toward it because of this community of interest. It is the only game of physical prowess played more with the mind than the muscles.

Of High and Low Degree

Sometimes when I hear of an important business deal consummated on the golf course, or read of the devotion of men high in statecraft toward the game, a picture takes shape in fancy typifying the influence of the game on world affairs. I see the golf universe hedged in by an enormous wall and over its arched portals a slab of granite into which have been carved the legends describing its mission among mankind. "The Fifth Estate," it reads, and underneath, these lines:

"Destinies of nations shaped while you wait.
"Politics of states molded by request.
"Future of industry determined on order.
"Resurrection of youth neatly done."

In directing attention to the fact that golf has so many illustrious adherents I do not mean to say that it fails to cast its spell over us plainer folks. On the contrary, the versatility of its appeal is shown in the breadth of its following. Where its slim ranks of a quarter of a century ago were composed of a faithful few who alone made the correct appraisement of its merits, the large army now mustered into service reaches from the highest stations to the most humble, a democracy of the first water. The old social barriers, created more by the early ridicule of the game than by any actual atom of snobbishness in the golfer's make-up, have ceased to exist. The municipally owned public links, the pay-as-you-play courses and the many new clubs coming into existence each year, 118 being added in 1925 alone to the United States Golf Association, have made the following too heterogeneous to permit of caste distinction.

The reflections of thirty years' experience with golf prompt me to place before that species of our citizenry known as the great American philanthropist the suggestion that a modern and extremely worthy

(Continued on Page 88)

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NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-8, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York

"DURING the World War while nursing, I became ill with influenza. After more than a year's illness I was completely run down. My system needed a tonic. The doctor in attendance prescribed Fleischmann's Yeast. The results were wonderfully good—noticeable even the first week. Since that time I have used Fleischmann's Yeast for patients with chronic constipation and as a tonic in general with the same good results."

FERN L. LOCKE, R. N.
New York City

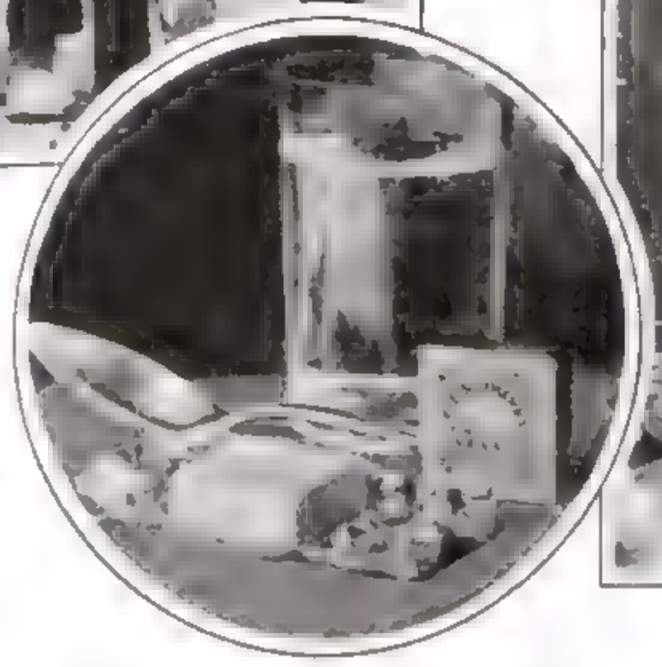
(LEFT)

"I AM an editor and naturally am chained to my desk most of the day. I find activity in a small farm and a kennel of dogs. Three or four years ago I suffered from a painful skin eruption. The doctor said 'Eat Yeast cakes.' The eruption gradually lessened. Last month I was troubled with a rash. I remembered the eruption and took three yeast cakes a day. In two weeks I had to look for the rash."

HENRY W. LACY, Wakefield, Mass.

"I SUFFERED terribly from indigestion. My complexion was sallow. My appetite was bad and food seemed tasteless. I read of the efficiency of Fleischmann's Yeast and gave it a fair trial. I found it to be the cheapest and best remedy I had ever tried. Eating a cake of yeast after each meal did away with that unpleasant feeling of fullness after a meal. It cleared my complexion. Fleischmann's Yeast is a boon to humanity.'

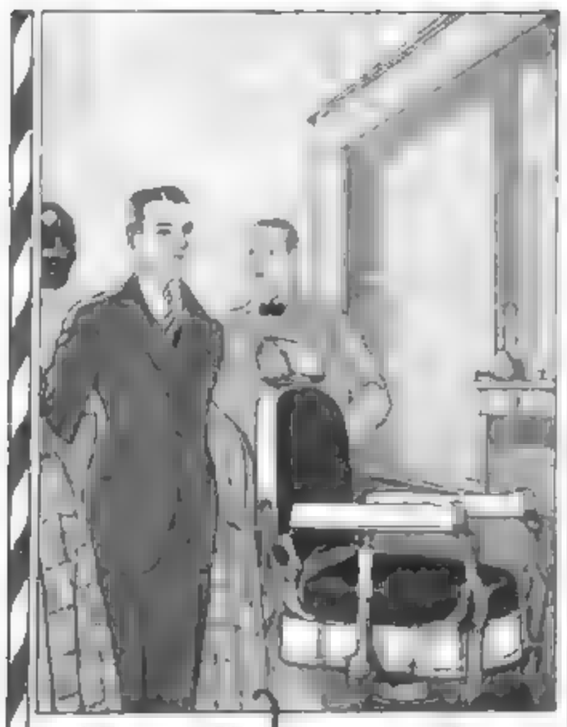
ERNEST F. DUGAS
Bridgeville, Del.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation

"FOR years I suffered from constipation that nothing could relieve. Morning saw me tired, headachy, cross, and discouraged. My complexion was sallow and covered with eruptions. I decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I took it patiently for months. I was well rewarded. For the improvement was really miraculous. I was made healthy and happy again by using Fleischmann's Yeast."

LOUISE REITER, Detroit, Michigan



Put Yourself in the Seat of Success

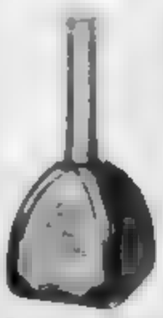
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THEN step away from your barber's chair—shaved, shingled, shampooed and shined—you *look* successful, and feel that way. Seek "the Seat of Success" frequently. Where else can you get that prosperous look for such a small investment?

After your hair has been neatly trimmed, tell your barber that you want it to look spruce and to stay healthy. Then he'll introduce to you

Koken's Tonique De Luxe

the helpful ally of good barbers everywhere. This refreshing liquid-tonic is free from grease and delicate in fragrance. Your hair will remain well dressed long after Koken's Tonique DeLuxe has been applied.



This is the bottle good barbers use.

Learn to know the modern barber shop. There you will find skilled service. Many a man has missed success because of a careless appearance. The barber shop is a service station for men who care to keep well groomed.

KOKEN COMPANIES
Saint Louis

(Continued from Page 84)

benefaction would be the endowment of golf courses. It is the one unfortunate feature of the game that it is expensive. And it is anomalous that the growing popularity of the game has come with its growing costs. The inflation of prices has been sweeping. Balls cost more, clubs are twice what they were, caddie hire is higher and dues are becoming almost prohibitive for the wage earner. Not so many years ago it cost about $200 to join a first-class club, including initiation fee and dues for a year. Today a membership bond in some of these same clubs runs as high as $1500 and $2000 and the annual dues $250 or more. In other clubs the rates are double this amount and in a few they touch the $5000 mark.

I offer this recommendation in no facetious vein. It is my honest belief that few philanthropies could serve a more useful purpose than this. I see it as a gift to humanity of inestimable value—a channel for the dissemination of health-giving and mind-relaxing recreation and hence a means for increasing national efficiency. I dare say most of us are a little fed up on the word "efficiency," but here we find the solution of how to develop it in a manner the opposite of objectionable. It would take a radical of an ultra-abnormal type to oppose the foisting of efficiency upon mankind if it could be presented through the medium of a diversion in which he found the keenest delight. Personally, I care little about the efficiency element and much about the quality of amusement. I mention it merely because one is the natural outgrowth of the other.

The World's Greatest Players

And if by any chance some American of philanthropic mind should ever give serious consideration to the endowment of a fund for the construction and operation of public links, I suggest that he analyze the findings of W. A. Alexander, a Chicago employer, who reported to the recent convention of the United States Golf Association that any person who played golf was worth at least 50 per cent more to his company because of the integrity and clear thinking instilled by the game. It would be equivocating to deny the truth of this. Health has a strong tendency to mold character, and health is among the many benefits which come from contact with the links.

Contrast between the old and the new is inevitably a subject furnishing food for academic discussion which can go on to the end of time, and in all likelihood to a drawn battle. In the listing I have prepared of the more notable golfers who have played in my time I refrain from comparing the individual players of one period with those of another. The positions I assign in this informal ranking are quite frankly the outcome of no scientific method of determining merit, but rather the result of personal conviction. My opinions have been arrived at in much the same way as a baseball fan determines in his own mind the greatest players. He is impressed by what he sees. There is something in the technic or personality of this player or that which strikes home with particular force, and he arranges the order of his favorites accordingly.

Let us start with the six players of my time who impress me as the greatest the world has ever known. They are:

1. Robert T. Jones, Jr.
2. Harry Vardon.
3. Walter C. Hagen.
4. J. H. Taylor.
5. James Braid.
6. Macdonald Smith.

I place Bobby Jones at the top for the reason that I believe he is the most accomplished golfer of at least the thirty-year period with which I am familiar. If there is any weakness in Bobby's game, it is a tendency to hook his long iron shots to the green. Beyond that his form comes as near to being the essence of perfection as any within my knowledge. The once refractory temper is now under control, the little defects of play early discernible have been ironed out and the entire mechanism functions without friction.

One of the chief attributes of the champion is consistency. Bobby is all of that. You find him invariably at the top or hovering about it. As I recall it, his record in the American Open Championship in the last four or five years shows he has made the many rounds in something like fifteen strokes less than Hagen has taken. His name appears as one of the four amateurs who have won that title and three times he has been the runner-up, tied for that position in 1922 with J. L. Black, the Oakland professional. In addition to winning the championship from as brilliant a field as has ever been assembled, Jones has twice missed that honor by a single stroke. These occasions were in 1922, when Gene Sarazen led Black and him 288 to 289; and last year, when Willie Macfarlane and he twice tied for the leading position—a happening without precedent in the event. That Macfarlane barely managed to squeeze through on the second play-off is in itself further evidence of the steadiness of the Atlanta star.

It is not the player of momentary luster whose achievements become enduring, but he who proves himself through a long, arduous campaign in which he tests his mettle against the stiffest competition the game offers. The six men I have named as the world's greatest golfers are of the latter type. Vardon, it is true, enjoys a greater meed of this glory than does Jones; but for technical perfection I believe no player has ever quite equaled Jones, not even the celebrated English master. Both have invariably been at their best. It is not recorded that they have been great today and feeble tomorrow. Their golf, like that of the four ranked with them, is free from prolonged slumps and futile alibis. It is through a period of years, and not weeks or months, that they have established their caliber.

In placing Bobby Jones at the top I am sure my judgment will be questioned by many who feel that no other individual has accomplished quite so much on the links as the great Harry Vardon, six times the winner of the British Open, once winner of the American Open and the veteran of an infinitely larger number of historic battles than the young Atlanta player has to his credit.

In Golf's Hall of Fame

Let me give the outstanding reason for my preference. I have played with Bobby and followed Vardon on numerous rounds of the links. As inspired and wonderful as the playing of Vardon usually is, his form possesses one acknowledged defect in the fact that his putting is frequently far below the standard of the other departments of his game—and putting is the most important of all departments of golf. Bobby is an accurate and reliable putter. He does not lose championships because of any sudden collapse of this part of his game. He is without major defect, since his tendency to hook long iron shots to the green, his sole fault, drops into the class of minor imperfections by reason of his ability to control the stroke and the fact that it is not always present.

The careers of these two famous golfers converge upon the same era of the sport, the springtime of Bobby's association with the game meeting up with the autumn time of Vardon's. Comparison of their abilities is therefore possible, though it would be more clarifying if they had reached the crest of their form simultaneously. But it is on the basis of their being contemporary that I incline ever so slightly toward the American player. Succinctly, I feel that in a long-sustained competition between them at their best, Bobby Jones would be the winner by the narrowest of margins.

Hagen, Taylor and Braid occupy in my estimation a place only a shade behind Jones and Vardon. Indeed, the entire five are so closely grouped that it seems like splitting hairs to separate them. I give Hagen the call on third place for the reason that he is not only a player of superlative skill but has won his chief laurels at a time when competition is keener than it ever has been.

As the ranks of amateurs have steadily taken on a larger quota of finished players, so have the professionals of championship caliber become more numerous with the expansion of the sport. Victory in the Open Championships of America and Great Britain becomes more difficult of attainment each year. And Hagen still continues merrily on his way, finding his place in the sun.

There are few players within my knowledge possessing the same facility for pulling a contest out of the fire as Hagen. He is a player of indomitable courage. His fund of optimism over the ebb and flow of battle is boundless, his temperament as stoical and ideal as that of Francis Ouimet. If Hagen makes a bad drive he figures that it is merely the break of the game and that he will get a good one from the next tee. If a putt rims the cup and just fails to drop at an important stage of the fight, it does not fluster him, but simply spurs him to renewed effort. It was in last year's tournament of the Professional Golfers' Association, I believe, that an iron shot made by Hagen struck a spectator on the head and caromed off to the green, a mishap which would surely have unnerved the great majority of players. Hagen, after making sure that the spectator had not been injured, walked back to the ball and sank his putt for a birdie 3.

Our Golfers Abroad

It cannot be denied that the task of an athlete on foreign soil is more difficult than at home. Yet at the time Hagen won his first British championship the names of three players from these shores were clustered at the top, Jim Barnes being tied with George Duncan for second place, and Jock Hutchinson finishing in the next position, only two strokes behind the winner. And not far removed from the head of the list, we find two old familiar names, those of the veterans Taylor and Vardon, occupying sixth and ninth places respectively.

Hagen's performances abroad have been even more spectacular than in his own country. In the championship of 1923 he failed by a single stroke to lead the field for the second successive time, finishing just a step behind A. G. Havers and one stroke ahead of Macdonald Smith. But the next year he repeated his triumph of 1922, and it was in this tournament that he gave an especially stirring exhibition of the rare courage in his make-up. Hagen's finish in the final round of the Sandwich links was nothing short of a classic. Beset by trouble throughout the tournament, he entered the final phase of it in the deepest of difficulties. Whitcombe, by virtue of a sensational rally in which he covered the second nine in 35, had finished with the low card of 302 strokes. Hagen seemed beaten. The only thing which could save him was a 37 for a tie and a 36 for victory, and either of these at Sandwich is hard of accomplishment.

Yet Hagen, struggling under the shadow of defeat, calmly dropped into that streak of cool, faultless playing which appears to be developed to its highest degree under pressure, and came home with a splendid 36—the exact number of strokes required to gain him the title.

Many students of golf will perhaps question the right of Macdonald Smith to be classified as the sixth greatest golfer in history. To the British golfers it will undoubtedly appear that Edward Ray or George Duncan should be ranked ahead of Smith, and to many in this country it will perhaps seem that Jock Hutchinson and Jim Barnes are more deserving. Again I say I am not using statistics or scientific means to regulate this informal ranking, but merely personal judgment based on observation.

(Continued on Page 88)

Your Mother's Mother doubtless used a Horton

—and she bought it in a local store

AMERICA'S first Washing Machine was a Horton, built in 1871. Its quick success was so pronounced it was imitated—and with it began a new industry.

Time passed. Tubs and Washboards grew more and more unpopular. Horton built an Electric Washer, and history at once repeated itself . . . There was a further inrush of newcomers.

Next Horton developed an Electric Ironer. Again others followed Horton.

In spite of all emulation, or maybe because of it, the prestige of Horton has been steadily growing throughout 55 years of progress.

TODAY, the name of the first Washing Machine is the first name that occurs to the mind of the average woman when she thinks of buying a modern Washer or Ironer. The *pioneer* of the industry is more than ever the industry's *leader* in public approval.

There must be some very sound basis for a leadership to endure for 55 years.

There certainly must be a good reason why women, for generation after generation, have been saying, "There's nothing like a Horton."

Of added significance is the enthusiastic way that local hardware, electrical and department stores recommend Horton Washers and Ironers.

We believe—and it must be true because women believe as we do—that Horton Washers do better washing, and Horton Ironers better ironing.

That, of course, is what we make them to do.

Conditions, fortunately, are favorable to us. Horton Washers and Ironers enjoy economical distribution through the regular trade channels served by America's great Hardware Wholesalers —and that economy is well used in giving Horton products that *extra* quality, durability and dependability people have learned to expect from them.

You can readily see that it would be anything but economy if Horton were obliged to send large crews of special salesmen from town to town and house to house in order to make sales. Such expensive methods of selling would either result in stinted quality or inflated prices—either of which would soon undermine Horton prestige.

So it is to the interest of Horton, and to the benefit of those who buy Horton Washers and Ironers, for Horton to go on saving money in distribution—and thus be able to go on offering that "extra quality and durability" the Horton name stands for, and guarantees.

THE HORTON MANUFACTURING COMPANY *(Established 1871)* FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

HORTON *Washers Ironers*

SOLD BY 5559 STORES

Put off buying

Shaving Cream a few days

Accept, please, a 10-day tube of this unique creation to try

GENTLEMEN: The last few years have brought many new comforts into people's lives. Palmolive Shaving Cream is one.

Millions are discarding old-type shaving soaps and turning to shaving creams. And Palmolive, we believe, is just the cream you want.

We knew when we started making it that we had a hard path to travel. That most men were wedded to one soap or another. And that to win, we had to excel in many ways.

1000 men told us

So we asked 1000 men to name their ideal in a shaving soap. They named four, and we added the fifth that they had forgotten.

We were qualified to meet those desires as you know. This laboratory is 60 years old. It has created, among other things, Palmolive Soap, the world's leading toilet soap.

We made and discarded 130 formulas before reaching our marked goal. But when we did, we had an amazing creation from what men told us.

5 new joys

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

This courtesy, please

Now in courtesy to us will you not accept a trial of Palmolive Shaving Cream? It may be what you want, or it may not. You alone can tell. Send the coupon. We'll rest our case on what you find.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip the coupon now.

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1150, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.),
CHICAGO, ILL.

(Continued from Page 86)

I believe Macdonald Smith is one of the world's greatest golfers in spite of the fact that he has won neither the British nor American Open Championship, though he has hovered around both. It is the precision of his play which has attracted me, his mastery of every club in the bag and the ability to click off rounds year in and year out close to par figures. The fact that Jack Graham, the famous English amateur, never won an important title did not mar his genius as a golfer. Nor has the failure of Smith to win one of these open championships lessened his tremendous skill on the links.

The four greatest amateurs who have played in my time I rate in this order:

1. Bobby Jones, U. S. A.
2. John Ball, Great Britain.
3. Francis Ouimet, U. S. A.
4. Harold H. Hilton, Great Britain.

The ten greatest professionals I rate as follows:

1. Harry Vardon, Great Britain.
2. Walter C. Hagen, U. S. A.
3. J. H. Taylor, Great Britain.
4. James Braid, Great Britain.
5. Macdonald Smith, U. S. A.
6. Edward Ray, Great Britain.
7. George Duncan, Great Britain.
8. John Farrell, U. S. A.
9. Jock Hutchinson, U. S. A.
10. James M. Barnes, U. S. A.

In classifying the leading American amateurs I have given specific rank to only three and grouped the others without respect to the order of their placing. Among the professionals I give a definite place to four:

Amateurs	Professionals
1. Bobby Jones	1. Walter C. Hagen
2. Francis Ouimet	2. Macdonald Smith
3. Charles Evans, Jr.	3. John Farrell
	4. Jock Hutchinson
Robert A. Gardner	—
Jesse Guilford	Jim Barnes
Max R. Marston	Leo Diegel
H. Chandler Egan	Gene Sarazen
Jess Sweetser	J. J. McDermott
S. Davidson Herron	Willie Anderson
William C. Fownes, Jr.	Bobby Cruikshank
Walter J. Travis	Willie Smith
Fred Herreshoff	Aleck Smith
John C. Anderson	Fred McLeod
Oswald Kirkby	George Sargent
Frank W. Dyer	Tom McNamara
William Reekie	Cyril Walker
Eben M. Byers	Gil Nicholls
Warren K. Wood	Joe Kirkwood
Ned Sawyer	Mike Brady

The present open champion, Willie Macfarlane, is omitted from the list for the reason that I have never seen him play. There are other brilliant American golfers whom I have not listed on similar grounds. Nor am I able to express my personal convictions with regard to the relative merits of the women golfers who have played in my time. And yet it would seem to me that this list should run something in this order:

1. Miss Glenna Collett.
2. Mrs. Alexa Stirling Fraser
3. Mrs. Dorothy Campbell Hurd
4. Miss Marion Hollins

And that is about all I have in mind at this moment concerning golf. A while back I observed that of all the complex types which constitute our great fifth estate, there is no member of the brotherhood happier than the player who goes around regularly in the 80's, winning local prizes here and there, enjoying all the delights of well-played golf, but never burdened with the responsibility and grinding labor of striving for the higher honors. Now I make a single reservation. There is one happier member of the family. It is the chap who has taken his fling at the bigger stakes and after thirty years goes tramping again over the old battlegrounds, but with the accouterments of strife laid aside. I know something about that.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh and last of a series of articles by Mr. Travers and Mr. Crowell.

THE COUNTRY OF OLD MEN

(Continued from Page 41)

Queer, nerves are. I've read somewhere that different men react instinctively at different speeds, and I believe it. Ben Murchison, for instance, even when he was old, could sense a thing and act on it quicker than any man I ever saw. To him, other men were a little hesitant, vacillating, slow in the head. I know my brain works slow. That has been lucky for me more than once; when there is time to think, I'm scared, and when I'm scared I'm paralyzed. I know how my knees used to turn to water when a push was on in France. I'm not ashamed. I never claimed to be a fighting man. But sometimes a man's nerves and muscles seem to act without waiting for his sluggish brain. That's how I happen to be alive today, to sit here as I do, remembering.

It didn't seem to happen very swiftly. As if time had slowed into split seconds, each one expanding to abnormal length. I can't tell you what I saw or heard or smelled. Maybe a thickening of the starlight that was already paling toward sunrise; maybe the faint metallic click of a safety lever; maybe the faint gun smell of oil and powder. All I know is my nerves cried "Drop! Get down!"

The stone sill of Rita's window went upward past my face, brilliantly lighted by twin flashes at close range, and twin cracks of thunder smashed like hammers out of the graying dawn.

XXVI

THEN Rita screamed. Maybe the warning had come from her somehow; but the memory of that stifled cry comes afterward; it jerked me upright with some dazed notion that it was she who was in danger. That's how stunned I was. Confusedly then, I saw the dim flapping shape that rushed at me, struck at me with what looked like a slim black club against the paling stars. The first I really knew was that I grappled face to face with Don Fernando, my hand still numb from the intercepted blow and my muscles still savage from the wrench with which I tore that double-barreled shotgun out of his hand and threw it.

And my first thought was shame, feeling through the fabric of his dressing gown how thin and frail he was. Even the insanity of fury could not give him strength. His spine bent and he staggered in my arms. As gently as I could I held him pinned, roaring earnestly into his ear, "Don Fernando! Stop it! *Me rindo!* I surrender!"

But there was nothing funny about it at the time. This sick old man who thought I'd killed his son; men running out, armed with machetes, clubs, revolvers—I had to let him go. I leaped back and put my hands up, crying "I surrender!" He flew at me, clawing and slapping with his open hands; you know, it never seems to occur to a Latin to close his fist before he strikes. Like an infuriated woman. But there was nothing funny about it; not then.

Rita cried "Father! Shame! He does not defend himself!"

His hands clenched then; he turned his back and panted to his men, "Secure him!"

"Don Fernando," I begged, "hear me! I have come ——"

He wouldn't look at me again. He went slowly off around the house; a dozen weapons prevented me from following. Now I could feel a burn across my forehead,

(Continued on Page 90)

The Challenge of the Open Road

THOSE of us who sit behind the wheel of a Flint "Sixty" can accept this challenge—with glee. The need may be for a steady, sustained grind of fifty miles an hour to reach some distant point; or for thrilling flashes of speed to stay in front of those who aspire to road dominance. In either event Flint "Sixty" has the power to respond, with an ease that creates new pride in ownership.

Match your Flint "Sixty" against all challengers

Flint "Sixty" $1285 to $1575, f. o. b. Flint

FLINT MOTOR COMPANY
FLINT, MICHIGAN

FLINT "SIXTY"

THERE CAN BE NO COMPROMISE WITH SAFETY

Inching along in the rush hour

When you wish you had started 15 minutes earlier—

When all around you hear bumps—lady-like bumps, smacking bumps, fresh bumps, mean bumps—

Then you wish your car were equipped with WEED Bumpers and Fender Guards, "fore and aft."

Compact, they are. For inching along in the traffic. For close parking space. Strong. Resilient. Beautiful. Correctly designed, bringing the bars at right height to meet without interlocking. They guard fenders without hooking.

WEEDS soften many a bump—relieve you from nerve-strain. Also, they preserve trade-in value of your car, by preventing old-age wrinkles, dents and battle-scars.

At good dealers', garages, accessory stores. Tell the man you want genuine WEED Bumpers. He can get them for you.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc.
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT
In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario
District Sales Offices: Boston Chicago New York Philadelphia Pittsburgh San Francisco

WEED BUMPERS

Sensible Protection—Fore and Aft

(Continued from Page 88)

blood seeping down into one eye. One of those flying bits of lead had raked the bone. I hadn't felt it; I thought those clawing nails had done it, and turned my back for fear Rita would see.

It brought me face to face with Johnny Hecht; I recognized him even in the dusk of dawn—that pale-eyed, pale-haired, deadly little man, his riding breeches hanging unlaced about his short bowed legs. Half dressed; but he had stopped to buckle on his guns.

I said ruefully, "Hello, doctor. What brings you here?"

He stared at me a moment, and then grinned.

"Why," he said, "my young friend Buck, as ever was! I didn't know you for a minute. You been feedin' yourself up."

It was on my tongue to ask him to get word to old Ben Murchison. But there was nothing friendly about Johnny Hecht; cold as a snake, he was; he asked no friendship and he had none to give. Besides, what was the use of worrying Uncle Ben? What could he do?

"This is a real treat," grinned Johnny Hecht. "I never expected to see you again. Must be somethin' in it—about murderers returnin' to the scene of the crime."

I said sourly, "You ought to know."

His eyes narrowed. Not that he resented the reference to the men he'd killed first and last; only the tone of it. He said, "Son, you're a hog for trouble. It's a good thing you got your hands up," and turned on his heel and went away.

Somebody brought a rope and tied my hands behind me, and they marched me to the horse corral. In places like La Caoba, remote from towns, there's usually a makeshift lockup. At La Caoba it was in the stables, serving regularly as a corncrib and in emergencies as a jail. I remember that because the corral man hastily shoveled out corn while they went through my pockets for weapons. They took nothing but my pocketknife. It didn't occur to them to pat my coat under my left arm. The heavy bulk of my revolver there was comforting, though I couldn't possibly have reached it. The sun, popping up, was almost cheerful. You know—the worst had happened and I was still alive. I guess nobody can imagine himself not living through anything. He only thinks, "How am I going to get out of this?"

They didn't untie my hands when they thrust me in. The blood seeping into my right eye worried me. I could get my handkerchief out of my hip pocket, but I couldn't get it to my face; I had to drop it on a pile of corn and rub my eye against it. You've no idea how unsatisfactory it was.

Oh, yes, I see some humor in it now. I remember how I tried to smoke; I could get my pipe and stuff tobacco in it, lay it down and pick it up between my teeth, but my match box was in my breast pocket. I bent double and tried to shake it out, cursing my tidy habit of keeping the flap buttoned. A timid snicker caught my ear. There were faces at the small barred window—children who stared at my strange contortions. I grinned and went toward them with some idea of asking them to strike a match for me. They tumbled down from whatever they were standing on and fled. No doubt my blood-smeared face was rather shocking. I couldn't coax them back.

Nobody came. You've no idea how time drags when all you can do is wait. Patiently at first, I worked my wrists against the rope, but whoever had tied those knots knew his business. It was not cruelly tight, but it simply wouldn't give; and my hands are too big and bony to slip through loops the size of my wrists. I tugged till the skin broke and my teeth snapped through the stem of my pipe. I had one moment of sheer animal panic at that aching, maddening constraint, rolling on the floor like some senseless creature in a trap.

That moment passed. I thought of old Ben Murchison's advice: "Do not get mad and worry, but take it easy and think of all the funny things you can remember. It is the way to keep from going crazy."

So I sat down and made myself as comfortable as I could. Once I heard voices in the corral and shouted through the heavy door of hewed mahogany, "Water, please!" And a voice answered, "Did you give my young master water before you killed him?"

Weariness overcame me finally, and I slept.

XXVII

IT'S odd now, looking back, seeing the things I accepted as coincidence. Well, what is chance? The result of unknown or unconsidered forces. Who knows or can consider all of them? To every man, I guess, time seems a thread on which events go by like random beads, confused and unrelated—so strangely, afterward, to slip and drift into a spreading pattern. For every man it seems one single pattern, a train of pictures woven on the groping strand of his own life; yet everywhere it spreads and merges into the memories of other men.

Take old Ben Murchison. Many a yarn he spun for me out of his long and colorful career. Pictures—I saw them where his blue gaze wandered in the telling: in the sky, unreal, adrift in time and space. When he first told me of Luis, King of Vizcaya once, it was no more than any other of those tales. Yet now, seeing the way I blundered into its far aftermath, it has grown real to me.

Take Zuñiga, the politician of that ancient yarn; that venomous old paralytic, the Galician father of Ramon. At this time he must have been past eighty. The day his carriage passed me out there on the mesa was the first time I ever saw him; the second was the last. Yet in a measure, now, I see the years that made him what he was.

Take Peter Brennan, who was no more an adventurer than I. A practical man; he had worked many years for the Consolidated Oil Company, in Mexico and Honduras and Vizcaya. To me he was only one of those gallant old-timers who hold the lonely outposts of trade; a white man and a gentleman, who had befriended me because I was a white man too.

Chance—call it that. Courage and hate and hope and love and fear, weaving. . . . It had been April when I saw Vizcaya first, quarreled with Ramon Zuñiga, explored the mahogany in the valley, came to La Caoba and stumbled on that lake of asphalt in the hills. It was in May that I'd met Johnny Hecht in Honduras and heard that old Ben Murchison was dead. It was in June that I'd gone home to Milo, Indiana, sick and discouraged, and heard from Gus Hardy that there was a revolution in Vizcaya. It was September when the rebels seized Chunango in the desperate attempt to get money out of the Consolidated; and that same month, while I was riding toward Vizcaya from behind, American marines had come to Brennan's rescue and saved the oil wells for which he was responsible.

And Johnny Hecht, soldier of fortune, retreating with his bandit army into the jungle, had found all that was left of Rufo del Valle—so it seemed—a pitiful heap of bones and rotten rags and a ring bearing the Del Valle coat of arms. After five months of hoping against hope, Fernando del Valle knew his missing son was dead.

Call it coincidence—these knots in the web of human lives, self-centered, groping, able to see only what lies behind.

That's what makes helpless waiting hard to bear, the way time comes out of the blank and soundless future that may bring anything—or nothing. That's the hardest—nothing.

The aching of my shoulders woke me. When I started tugging at the rope again I couldn't even feel my chafed wrists until the pains of returning circulation had subsided. If I could only get my hands in front of me—over my head—anywhere for a change! Or if I only had a drink! Of course, a man protected from the sun can

(Continued on Page 92)

. . . . *Something to remember*

PERIODIC destruction of whole city areas by fire leaping from roof to roof has conclusively proved that the fire-safe roof is a public as well as a private concern.

In the face of ever increasing fire losses, city authorities are demanding fire resistant roofings by ordinance. They are protecting themselves against conflagrations such as destroyed millions of dollars' worth of property in Salem, Chelsea, Pasadena and other American cities. More and more they are insisting that the roofs of their cities be blankets of protection against fire.

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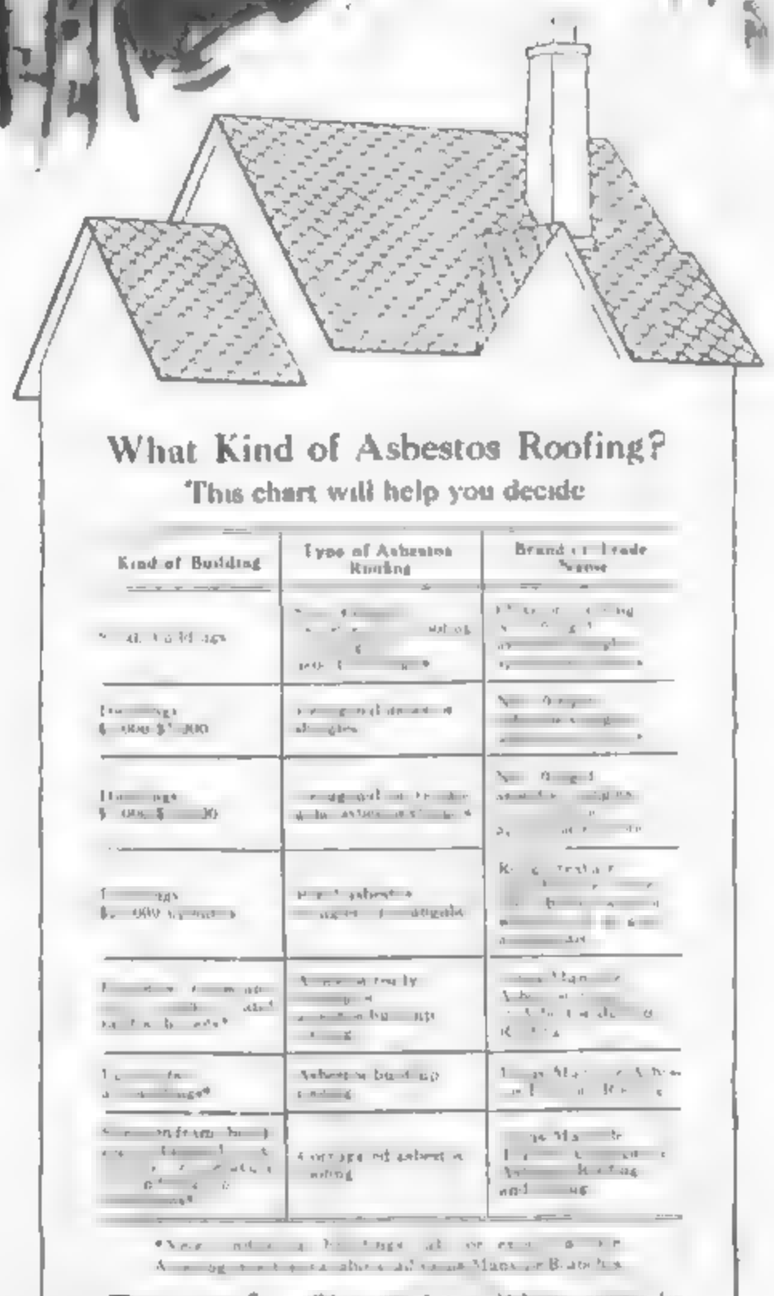

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The growing demand for wrought iron in and about the home has renewed interest in artistic ironwork created by old-world artisans centuries ago. Today, those who prefer the stately beauty and impressive strength in wrought iron fence design may satisfy their desires completely. Cyclone Wrought Iron Fence is built in many beautiful patterns appropriate for city, suburban and country homes.

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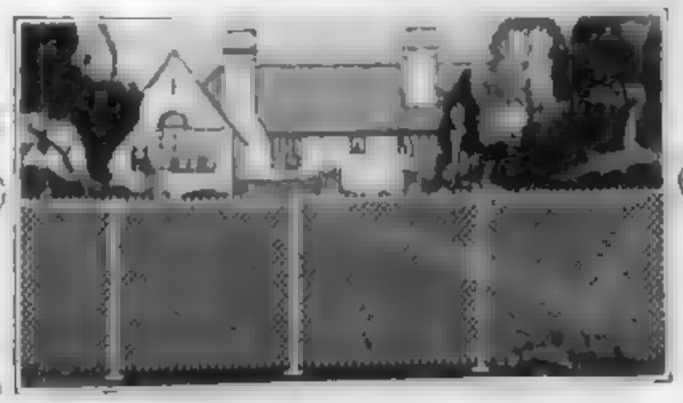

The Mark of Quality in Wire and Wire Fence

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CYCLONE COPPER-BEARING STEEL ENDURES

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live a long time without water; but the sound of horses drinking drinking from a great troughful of water, noisily, freely, wasting it—was maddening. Why didn't something happen? Why didn't somebody come?

You would have thought the hacienda was deserted.

That's how I heard the far-off sound of guns, faint and yet heavy, like the muffled thud of drums. Artillery. Was it the American gunboat at Chunango? What were they firing at? Or were the federals attacking Tolobaya? Surely they didn't need artillery for that! The rebels had had their final spree. They'd melt into the hills at the first gun. They were already disorganized, beaten. After that business at Chunango, the United States would never recognize them.

The drumming didn't last long. Now and then a horse stamped restlessly—or drank. A silver cloud flake drifted slowly across my iron-barred patch of sky. The smell of charcoal smoke came to me, and the faint smell of food; but it was near sundown when men rode into the corral. The clank of spurs and the noises of unsaddling. Voices came toward my jail. I got up eagerly. The door opened. A man with a shotgun pushed me back.

"Water!" I said. "Give me water!"

They didn't take the trouble to answer. They only came to shovel out more corn. I moved grimly toward the door.

"Get back or I shoot!"

"Shoot if you wish. I am going to get water."

Feeble defiance, that. He didn't shoot, only put the shotgun muzzle against my chest and pushed. Odd how clumsy a man is with his hands tied behind him. I outweighed the fellow by thirty pounds, but I staggered and slipped on a rolling ear of corn and hit the floor with a jar that drove the breath out of me.

"Any man," I said hoarsely, "deserves water."

"What you deserve," said the man with the shotgun, "you will get—tomorrow. The federals have returned to Tolobaya."

At least they didn't mean to let me die of thirst; they were going to deliver me to the law. Tomorrow! Not so good, that word; yet the thought of a long night of waiting was hard to bear.

"Untie my hands. I give my word that I will not ——"

They finished shoveling out the corn. The door closed.

Day faded and a clear moon crept after the departed sun. The world outside was lovely with its soft light and its purple shadows, but inside the corncrib was pitch dark. I didn't know I slept. I thought I dreamed that moonlight was streaming through the open door, and I heaved myself up and struggled toward it to get out before I came awake.

"Wait!"

That voice could wake me. I croaked loudly, "Rita!"

"Quiet! The *corralero* sleeps just yonder."

Her hands tugged at my numb wrists. The knots were jammed; she cried "Andrea! Bring a machete. Quick!" Another woman, a servant, came from the shed where saddles hung. It's odd how you can sense things when your nerves are all on edge. Andrea obeyed her mistress without a word, without a sound except the slither of the long blade out of its leather scabbard, but I knew how gladly she would have seen me hanged.

My arms were free at last. They felt wooden, curiously weak. I said huskily, "Thanks. One—one moment," and stumbled out to the water trough, almost pitched into it before my arms would prop me.

"Poor one! Have they not given you even water? Andrea, run! Bring something to eat. Hurry, but be careful!"

Of course I drank too fast; I was a little sick. It was a minute before I could go back, humbly, to where she waited by the stables.

"Hurry, catch your horse! He is here; the men brought him in. Take any saddle if you cannot find your own. And go! Go, for ——"

"Rita," I said, "why do you do this for me? Do you believe I killed your brother?"

The light was on her face; I saw her eyes, dark, dull, their fires burnt out, black shadows under them.

"What does it matter?" she said wearily. "No suffering of yours will give him life again. He was my brother, but I know he forced the quarrel on you. There is blood on your face. Are you hurt much? My father is not a savage; he is sick, half mad. I thought he would never sleep again. I have been locked in my room all day; Andrea could not get the key till now. Oh, hurry! Someone may come. You can ride out this gate. I will wait and bolt it after you."

"Will they not blame you for my escape?"

"What does it matter? They blame me for everything already."

They would, you know. It was because of her that Rufo had attacked me. And by dying—can you see this?—he had made his furious suspicion forever unanswerable. Even Don Fernando now believed what Rufo had believed. Rufo, defending his sister according to his code, had destroyed her in the eyes of all her world. She didn't mean to tell me that; being a woman and long overwrought, she talked without knowing that she talked.

"My father is not to blame. He is sick. . . . His only son—if you had seen those poor bones—scraped like carrion. . . . How can your blood pay for Rufo's? I am to blame—I, because I am a woman. Did I choose to be a woman? You will not understand; you are not a Latin. You Saxons trust your women. You are generous. My father told the Englishman I was unworthy, and he laughed. He does not believe ——"

I cried, "What Englishman?"

"The Señor Brennan. He of Chunango. He of the mismated eyes."

And the reality of Vizcaya, that had stopped five months ago, jerked forward another notch. Five months ago Peter Brennan had known nothing of La Caoba except that Don Fernando was an offish old gentleman who refused to sell oil leases, and that Don Fernando's daughter was a dashed pretty girl. Yet Don Fernando had told him his daughter was unworthy and Brennan had laughed. Yes, Peter Brennan was a gentleman; he had known exactly the right thing to do. I envied him—that virile, handsome, easy-mannered man.

I said, "He is a gentleman."

"Yes. But my father hates me because I —— Undutiful because I would not be married as my sisters are. Unnatural. And now I have brought shame and sorrow ——"

Maybe you've loved a woman. Maybe you've seen her broken by some blundering of yours, racked by the fine-nerved frailty that is her greatest strength, her power to feel, to suffer, to endure. Five months of it! Her face too white, too thin in the clear moonlight; her hair too heavy for her slender throat, her eyes black-shadowed and her voice dull with exhaustion. And yet I had no right to touch her hands—her slender hands that moved incessantly, tortured by nerves that trembled at the breaking point.

Maybe you'll understand the helpless rage that made my jawbones crack.

I said, "I have to see your father."

"No! You shall not! I can endure no more. He is old and sick. He is mad, I tell you! Only go. This house has known enough of hate. For your mother, Howar', for anyone you love ——"

"For thee," I said, "I cannot go. I have come far to learn the truth. Hear me! I do not hate your father. I did not hate your brother. Even when his sword had wounded me I had no wish —— It is true that I saw him afterward on the trail. I hid from him.

(Continued on Page 94)

Hylastic

cuts down your tire bills by giving you longer wear—far beyond the usual expectancy.

That's what the greater sturdiness and superior stretching quality of Hylastic Cord gives you in Mason Balloons. Hylastic Cord is made exclusively from a special, carefully selected, tough and sinewy cotton. It is spun exclusively in Mason's own mills, under Mason's directions and to Mason standards. It is this Hylastic Cord that makes every Mason balloon so flexible that it gives maximum balloon comfort and yet so tough and sinewy that it lastingly endures constant flexing for many thousands of miles.

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THERE is a value in Reed & Barton silver plate that is greater by far than the term "plated" ordinarily indicates. For Reed & Barton silver plate is the very next thing to solid silver. The plate is heavy, thick, durable. It will wear even beyond your fondest expectations. And the very name Reed & Barton placed inconspicuously on the back of each piece, with its one hundred years of experience behind it, is the best guarantee of silverware quality obtainable.

The Westwood pattern, graceful in proportion and simple in its well chosen decorative design, is a fine example of Reed & Barton silver plate that your jeweler will be glad to show you.

REED & BARTON, TAUNTON, MASS.

WESTWOOD
TEA SPOON

REED & BARTON
100 YEARS
PLATED SILVERWARE

Continued from Page 92

After that—I was delirious. I do not know. Tell me, where was the—body found?"

"Near Chunango; in the jungle—mud."

"Could the manner of his death be known?"

"The skull," she said faintly, "was shattered by two bullets."

Two bullets! Three empty shells in my gun, only one of which I could account for. One from three, leaves two. . . . One bullet in the skull will drop a man instantly. He had been shot after he was down.

Stupidly, groping for something else to speak of, I said, "This Hecht—the soldier of fortune—what does he here?"

"He came to bring the ring, to tell my father where the—the bones —— Oh, I can see them yet! Nothing of my brother but the ring—even the gold all blackened. . . . God knows why Hecht stays on. All day he sits there in the patio, staring with those pale eyes. . . . Why do you stand there talking? For God's sake, go! Only go, and never ——"

Her hands fought me and her voice rose sharply toward hysteria. Andrea, running, thrust food into my hands, caught at her mistress, begging her to be quiet; whirled on me, her black eyes blazing hate. What could I do? I said I'd go. I saddled old Ben Murchison's horse and rode, heartsick and helpless, mocked by the peace of moonlight on eternal hills. Self-centered and afraid. Yes, even then I was concerned for my own skin. Going down the mountain side into the valley, suddenly my nerves jerked at the sound of hoofs below me on the trail.

Somebody was coming up. I whirled my horse and rode back to a place where he could slide down into the bushes; got down, crouching, gun in hand, my eyes glued on that bit of trail against the sky.

The sound of hoofs had stopped. Yet that other horseman had not turned back; in that still valley any clatter would have reached me. There was no sound at all. Only the moon, a dreaming loveliness; the stars, blue overhead, brightening and yellowing against the deeper night of the horizon; the night fog rolling out below you, muffling the world and cutting you off from men. Alone on a mountain side, waiting. Minute by minute. . . . A calm voice spoke behind me in the bushes.

"That you, Buck? I been right worried about you. Who you layin' for? Must think he's deaf. Don't never try to hide close to a horse. You can hold your own breath, maybe, but you can't hold his."

XXVIII

A SCARED man is infinitely more dangerous than a brave one. If I could have seen him instantly, I might have shot him before I knew what I was doing. But his mild voice let down the tension of my nerves. I had to laugh—shakily, I won't deny.

"Uncle Ben! What are you doing here?"

"Huntin' you." He came out of the bushes, afoot, calmly dropping his own gun into its holster. You can hardly carry a gun in your hip pocket in the saddle; he wore his gun belt now, old-timer fashion, the holster slung at hand-level on his thigh and tied down with a thong around his leg. That's practical. "I had a notion you'd head this way. You been to La Caoba? Find out anything?"

"Plenty," I said. "Let's go!"

"Go where? You can't show up in Tolobaya now. I hear Gabriel advertised you plenty. They're so scared of you now they're liable to shoot on sight."

"How's Gabriel? Hurt much?"

"Got a headache, but likely that's the licker. Must take a couple of gallons to get him drunk. Don't be too hard on him; he feels pretty sheepish already."

"Where is he?"

"I left him to look after the kid. She'll be all right, I reckon. The federals showed up today. You ought to been there," he said, grinning. "It was a turrible battle—on one side. The federals had a couple of field guns up on the hill, and they shelled the town half an hour before they found out the rebels had done took to the woods. We had to climb up and take a chance on stoppin' a cannon ball to flag 'em down. Well, le's go get my horse, anyway. I mean the crow bait you left me in place of mine. What's that on your face? You look like you run into a door."

Briefly, trudging down the trail, I told him what had happened.

"Huh?" he said. "Johnny Hecht at La Caoba? What's he doin' there?"

"He's the one that found Rufo's body. Bones, I mean."

"He'll get 'em into a peck of trouble, harborin' a rebel."

"Fat lot he cares," I said bitterly "With all the grief they've got already if he had the decency of a snake he'd know they don't want anybody, no matter who he is."

"Well," said Uncle Ben, "Johnny's had a hard life, last fifteen or twenty years Dog eat dog. A feller kind of forgets his company manners."

Making allowances. Maybe that was why Ben Murchison so seldom did a stupid thing; he always figured on the other fellow's point of view. Maybe that was why he was so easy to talk to. He always understood a good deal more than you could put into words.

We found his horse in the bushes, but instead of mounting he sat down on a ledge of rock and fumbled for a match.

"Buck," he said, "if it's any of my business, is that the same young lady you had the trouble with the boy about?"

"Yes."

"She have anything to do with you comin' back here?"

"Yes."

"Send for you?"

"No."

"How do you feel about her now?"

"Feel?" I said, and made a savage helpless gesture.

"Put it this way: You been home since then. You had five months to think it over, and you've seen her again. It ain't but twenty-five or thirty miles to the border, and no telegraph north of Tolobaya. With any luck, you could make it. Would you be satisfied to get away?"

"Go on," I said. "What's on your mind?"

"Two-three things. You say the boy was shot twice—in the head. That's a native trick. A white man's got more sense. A white man shoots at a man's middle, where he's easier to hit. Next place, the way I get it, your right arm was out of commission at the time. You think you could hit a man twice in the head with just two shots—left-handed?"

"Not unless it was close range—in a clinch."

"Yeah. And which arm did you hold him with while you was shootin'? The first shot would drop him. And you can't make me believe you shot him while he was down. You ain't that kind of a skunk. Next place, I've seen men dead a heap longer than five months, and I never saw a gold ring burn black. Not if it was good gold. And I judge it was, it if belonged to his grandpa. Rain and sun won't ——"

"Sulphur will," I said, remembering high-school laboratory days. "And there's plenty of sulphur in these hills. Haven't you smelled the gas around the pitch springs—around the oil wells too?"

"Yeah," said Ben Murchison. "Gas veins in the rock. But there ain't none out there in the flats behind Chunango. That's just river mud. And if he was close to Chunango all the time, why didn't nobody notice the buzzards while they was huntin' him?

"Next place, how come Johnny Hecht to care whose bones they was? First time I ever heard of that little sucker gettin' excited about a dead man more or less. What I know about him, he'd just stuck the ring in his pocket and gone on."

"Maybe he used it to get Don Fernando to take him in."

(Continued on Page 96)

How a Canadian Guide's story sold a roof to two American Manufacturers

". . . . nine hours we prayed there," concluded Ed, the guide. "1600 people—every soul in Iroquois Falls.

". . . . near half a day that forest fire roared outside like big rapids. Nothing left next day but black ashes . . . . nothing but the power house* where we crowded. That was 10 years ago—July 29th, 1916."

* * * * *

Ten days later the two fishermen left Ed and the woods—headed for the States. Two hours wait for a train in Iroquois Falls plenty of time to look over the power house of Ed's story.

They found a steel and concrete structure covered with a Barrett Specification Roof found that this roof 10 years after its ordeal by fire was still in perfect condition, had never cost one cent for repairs or maintenance.

"Which," said one of the fishermen, dryly, as they walked toward the station, "pretty much settles the kind of roof we'll have on our new plant."

* * * *

An exceptional test, yes! But *not* exceptional that the Barrett Specification Roof stood up under it. The fire-safe qualities of these roofs are acknowledged. As the building world knows they take the base rate of fire insurance. But this is not the quality that makes them stand out.

For service records on file testify that many Barrett Roofs of this type, built 35, 40 and more years ago, are still absolutely weather-tight—and not a cent spent on them for maintenance.

Barrett Specification Roofs are guaranteed by a Surety Bond against repair or maintenance expense for a full 20 years.

You're interested? Then dictate a brief memo to The Barrett Company, 40 Rector Street, New York City. We'll give you the full story—promptly.

Of course, you might, for sound reasons, want a built-up roof constructed according to your own specification.

Even so, don't neglect this fact: the experience of leading architects and builders over a period of more than 60 years has shown that it pays to construct a built-up roof of pitch and felt—both labeled Barrett.

* *The facts back of this story.* [illegible] reinforced concrete structure [illegible] Barrett Specification Roof. Raging fire surrounded this building for 9 hours—the air full of flying embers driven by a sixty mile wind. Building and roof were unharmed. The roof [illegible] in perfect condition.

Barrett

SPECIFICATION ROOFS

This column is addressed—

to men concerned with School, Factory, or Apartment building maintenance

FOR several years The Barrett Company has performed a rather unique service for building owners.

From time to time, at the request of men interested in the maintenance of large buildings, highly trained Barrett Inspectors have made careful surveys of the roofs of all these buildings and rendered detailed reports.

In many instances such examinations have resulted in large savings in building maintenance; and in the case of factories have undoubtedly prevented the loss of operating time and the damage to stock which often result from roof leaks.

Today Barrett is organized to offer this service to a wider list of owners. (The chances are it would prove valuable to you.) *Any recommendations will be impartial and based entirely on the actual conditions found.*

Ask yourself these questions:

"Have I any definite knowledge of the condition of the roofs for which I am responsible?"

"Are repairs or replacements necessary now? Do I know when any repairs will be necessary?"

"Is there danger of unforeseen interruptions caused by roof troubles?"

"Are all our roofs absolutely fire-safe?"

To answer these and any other questions, The Barrett Company with its 68 years of experience in the built-up roofing field offers you the benefits of its Roof Examination Service, free of charge or obligation.

Note: This service is available for big buildings, structures with roof areas of 5,000 square feet or more that are located east of the Rocky Mountains.

For detailed information regarding Barrett Roof Examination Service, address a brief note to The Barrett Company, 40 Rector Street, New York City, or—

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

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Please send me full information about your Roof Examination Service. I am mailing this coupon with the understanding that there is no charge or obligation involved.

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4-10-26

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The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then.

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

Parking

Have you your car parked where there is no restrictions as to the time it can stay there? If so, don't move it, leave it there. You may never find another place. If you feel that you have to use your car, why, buy another one. Don't move this one out of its parking place. There is thousands just waiting to get in.

Policemen are doing nothing but marking cars. A policeman used to carry a stick or billy, now he carries a piece of chalk.

There is more people looking for parking places than there is for jobs. You live out, say fifteen blocks, from the main part of town. You drive down in the morning. After driving around looking for a place to park for a couple of hours, you finally find one, and walk by your own house on the way to town.

Parking regulations are getting so strict you are only allowed "thirty minutes in front of your own home." "People who own garages on their premises will be allowed to have their car spend two nights a week with them." Modern ads are reading nowadays, "Car for sale or trade, been parked three times. Will trade and give difference for 'once parked car.'" "Have brand new car, will trade for *any* car already parked."

Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld [illegible] and screen star and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them

"Bull" Durham is a boon to the unparked. It soothes the nerves, gives courage and confidence to face a parkless world.

Will Rogers

P. S. There will be another piece here in two weeks. Look for it.

More of everything for a lot less money. That's the net of this "Bull" Durham proposition. More flavor — more enjoyment and a lot more money left in the bankroll at the end of a week's smoking.

(Continued from Page 94)

"What for? He's licked and he knows it. He was licked the minute Uncle Sam decided to take a hand. All he's got to wait for now is to get stood up against a wall. And he ain't got no hankerin' for that. I know him.

"Why didn't he keep hittin' for the border? Yeah," he said thoughtfully, "Johnny's the man we got to begin with. That is, if you want to play it out."

"Come on," I said, "before he gets away!"

He yawned, gazing off across the moonlit valley.

"Set down, Buck. Take it easy. It's a long time till daylight. We can't go bulgin' in there in the middle of the night; not the way things are. You got plenty of chances to get shot without that. I wish you felt like makin' for the border. But ——"

No, there was nothing great about him — this shabby, garrulous, matter-of-fact old man. Nothing romantic, either, in spite of the legends that have gathered on his name. No, it was something else; a simple thing, but hard to put a name to. He never got excited—call it that. Mild, easy-going. He could make anything seem commonplace. He steadied you like solid ground under your feet, eased you with something of his own invulnerable calm.

"I kind of hoped," he said, "you'd find yourself a girl back home; one that remembered the same kind of things that you grew up with. But I don't know, Buck. You been around these countries quite a while. You know the difference between native and white folks well as I do; and if you feel like ——"

"Uncle Ben," I said, "Rita del Valle is no half-Indian squaw. She's as white as I am. Whiter, for all I know. Her father was married in Spain, while he was in exile. She knows her blood for generations. Lord knows what mine is—Scotch-Irish, Danish-Dutch ——"

"Well," he said dryly, "you'd pass for white, all right. You know your own mind and I ain't tryin' to talk you out of it. The older I get, the less I think of this idea about young fellers bein' fools. Full of life, always wishin' for somethin', goin' after somethin', even if they don't know what; but old ones get gray-headed just tryin' to hold their own.

"That's when a man gets old—when he quits reachin' and just sets around rememberin'. Like me. . . . I had a girl once back in Alabama. She wanted to come down here with me—I was railroadin' then. She had the nerve, but her papa talked her out of it. It was all foolishness to him, this wantin' to see what the world was like out yonder.

"Well, say I was a fool. But I couldn't help it. She said she'd wait for me, but she—never.

"Married a real nice feller, she did. Good, careful feller; he worked up to be the cashier in the bank. But I saw her three-four times after that, and I couldn't help thinkin' —— I don't believe she —— Her old man ought to kept his mouth shut. Nobody knows it all. Tell young folks what they're liable to run into, yes. That's fair. But when it comes to makin' up their minds for them, you're bitin' off more than any man can chew.

"Tell young folks to be careful, yes. But not too careful. No sense in bein' scared to try, and thinkin' all your life what if ——"

The moon slid over the mountain rim behind us. The valley purpled, bottomless; the stars came close and friendly, and we talked. A man's a groping creature when you come to think of it. Currents flow through him, threads in a pattern he can dimly see sometimes; yet he can name them only in terms of outward things. Infinity—that is the space behind the stars. Beauty and formless dreams, and nameless longing, and the wild aching call of minor harmonies—there are no words for those; but a man can hear the slow night wind go whispering. A man can see the greatness, the beauty, the danger of God's tameless hills.

Of course I didn't say this to Ben Murchison. Not exactly. I only tried to tell him what Rita del Valle meant to me. Remembering the night I heard her singing in the patio alone, her voice the voice of something in her woman's heart—greater than pain, more lovely than her hands, older than the age-old, vibrant mystery in her eyes.

Groping for words, trying to tell him how that one short hour was burned into my memory.

"I was tired," I said, "that night; too tired to think; so tired I hardly knew what I was doing. And yet I knew—better than I ever knew anything in all my life —— There was always something about her. Just feeling her somewhere near—could rest me."

"A certain woman—yeah," said old Ben Murchison.

"I'd been lost all day up yonder in the hills. Afoot ——"

"How come? Ain't no mahogany up there."

"That was the day I told you about—the day my horse fell into the canyon. And like a fool I tried to find a short cut over the hills. Tramping in circles ——"

"Many a tenderfoot," said Uncle Ben, "has scared himself to death that way. A man ain't never lost till he loses his head. Next time you don't know which way to go, sit down and take it easy till you get yourself together. Find water and then take your time."

And that was how I came to mention the lake of asphalt to him. Not because it was worth millions, but because it had given me water when my blood was thick with sun and weariness.

"Huh?" said Ben Murchison. "Asphalt lake? How big?"

"Eight hundred and twenty-six paces in circumference," I said, and had to grin, remembering how I knew. But there was nothing funny in the memory of Don Fernando's fear. "There's irony for you," I said. "They let him keep this land because it was considered worthless; but that lake is worth a million if it's worth a cent. In those days nobody paid much attention to asphalt around here; there are several small springs of it in the valley. This was a long way back from civilization then. That suited him. All he wanted was to be left alone. He has lived in fear and trembling ever since the oil company opened up Chunango. He knows what'll happen if Zuñiga ever ——"

"Reckon there's two lakes like it in this country?"

"There are not three like it," I said, "in the world! Trinidad is bigger. Bermudez isn't a lake; it's a swamp. If this lake wasn't tucked away like it is —— You couldn't ship the asphalt out by land. But a few miles of aerial tram would drop it into boats offshore. In these days any engineer ——"

"Yeah," said Ben Murchison. "That's what Johnny said. But he never told me it belonged to anybody. He said it was on gover'ment land, clear down the other end of the country. I reckon he was scared I might suspicion you was mixed up in it if he mentioned Del Valle."

And that's when it dawned on me what Johnny Hecht, soldier of fortune, had been fighting for. I had wondered—idly, you know; I wasn't interested in Vizcayan politics. Neither was old Ben Murchison. He hadn't even asked Johnny Hecht who was behind him.

"Long as I wouldn't listen to a proposition," he said, "it wasn't any of my business. And I don't give a durn. Politics is one thing, and I promised to keep out of it. But the durned little runt lied to me. And they're tryin' to hang a murder on you. That's personal. Yeah," he said grimly, "Johnny's the man I want to see, if I have to chase him from here to Jericho.

"Let's get some sleep, Buck. Tomorrow's another day."

He had waited for many tomorrows in his time. He settled himself calmly and

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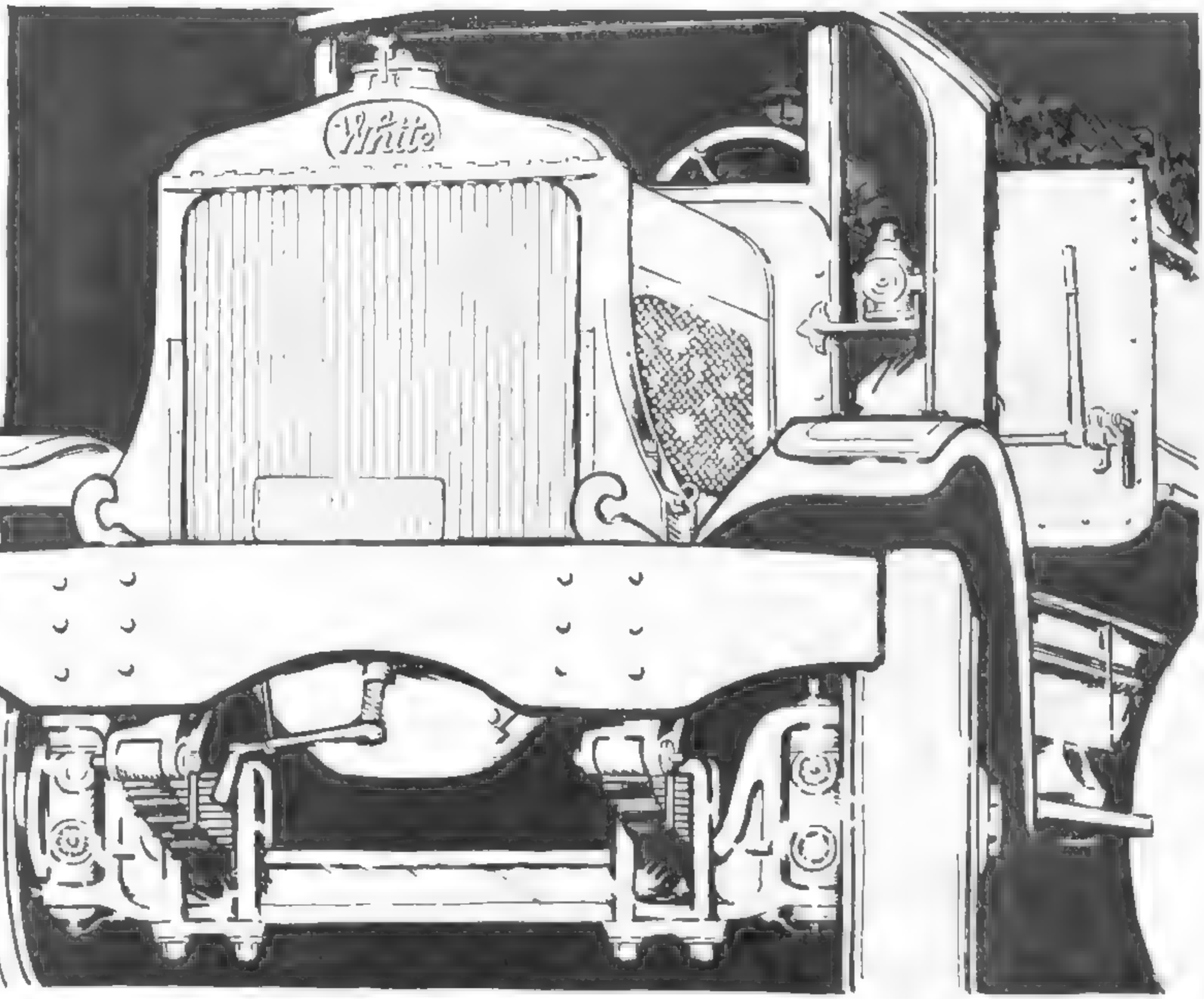
No job too big



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NEW from tip to heel, from shine to lining—this shoe is. Look it over. See the harness stitch in white whipcord. Look at the elbow pattern, the over-size balloon-style lace, and the broad flat toe of style. One smart thing about it that a picture cannot show is the color. It is "Nude" calfskin—and *this new lighter-than-ever tan shade is made exclusively for Walk-Over.*

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for men and women

The diagram at the extreme left shows, in black, the space left by ordinary shoe heels. No wonder shoes gape. See, at the right, how the exclusive Walk-Over pear-shaped heel fits

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(Continued from Page 96)

went to sleep; but I had never learned the trick of saving energy. . . . Poor Don Fernando, who had known the use of quiet days, but had the misfortune to own a bit of earth that was worth millions. Politically helpless, subject to exile on any excuse—and politicians could always find excuses. . . . Who was behind Johnny Hecht? He was no trader, only a fighting man. . . . Disjointed thoughts and flitting memories merged into hectic dreams. Sudden sunlight woke me; but Ben Murchison snored gently on.

Why does the world seem sweet and innocent when a day is young? The sky was cool. The inland peaks were flushed with lovely tints. The melting mist unveiled the fresh dark green of the low-swinging valley, the tiny roofs of Tolobaya like a doll village clinging to the mountain side, the thin gray ribbon of the trail below it, curling and twisting down; and something moving there.

You couldn't see it move exactly, but while you watched, it disappeared and showed again lower down. Too tiny to be sinister—a bit of blue, and now and then a tiny twinkle in the sun.

"Cavalry," said Ben Murchison. "Well, Buck, le's go!"

He had to make two efforts to throw the saddle on his horse's back. I had to look away, seeing how his crippled left arm would hamper him forever; but I knew better than to offer any help.

The cavalry had disappeared into the green. At this point the valley is not more than ten miles wide, but to the north it spreads and flattens into a bowl of forest rimmed by the upland mesa. Along this rim, as we climbed into the nick of the seaward hills, a plume of dust lifted against the sky.

XXIX

THE shoulder of the mountain hid it from us. At the old stone aqueduct I washed the dried blood off my face, drank and gave Uncle Ben water in his hat. He rode in silence, gloomy as any elderly man is apt to be in early morning, but unhurried, his mild old face showing no sign of strain. You would have thought he was on some casual journey, his destination somewhere far off. And like any casual traveler, he rode up to the gates of La Caoba, lifting a hand in greeting to the *portero* who squatted there.

"Good morning, friend. Can we get coffee here?"

And the *portero*, rising, took off his hat to this courteous, mild-eyed old stranger—odd how often the world looks back at you with the same face you show it, answers with the same voice in which you speak—saying, "Good morning, Excellencies. But surely! Travelers are always welcome here."

That's custom. Never was any peaceful stranger turned hungry from those gates. He'd never seen Ben Murchison, and it had been five months since I had entered by this way; he didn't recognize me. Likely it didn't occur to him that a man who had escaped from the corral at midnight would ride up to the front gates in the morning. Because we were white men, he directed us to the master's house, saying, "The master is ill, but the household will attend you."

And so I came again into that house where I was hated. In the dim entryway I kept my face averted and my hat pulled down while the porter unlocked the iron-barred inner door. But it was Ben Murchison he looked at, spoke to.

"Please have seats, señores. The master has not risen. I go to tell him you are here. Have you had coffee?"

He led us to the dining room. Here was the hospitable table I remembered, the very chair I used to sit in. Outside the low cool sun threw pleasant shadows of old arches into the stone-floored colonnade. Yonder I used to sit, evenings, hearing a wise old man spin out long peaceful thoughts in words; Rufo beside me, wriggling with impatience, eager with young curiosity about the world; the stout and motherly Doña Constanza; Rita, a dim vital presence; Doña Trini, a proud, cold, bitter lady. . . . The house was silent now. Only hushed noises from the kitchen, the empty meaningless babble of the fountain in the patio. Grief lay heavy here.

A woman servant came in, silent and perfunctory, bringing coffee; the way to the kitchen was behind me, and when she came to my side I bent my head as if in thanks. Well, I was grateful. A heavy heart is none the better for an empty stomach. Coffee was good.

The sound of boot heels echoed in the corridor, sudden and loud. Ben Murchison shifted in his chair. The boyish figure of Johnny Hecht swung through the door—Johnny Hecht, soldier of fortune, making himself quite at home. He was inside before he saw that we were there. Naturally, he was startled; and when Johnny Hecht was startled he acted first and investigated afterward. That's prudent when you've collected eleven bullet holes and are superstitious about the twelfth.

His hands clutched at his guns; but Uncle Ben was speaking.

"Steady, Johnny! Don't start nothin' you can't finish. Set down. I want to talk to you."

Uncle Ben's own gun already rested calmly on his knee. They knew each other, those two. Johnny Hecht grinned, shrugged his shoulders and sat down. He didn't need to be told to keep his hands on the table.

"Well, general, this is quite a pleasure."

"Maybe," said Ben Murchison, and sat and looked at him.

You never would have spotted them for fighting men. This under-sized, pale-haired, pale-eyed, boyish-looking fellow, his oddly long fingers fidgeting a little; and this old man in decent, shabby black, like a worn-out storekeeper or something, his blue gaze thoughtful, giving no hint of the threat that rested on his knee.

"Where's that girl with the coffee?" demanded the little man, unable to keep still; and that showed you the difference between them.

"Never mind just now," said Uncle Ben. "Maybe you won't need any."

"What's on your mind?"

"Two-three things," said Uncle Ben. "How come you told me that asphalt was on gover'ment land?"

The little man's pale lashes made his eyes look lidless. They flicked involuntarily at me before he answered.

"What's the difference?"

"That's what I want to know. I never asked you to come to me with a proposition; but next time you do it, you tell me the truth. I don't trust no man that don't trust me." His mild old eyes were rather grieved than angry; but his voice hardened as he snapped out a question: "What's Buck got to do with it?"

"Huh?" inquired Johnny Hecht, and grinned—unflatteringly. "Our friend? Not a thing, general. If that's what's sticking in your craw—not a thing in the world. He can go take a running jump for all of me."

"Then how come you all of a sudden to find the man they say he killed—just before he showed up here again?"

"Put it this way," said Johnny Hecht humorously: "How come he showed up here right after I found the man he killed?"

And that was the truth. These happenings were not a series of coincidences; only one. I know it now. The one uncalculated factor was the chance that brought me back. Call it chance—the way men grope and turn and cross each other, spinning out memories very different from their dreams.

You could tell he spoke the truth. Johnny Hecht had no conscience to speak of, but he had nerves; and a man who speaks the truth is relieved of any strain on his ingenuity. It seemed to satisfy Ben Murchison. He spoke in a more friendly tone.

"Just where did you find these bones, anyway?"

"Not half a mile from Chunango."

"How far off the trail?"

Continued on Page 101

Study the Habits of Successful People

You'll be amazed at the part this new idea in diet plays

TO be up and going every hour of the day is an exactment of modern life that everyone is called upon to meet.

That exactment calls, above all things, for habits of right eating. You must have food that *tempts* the appetite. For that is essential to digestion.

You must have food that supplies needed elements for correct nutrition. For that's essential to good health. All food you eat must supply energy without imposing on your digestion. For poor digestion means poor thinking.

Hence this unique food

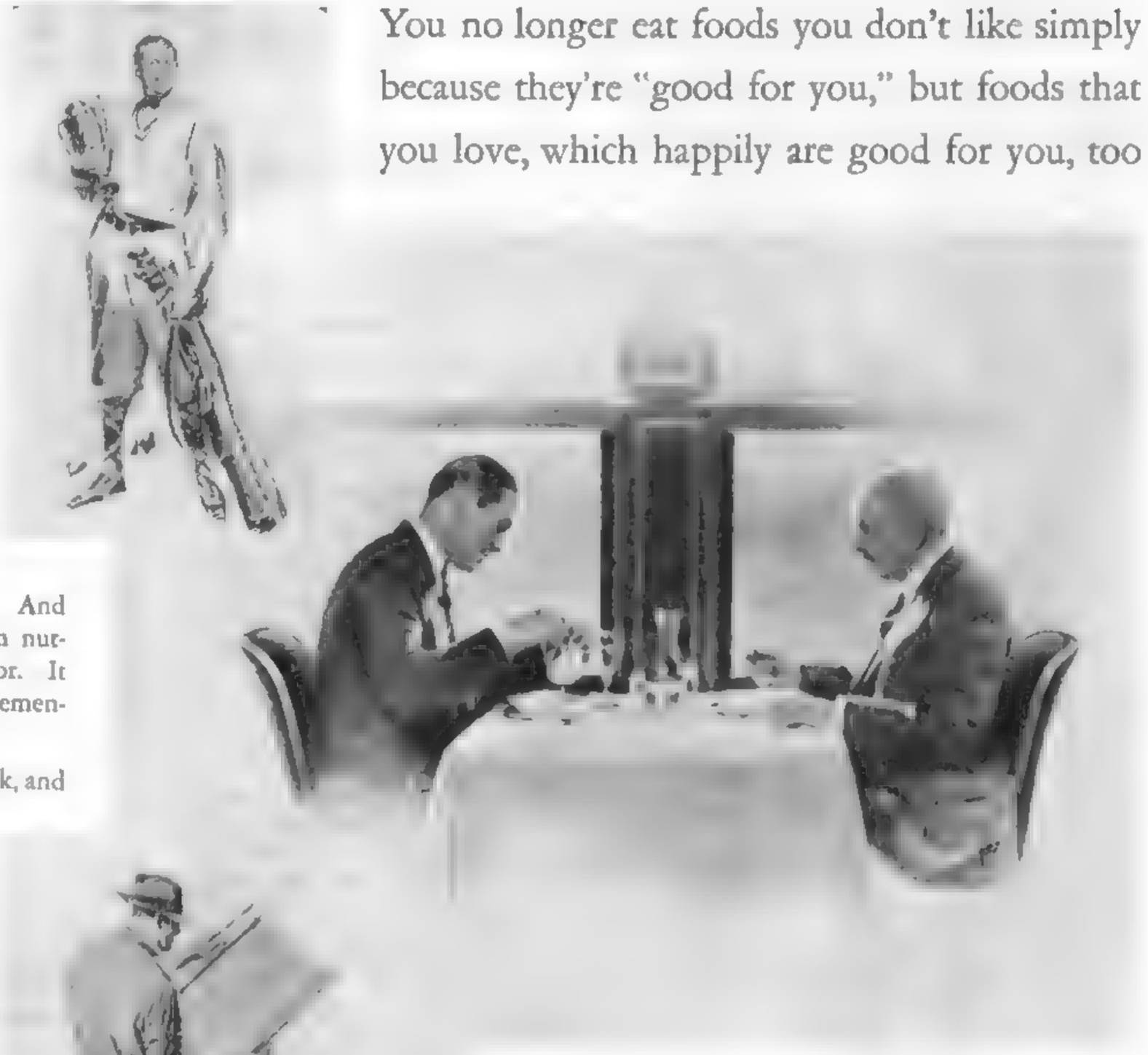
For these reasons, millions have turned to Quaker Puffed Wheat . . . wheat made enticing and delightful. Think of crisp toast. And you'll have an idea of its delights. Taste rich nut-meats. And you'll have an idea of its flavor. It digests easily. For it is steam puffed under tremendous pressure to break down every food cell.

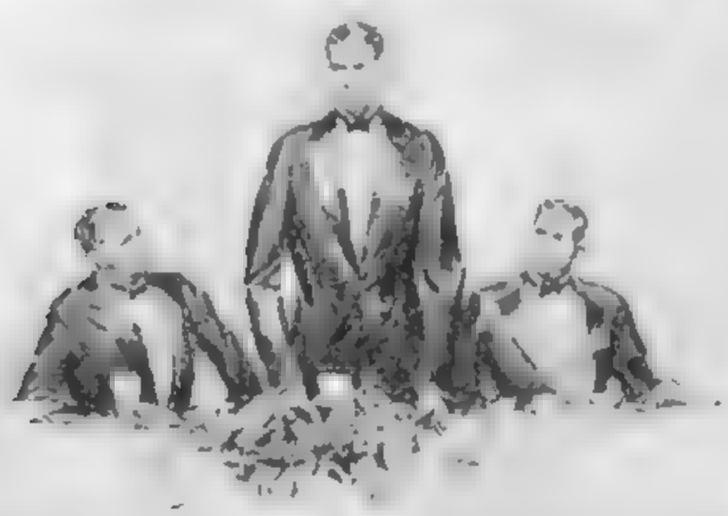
It is a bran-containing food. Serve with milk, and vitamines are supplied.

AND . . . it's so delightfully alluring, so different from ordinary dishes, that it tastes good when nothing else does.

It is food that's "good for you," that you eat because you love it . . . the sort of food modern diet calls for above all things.

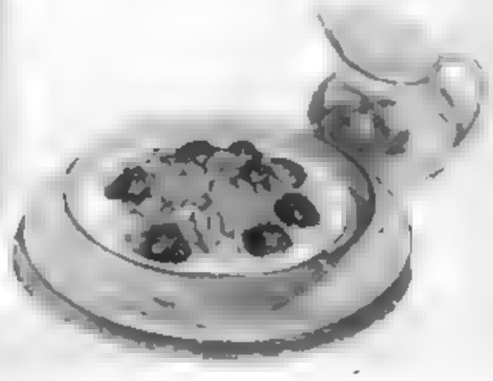
You no longer eat foods you don't like simply because they're "good for you," but foods that you love, which happily are good for you, too





Serve in many ways

Serve with milk or cream, or half and half. Try as a luncheon change for clearer thinking afternoons. As a bed-time snack that leaves nights free for restful sleep. Serve, too, with fresh or cooked fruits, or with cream and fruit juices. There are many delightful ways.



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You can identify the *genuine* HOOKLESS FASTENER by its trim, snug-fitting appearance.

Insist that the fastener on any article you buy has the distinctive HOOKLESS trademark on the pull.

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY
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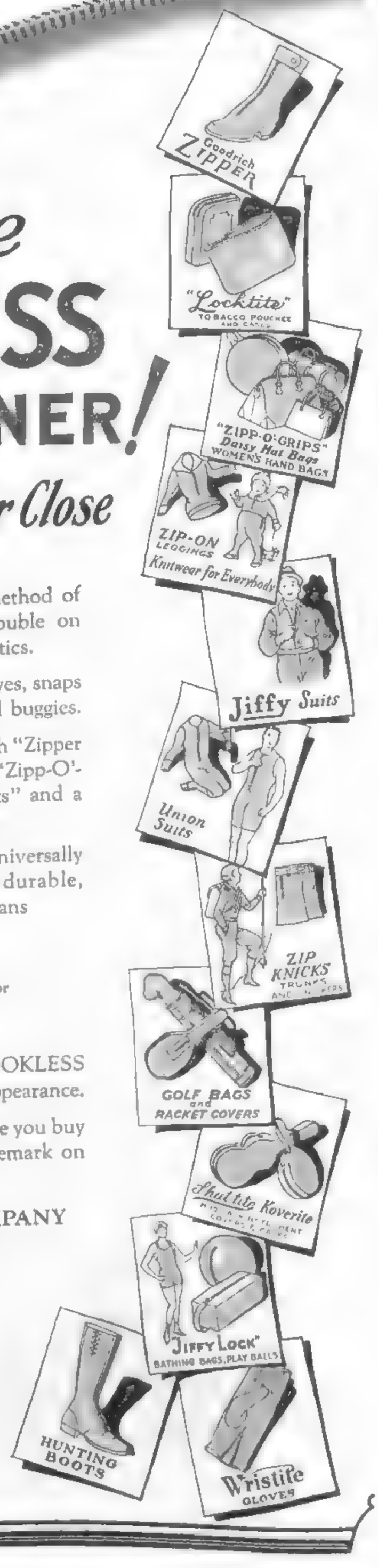

(Continued from Page 98)

"About a hundred yards."

"Any springs close to it, or runnin' water?"

"No. Why?"

"What was you doin' there?"

"Getting off the trail. The doughboys made it pretty hot to travel on; they cut us off with a searchlight from the gunboat."

"How could you see anything in the jungle at night?"

"Couldn't. Hid out and did our traveling next day."

"That when you found the bones?"

"Yeah."

"How'd you know who it was?"

"Had a ring with the Del Valle coat of arms"

"Who told you it was?"

"Huh?"

"Did you ever see a Del Valle coat of arms before?"

"Oh," said Johnny Hecht, "some of my men knew it."

"Must have been pretty black by this time," said Uncle Ben innocently.

"Yeah," said Johnny Hecht. "Pretty hard to make out."

"Then you came and told Del Valle?"

"Yeah."

"What for?"

"That," said Johnny Hecht reasonably, "is my business. Nothing to do with you or your young friend. The first I knew he was in the country was when the old man tried to blow his head off yesterday morning. That's his hard luck," said Johnny Hecht, "not mine. He's got his nerve to walk in here and ask for it again."

"By the way, Johnny," said Ben Murchison, "I forgot to tell you. You better make tracks. We saw cavalry headin' this way."

"Huh?" said the little man sharply. "When?"

He was disturbed. Oddly, this seemed to disappoint Ben Murchison.

"This mornin'. Saw 'em ridin' down from Tolobaya."

"Oh," said Johnny Hecht, relaxing, "they'll be on their way to relieve the doughboys at Chunango. Thanks for your —— Ah!"

Don Fernando, moving wearily, appeared in the door. Coming out of the sunlight, he didn't see us clearly; very likely he didn't even try. He bowed and said, "Your pardon, gentlemen, that I have been so slow in giving you welcome. I am not well. It is a sad house that you honor with your presence."

We had risen. Johnny Hecht grinned flippantly.

"I present my friend," he said, "the great General Benjamin Murchison. The other gentleman you know. He was our guest yesterday."

Then Don Fernando saw me. I guess that's why he didn't catch Uncle Ben's name. His thin hands twisted and his somber eyes seemed slowly to recede, staring at me. I doubt if he noticed Ben Murchison at all until he spoke—this steady, easy-going, gentle-voiced old man.

"Señor del Valle," he said gravely, "we intrude, but not without necessity. This young man did not kill your son."

Quietly, positively, as if it were a proved fact; as if he had all kinds of evidence behind it; so firmly that the bare assertion carried weight.

Don Fernando cried, "How do you know?"

"I will tell you," said Ben Murchison, "presently. Let the *mesera* bring your coffee; afterward we will talk."

"I have had my coffee. Speak!"

"I have not finished mine," said Uncle Ben. "Have I your permission? I am older than you and feel the need."

Habit is strong. In all his life Fernando del Valle had not failed in courtesy to a stranger in his house, and to a Latin of his class all hurry is ill-bred. Ben Murchison knew this and figured on it—I can see it now: but at the time I was dazed to find myself sitting down at the invitation of the man who had tried to blow my head off.

"Yes," said Ben Murchison, "I am older than you. I recall you now; you are the young Fernando whom your Cousin Luis used to call El Sabio—the student, the philosopher."

Don Fernando stared at him. "You knew Luis? Your name is ——"

"I am Benjamin Murchison, your servant." He grinned. "Do you remember the day of outing at the painted cliff outside the capital? I remember how Luis laughed at you because you sat apart and read. He could not understand a man who could prefer his books to lovely ladies. A gallant youth, Luis."

"You—you are Morchison—the soldier of fortune? He who ——"

"—— served your cousin while he lived. Yes."

"And abandoned him to the firing squad!"

"No," said Ben Murchison. "You should remember, Fernando. I saw you fight that day until we knew that he was dead. That was the end."

"That was the beginning! You forget that there were others of us who were left to die—and others not so happy! Even my sister——"

"I have heard," said Uncle Ben; and gravely, with a forefinger on which the faded freckles stood like symbols of his faded years, he made the reverent gesture of the cross.

He had no fixed religion so far as I ever knew, but some faith he must have had; plainer than words his eyes said "Now she has peace."

Queerly uncertain, Don Fernando was. Staring at him, trying, I guess, to fit this gentle, unassuming old fellow into the picture he'd been thirty years building in his mind—the picture of a bold, ambitious, swashbuckling adventurer.

Gently, Ben Murchison said, "How well I remember her as a girl! And yet I knew her very slightly. One night while we were besieging the capital we slipped into the city, Luis and I, to learn the disposition of the federal forces. But Luis ——"

He grinned, the look of reminiscence coming on him.

"A brave lover, Luis. When we had got into the city he led me by a long way into a street called Corones ——"

"Colones," corrected Don Fernando.

"—— and left me abandoned on a corner while he made his adorations a long time under your sister's balcony. And when I scolded him he laughed and said he was not such a blockhead as to volunteer for such dangerous service without a reason. Then he presented me to your sister and I knew how good his reason was. And I remember ——"

Presently Don Fernando said, "And do you remember ——"

That's one of the crossroads in the trail I see now, looking back—a place where the pattern merges into the memories of other men; a glimpse down the ways these two old men had come. Old, I mean, to me; not to each other. Their minds had slipped back thirty years, and one was a youth who loved his books and one was more mature, a foreigner whose name had lately flamed into renown. It was curious to see Don Fernando render the deference of youth to maturity.

They talked; and the *portero* came running from the patio.

"Master! The cavalry! The soldiers!"

They were already dismounting with jangling spurs and clanking sabers before the house, their lathered horses showing how fast they had come to get here before —— But how could I have known?

While things are happening, a man can see only with his own eyes. I saw a lieutenant of cavalry come striding in; but it was only a squad he led; the main body we had seen was not with him.

Doña Constanza appeared from somewhere; she stopped short, crying out my name, flapping her dimpled hands in vague distress—for all the world like a motherly, frightened hen; but there was nothing funny about it at the time.

Do *you see what the camera sees?*

It is difficult to deceive the "eye" of the camera. It registers accurately whatever comes within its range. Here is an unretouched photograph taken from a motor-car.

Look at the above picture closely. Note the wobbly lamp-post. See that fantastic building through the door of the automobile—its misshapen pillars, its grotesque windows, its walls bulging as if about to fall.

Now, look ahead of the wheel! What do you see? The east wing of the same building in all its classic beauty—*as it really is.* You see it through the Plate Glass windshield; the west wing, through the sheet glass window in the car door.

The strange distortions caught by the camera are presented to your own eyes when you look through sheet glass. Do you not believe that glass which so tricks the vision is a hazardous thing in a motor-car?

Insist upon having nothing but polished Plate Glass on the car you buy. This glass is flawlessly clear. No waves, no irregularities of any kind. Polished Plate Glass attains perfect transparency—yet is tougher than sheet glass, and therefore more resistant to breakage. Its brilliancy lends beauty too, and distinction, to your car. Insist upon it for glazing when replacing broken panes. Plate Glass Manufacturers of America, First National Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The lieutenant said loudly, "You are under arrest!"

I had no time to be arrested then; for Rita del Valle came flying across the patio, her gray eyes lit with amber fires, her hair loose on her shoulders, a sable, shining glory in the sun. I caught her hands and said, "Rita, remember! While I live I love you."

Violent hands clutched me from behind. Not on the shoulder, where you'd expect the hand of the law to fall, but about the waist, catching me off balance so that I whirled and stumbled full into the arms of the charging lieutenant. And while he reeled, a gun exploded at my elbow and he fell.

Johnny Hecht, dodging from pillar to pillar and firing as he ran, gained the rear passage toward the horse corral. The air was full of detonations now. A soldier clutched his stomach and pitched down into a flower bed. Others ducked down behind the fountain. A bullet whacked the wall beside the front entryway; another clanged on the iron grating and went whining out past the sweating, patient horses.

Then quiet fell, bewildering. The soldier in the flower bed, struggling up on one elbow, said plaintively, "I am hit," and fell back on his face into the dirt. His comrades edged out cautiously from behind the fountain. Nothing happened. They ran toward the rear passage and disappeared.

Uncle Ben asked me, "Can he get out through the corral?"

Still dazed, I said mechanically, "I did."

"Well, Johnny can get through a heap smaller hole than you can."

The soldiers came running back, dashed out through the entryway, mounted and dashed round the house toward the corral. Johnny Hecht had got away.

So we looked after the men who had been hit. The lieutenant was quite dead. The man in the flower bed wasn't, but he was so near it that we were afraid we'd kill him if we picked him up; we did what we could for him where he lay. Another, near the rear passage, had a bullet through the hip; we carried him to a bed mechanically. There was still a sense of unreality about it.

"Buck," said Ben Murchison, "there's some shenanigan about this. Johnny wasn't expectin' to be arrested."

But I didn't even wonder what he meant. I told him "I was."

He grinned and said, "Yeah; I noticed."

There was a commotion at the front gates, but it was not the cavalry returning. Uncle Ben, looking out through the grating of the *cancel*, called to me, "Buck, this ain't your lucky day after all. Those boys didn't know you by sight; but here's one that does." Then he said, "Keep your shirt on, but make sure your gun's loose. These fellers ain't after no picnic. The *portero* is down."

He meant the man who kept the outer gates. Maybe he'd tried to stop those horsemen who came crowding in; nobody saw him then; they found him afterward with a fractured skull. I guess Ramon Zuñiga did that; it seems to have been a specialty of his—that trick of jerking a man against the saddle horn and whacking his head with his revolver, the way he'd done with Henry Dowling in the plaza at Tolobaya. He'd used the barrel on Dowling; this time he must have used the butt—the way that gateman's head was cracked.

It was Ramon Zuñiga whom Uncle Ben had recognized. I didn't; not at once; it had been five months since I had seen him. My eye didn't single him out from the other men who rode before a carriage, a glossy carriage such as you'd expect in city streets. There was only one man who used a carriage on those steep rough trails. He had to. That was the grim old paralytic Zuñiga, boss of Vizcaya, the Galician father of Ramon.

But the man who got out of it, threaded his way among the shifting horses, entered the *saguán* and came to the inner door was Peter Brennan of Chunango.

He took off his white pith helmet, a handsome, virile figure with his clean skin and short well-clipped mustache, and opened his mouth to speak to Don Fernando. He left it open, staring at me as if he saw a ghost—with his brown eye. Nowadays, thinking of Peter Brennan, I make a very definite distinction. His other eye, you may recall, was blue.

XXX

THEN he said "Oh!" in that crisp British drawl of his, making two syllables of it, and his blue eye twinkled in a smile at his own expense. "Hel-lo, Pressley! Fancy your bobbing up! How are you?"

Swiftly but not hastily he bowed to Doña Constanza, kissed Rita's hand—gracefully; it didn't seem at all effusive—nodded to Ben Murchison and shook hands with Don Fernando, saying, "I must talk with you quickly. If the ladies will permit us?" and took Don Fernando's arm and disappeared with him while I was still waiting to tell him how I was. Yes, quite a fellow, Brennan. He had poise.

And behind him, for the first time in thirty years a Zuñiga walked, insolent and unhindered, into the house of a Del Valle.

The porter knew him right enough. All Vizcaya knew the figure of Ramon Zuñiga—tall for a Latin, his width of shoulder and slenderness of hip admirably set off by the short jacket and tight trousers of a horseman; he had the lithe grace of a bullfighter and the arrogance of a hawk. Oh, the porter knew who he was; but the peon does not live who dares to shut a door in a rich man's face without orders from his master.

Don Fernando had seen him coming; why had he let himself be led away like that? Afterward I knew. He was tired and sick, worn out with grief and hate; he didn't know what to do; he let Brennan guide him like a bewildered child. He trusted Brennan.

But not far enough.

Ben Murchison said mildly, "Good morning, Señor Zuñiga."

Zuñiga paid no attention to him—staring at me; his arrogant eyes narrowed and glowed. To this day I'm not sure he knew who Uncle Ben was. No doubt he'd seen him puttering around Tolobaya—this shabby, mild-eyed, unspectacular old man—and never once connected him with the bold, swashbuckling General Murchison of popular legend. He seemed to think me the more formidable of the two. Certainly I was the taller, younger, stronger; I was the one who had assaulted him—him, Ramon Zuñiga—pulled him off his horse and thrown him in the dirty plaza and stamped on his hand and disarmed him. He remembered that. Staring at me with those hot hawk-like eyes of his, he rubbed his right hand with his left as if he still could feel my hobnails.

He said softly, "So we meet again!"

Now, looking back, I can think of any number of cool retorts I might have made. But I wasn't cool; that's the plain unromantic truth. I was hot and scared.

Ben Murchison murmured, "Keep your shirt on, Buck!"

Other men crowded in, two of them with their hands locked to make a chair; you've seen children do it; and the man they carried couldn't have weighed much more than a child. Shriveled so that his head seemed inhumanly large—he seemed all face, if you know what I mean. One man could easily have carried him. But Teófilo Zuñiga clung to the shreds of dignity with a determination that would have been pitiful in another man. He hated being carried. The instant he came through the door his yellow eyes rolled past Rita and her mother to the chairs beyond them, and he shouted, "Out of my way, female dogs!" His voice startled you—loud, with the hoarse masculine reverberance of the Basque or the Galician; very strange to hear out of that wasted frame.

Rita del Valle and her mother stood as if stunned. Men moved to enforce the order. Doña Constanza shrank aside, but Rita turned on her heel and went away unable to tolerate or prevent the thing that happened.

The cripple bawled, "Come back here!" She went on as if she had heard nothing. He yelled, "Bring her!"

"One moment," I begged, and hurried after her. "Rita, *por Dios!* We are too few to fight them. Give them no excuse to put their hands on you. I could not endure ——"

And I remember yet the white-faced look she gave me—proud, helpless and ashamed. Her brother dead, her father broken -and I, who claimed I loved her, was too practical to fight.

But she went back. It has the fantastic quality of a nightmare in my memory, that scene. Sweet sunlight slanting into the patio, where a dead man and a dying sprawled among the flowers, the fountain murmuring with the soft monotony of peaceful days; these professional assassins of Zuñiga's watching, grinning; and that senile crippled thing enthroned in Don Fernando's favorite chair, the gracious sweep of its high woven back framing his waxen face—yellow, half dead, a face on which the flesh seemed horribly to have melted and run down. Only one side of it could move. Only the eyes seemed alive, jaundiced and poisonous with infirmity and eighty years of hate. His utter helplessness made him more terrible. He could command any violence, yet he was safe from violence himself.

His eyes looked Rita up and down, profaned her. Suddenly, rolling his eyes from her to me and back again, he whickered—like a spiteful, senile stallion.

"So this is your Yankee lover, eh, *Vizcaina?*"

Sneering; he didn't mean merely Vizcayan; the Del Valles are of Biscay, in Spain, from which Vizcaya takes its name—that proud highland province that always has looked down upon Galicia. That was how far the roots of hate went back. The Zuñigas were Galician in a country where the word "Galician" is an epithet.

"Congratulations, meester! How do you do it?"

Stiff-lipped, trying to keep my shirt on, I echoed, "Do?"

"When I was young I could tame women too; but I never found their fathers so complacent. This Don del Valle ——"

That was an insult too; the title "don" is used with given names; to use it with a surname alone is to imply that a man was born nameless.

"—— this *Vizcaino* who is too good to speak the name of a Galician! Is it not true, meester? You have not heard him speak the name of Zuñiga? Yet every day and every night he knows the *gallego* is his master! Eh, meester? Is it not true?"

I kept my shirt on and my mouth shut. Where was Uncle Ben?

"You are clever, meester; you seem to have daddled him properly. You enjoyed his hospitality and his daughter ——"

That was when my shirt began to slip.

"—— killed the only son he ever had the virility to beget ——"

"Señor Zuñiga," I said hoarsely, "I make allowances for your age and your infirmity. But you ——"

"—— yet here I find you as his guest again! I confess I do not understand aristocrats; I am a mere *gallego;* does the Don del Valle ——"

The Latin mind, when it turns foul, begins where the Saxon mind leaves off. Maybe I tried to shut him up by force; I don't know; all I remember is the way Rita cried out at the thing he said, and a red storm of violence out of which I thudded backward against a pillar. Hands held me, faces grinned at me. But they didn't try to kill me, didn't even hurt me much; I wondered why.

Where was Ben Murchison?

Doña Constanza batted with futile dimpled hands at a man who held Rita; he grinned and tramped humorously on her slippered instep. Doña Constanza collapsed, clutching her foot and crying. They laughed. Well, maybe it was funny—from their point of view.

The face in the chair was grinning, grotesque and terrible.

"Does he seem strong, my boys? Good! Meester, they tell me you unhorsed my son Ramon. Of course it was a *chanza*, a mere fluke. Yet you may well be proud. You are the only man who ever has unhorsed him. He is *muy hombre*, very much a man—my son Ramon. Eh, meester? Is it not true? With all your beef you are not taller. Your limbs are thicker, but that is your clumsy Saxon bone. His bones are steel—the bone and sinew of a gentleman!"

Afterward I understood it. Their word for gentleman is *caballero*, horseman; to unhorse a man is to humiliate him, humble him. But there was more to it than that. With all his wealth and power, Teófilo Zuñiga could never make his world forget his humble birth. The poorest aristocrat could call him the *gallego* and smile behind his back. The invisible, unbreakable barrier of caste—to us it hardly seems a thing to fret about; for him it turned all his success to gall. Now, looking back, I firmly believe he hated every living soul—but one; his son Ramon, strong, handsome, arrogant, in whom he saw his ideals of a gentleman fulfilled.

"He shall prove to me that you took him unaware. I have blamed him; now he shall prove to me that he is your better!"

On that point he was crazy; there's no doubt about it. And like a dutiful son, Ramon stepped up and slapped me across the face.

"So much a gentleman," I wheezed, "that he has courage to strike a man whose arms are held!"

"You will fight? You challenge him?"

Fantastic, eh? For the moment they forgot the practical errand on which they came. There was a stir of pleasurable anticipation. Eh, well! Better one man than a dozen. Better anything than helplessness. Past a certain point, there's no use being scared.

"Is there one here who will act as your second?"

I looked for Ben Murchison and said "No." Dimly I hoped Uncle Ben had got away.

"Then Ramon shall have none. How will you fight him, son?"

Ramon cut his glowing eyes at his father as if they shared some hidden joke. "He fought the young Del Valle with rapiers."

I said, "I would prefer pistols."

"No doubt. But my father does not wish you killed too quickly. Let us see how much blood your Saxon beef contains." He turned, smiling, to pat Rita's frozen cheek and ask her, "Is there a *sala de armas* in this pigsty, pretty one?"

"And a place to bury peasants," said Rita del Valle.

They took up the cripple's chair. Peter Brennan came out of the room where he had disappeared with Don Fernando. Rita cried out to him, "Where is my father?"

"A sudden indisposition. He is lying down." Brennan looked at me and asked in English, "What's up?"

"I seem to be hooked for a duel. Have you seen the general?"

"No."

"Will you act as my second?"

"Sorry," said Brennan with a regretful smile.

Rita, looking from me to him, needed no English to guess what I asked. She cried, "You are a man of his own race, and you refuse?"

But she did Brennan an injustice. He was not a coward; he was merely practical. He had been under a great strain these past few months. His clean pink skin showed haggard worried lines, but his composure was unshaken. A resourceful fellow, Brennan. He had many strings to his bow, and one after another he had tried them all. Now, steadily, he twanged the last one that remained to him.

He walked out.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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THE EEL

(Continued from Page 25)

Nevertheless, his abundant physical health and flaming instinct for combat so charmed a crowd that men stifled sober judgment in order to cheer. If Battling Billy were not a real hero, they would make him one anyway. He was a fighter.

"Number four thousand eight hundred and twenty-two," the clerk of the court announced. "Miss Edith Lake, plaintiff, versus the Q. & O. Railway Company, defendant, suit for damages for personal injuries."

"What says the plaintiff?" asked His Honor.

"Ready," William Boyd replied, in a stern, martial tone.

"What says the defendant?"

"Ready."

"Mr. Clerk, swear the jury."

While this ceremony was in progress two deputy sheriffs carried Miss Edith Lake, reclining in her invalid's chair, through the center aisle and set her down close to her lawyer. She was dressed in white from shoes to hat. The chair she occupied was very much like a steamer deck chair. Her face was pale, her large blue eyes told their own story of long confinement, and her attire, since it was all white, suggested innocence. In good health, thought the onlookers, she would be a lively, buxom, attractive young woman. William Boyd looked at her, but their eyes did not meet and no greetings were exchanged. His expression seemed to say, "The hour of vengeance has struck."

Soon after the jury was impaneled he began the introduction of testimony. Under skilled guidance the story of his client's misfortune unfolded as rapidly and easily as though he were composing it instead of working with living witnesses. There were two high lights in the testimony; Miss Lake, herself, furnished the first and her physician the second. She had been a passenger on an excursion train that was wrecked, she said. When the train jumped the track she was thrown out of her seat and across the aisle, then back again, then to the floor. Several passengers picked her up, but she could not stand. Eventually she was taken to the hospital along with other injured passengers and the railroad company's doctor examined her. He said there was nothing serious the matter except that her back was painfully bruised; that she would be all right in a few days and might go home at once if she wished. After five days in bed at home her mother had summoned Doctor Fleet. He reported serious injury to her spine; since then she had been under his care.

Doctor Fleet was the next witness. After minute description of the nature of the injury, there was a moment of pause, then William Boyd asked slowly, with dramatic spacing of the words, "Doctor, in your opinion, will this young lady ever walk again?"

"No, sir," was the emphatic reply. "The injury is permanent."

"That's all, doctor." And then to the judge: "Your Honor, the plaintiff rests."

"Call your first witness," said the judge, addressing Mr. Bagley. He called the railroad company's physician, Doctor Wolff, who took the stand, polished his spectacles and looked a trifle bored, as indeed he was, court rooms being familiar scenery.

"Doctor," said Mr. Bagley, "have you had much experience with accident cases?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many years have you been physician for the Q. & O.?"

"Eighteen."

"About how many accident cases have you treated?"

"I don't know exactly; several thousand."

"All right, doctor. I believe you examined Miss Edith Lake, the plaintiff in this case. Please tell the jury what injury, if any, you found."

"There was a large bruise on her back, to the right of the spine, over the short ribs. She was suffering from shock. There was no evidence of internal injury, and positively no injury whatever to the spine. With regard to spinal injury one could scarcely be mistaken. That, of course, was what I looked for."

"Did you examine her again later at her home?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what did you find then?"

"The bruise had disappeared and she was enjoying perfect health. I think she still is."

"You think she could get up from that chair right now and dance—is that right, doctor?"

"I haven't the slightest doubt that she could."

"That's all, doctor."

"No questions," said William Boyd, and his tone was eloquent. In effect it said, "What would be the good of questioning that scoundrel? He's hired to speak his little piece and stick to it."

The next witness, a well-dressed young man of athletic appearance, took the stand. Miss Edith Lake gave him one startled glance, then closed her eyes and held her handkerchief in a tight fist.

"What is your name?" asked Mr. Bagley.

"Thomas B. Hope."

"By whom are you employed and in what capacity?"

"I am a special officer for the Q. & O. Railway Company."

"Have you ever met Miss Edith Lake?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell the jury when and how you met."

"I was assigned to investigate her case about two weeks after the wreck in which she was injured. Leslie Stribling and I rented the front room of the house across the street from her home ——"

"Who is Leslie Stribling?"

"It Was Not Enough to Break Her Back—They Must Also Break Her Heart"

"He also is a special officer for the Q. & O. Railway Company."

"All right, Mr. Hope, go on."

"We first became acquainted with Miss Alice Lake, Edith's sister."

"How?"

"Well, we just flirted with her."

"All right, go on.

"She introduced us to Edith and after a week or so we proposed going on a picnic some Sunday. Alice said that was impossible because Edith couldn't walk, but we told her that we had seen Edith walking."

"Had you seen Edith walking?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many times?"

"Two or three."

"Did anyone support her or help her?"

"No, sir."

"Did she fall down?"

"No, sir. Once we saw her kick a pillow across the room."

"Well, after you told Alice that you had seen Edith walking, what, if anything, did she do or say?"

"At first she was very much embarrassed, then she went and talked to Edith for ten or fifteen minutes. After a while she called us into Edith's room—Edith was in bed—and they said that if we would pick out some place where no one would be likely to see us and go fairly early in the morning, it would be all right. They explained about this damage suit and that Edith's injury was supposed to be permanent. She showed us the braces that she was supposed to be wearing and laughed."

"You and Stribling and the girls were fairly good friends by that time, were you not?"

"Yes, sir. We'd been over to see them quite often."

"Mr. Hope, did you go on the picnic?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell us about it."

"We went in Stribling's car about seven o'clock the following Sunday morning to a little spring back in the hills about fourteen miles. There's a little lake there about the size of a city lot and a nice beach of white sand. We went in swimming."

"Did Edith go in swimming?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did she swim?"

"Yes, sir."

"About how long?"

"Six minutes. I timed her."

"And then what did you do?"

"We played leap frog to get warm."

"Did Edith play?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell the jury just what you mean by leap frog."

"Well, one person bends over and braces himself by putting his hands on his knees. Then the other person approaches, running, places his hands on the back of the person bending over and leaps over him. That's the way we played it."

"Did Edith jump over anyone?"

"Yes, sir, she jumped over all of us, several times."

"And did the rest of you jump over her?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what did you do next?"

"We ran several foot races and then we climbed up the face of one of the hills where it was steep and rocky. Then we climbed down again. Just as we got down Alice bruised her foot on a rock, so Stribling put her on his shoulders to carry her back to the car. Edith wanted to be carried, too, so she straddled my shoulders and I carried her. The girls drew the curtains of the car and changed from their bathing suits to their clothes and then we cooked breakfast over a camp fire and then we came home."

"Were any photographs of the picnic party made?"

"Yes, sir. I had stationed a photographer in a tree. He made twelve pictures."

"Are these the pictures?" Mr. Bagley offered them and the witness examined each carefully. Then he said, "Yes, sir."

"Is the photographer who made these within reach?"

"Yes, sir. He's outside in the corridor, waiting to be called."

"Is Mr. Stribling available?"

"Yes, sir. He's outside too."

"That's all, Mr. Hope." And then to William Boyd: "You may take the witness."

Boyd was calmly arranging a pile of papers. Bagley leaned back and whispered to his partner, "Did you watch him, Dean?"

(Continued on Page 111)

It's a curious thing—

Human beings are very inconsistent sometimes.

In looking out for our own welfare, many of us are still superstitious about walking under a step-ladder. Others still stop to pick up a pin for good luck.

Yet, strangely enough, we neglect a certain very important duty that in the end may have a much more serious bearing upon self-preservation and length of life.

And that is the care of the teeth. Most folks, for instance, are careless, actually lazy, about tooth-brushing. In the morning we're in a hurry. At night we're tired.

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LISTERINE

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"—for lazy people"

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Reveals the beauty of the Scarlet Tanager

(Continued from Page 107)

"Yes," was the reply. "He never batted an eye. He'll bluff it through."

"Then we've got him, Dean."

"I hope so, but he looks damned confident to me."

"Dean, you're not getting wabbly, are you?"

"I hope not, but that scoundrel thinks awful fast."

"Do you see any way out for him now?"

"No, but ——"

The whispering ended abruptly when William Boyd began his cross-examination.

"Mr. Hope," he said, "as the special officer assigned to this case, were you given all available information concerning it before you undertook your investigation?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were you familiar with the opinion of Doctor Fleet as to the seriousness of Miss Lake's injury?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then when you launched out on that very enjoyable picnic you knew that you were taking a chance that it might result in sudden and horrible death for this young woman?"

"I didn't believe that any such risk existed."

"In spite of the fact that Doctor Fleet had given his opinion?"

"Yes, sir, in spite of that fact."

"You don't think very highly of Doctor Fleet then?"

"No, sir. I think he's a crook."

"You probably have the same opinion of me. Have you, Mr. Hope?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you were willing, on behalf of your employers, to back your opinion at the risk of her life?"

"I was backing the opinion of Doctor Wolff, not mine."

"But why do you have so little regard for Doctor Fleet in this controversy between the two men of science?"

"Because Doctor Fleet is your hired hand."

"Have you positive evidence of that fact, Mr. Hope?"

"Well, he always appears when you are the attorney in a personal-injury suit."

"And you think that very likely I influence his testimony—is that correct, Mr. Hope?"

"Yes, sir."

"You think that I do this by paying him money; is that correct?"

"Yes, sir."

"And are you positive that the Q. & O. Railway Company doesn't pay Doctor Wolff?"

"Of course they pay him. He's their regular physician."

"But you don't think that that would influence his testimony?"

"No, sir. I know it doesn't."

"Are you, by any chance, a physician, Mr. Hope?"

"No, sir."

"You have perhaps heard that doctors sometimes disagree?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you feel perfectly competent to pass upon such disagreements?"

"No, sir. I do not."

"But didn't you pass upon this one?"

"If I did, I guessed right."

"Well, Mr. Hope, you knew what Doctor Fleet said about the case, and all I want to bring out is that if he had been absolutely right, you endangered this girl's life. Now if he had been right, didn't you endanger her life?"

"If he had been right, maybe I did."

"Exactly, Mr. Hope. But it was your duty to your employers to take that chance. Is that correct?"

"We didn't consider it taking a chance."

"Precisely, Mr. Hope. That's all we wanted to know. The jury is interested in how these little matters are handled. Now, Mr. Hope, I want you to tell us whether Alice is very much larger or smaller than Edith."

"They are just about the same size."

"Is Alice a blonde, or brunette?"

"Her complexion is just about the same as Edith's."

"When they stand close together, do they look like sisters?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, Mr. Hope, I want to take up another matter. Are there any trees in the front yard of the Lake homestead?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are there trees in the front yard of the house where you and Stribling rented a room?"

"Yes, sir."

"How far apart would you say the two houses are?"

"About one hundred feet."

"At that distance, under the shade of trees, looking from one house to the other, was it easy to tell Alice from Edith?"

"Yes, sir, very easy. We knew both of them well."

"All right, Mr. Hope, I just wanted to know. And now another matter. You spoke of seeing Edith kick a pillow across a room. Was the pillow on the floor?"

"Yes, sir."

"It isn't clear to me how you could see through the walls of the house. Will you explain that?"

"Yes, sir. Alice threw the pillow at Edith and it landed about at her feet. I could tell by the movement of Edith's shoulders that she kicked the pillow back."

"And could you see the course of the pillow all the way?"

"No, sir. I saw Alice raise the pillow and throw it. Then I saw Edith move in a way that showed she was kicking it."

"Then part of this was a matter of deduction?"

"Yes, sir."

"In order to see the pillow continuously you would have to see through the walls of the house; is that correct?"

"Yes, sir. But what happened was clear enough."

"I'm sure of that, Mr. Hope, but all of us aren't detectives. We just wanted to know. And now I want to take up another matter. How old is Mr. Stribling?"

"Twenty-eight."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-nine."

"Would you describe Mr. Stribling as an ugly man or good looking?"

"He's good looking."

"Have you ever heard yourself referred to as ugly?"

"No, sir."

"Well, Mr. Hope, I would be inclined to agree that you are a very good-looking young man. You two, of course, told Alice and Edith that you liked them?"

"Yes, sir."

"Didn't you tell them that you loved them?"

"No, sir."

"But you visited them very often?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you judge that they liked you or not?"

"We seemed to get on all right."

"You, of course, told them that you were railroad detectives?"

"No, sir."

"What did you tell them about your employment?"

"We said that we were accountants."

"And they believed you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And their mother and father accepted you as visitors?"

"Yes, sir."

"The fact that you were there under false pretenses, accepting the hospitality of their home, didn't embarrass you?"

"No, sir."

"On the contrary, all of you became very good friends?"

"Yes, sir."

"Rather intimate friends, I judge. Is that correct?"

"Yes, sir."

"When you discussed the picnic, wasn't it your opinion that they reposed considerable confidence in you two young men?"

"Yes, sir."

"Precisely, Mr. Hope. Are you married?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is Stribling married?"

"Yes, sir."

"Both of you told the girls that you were married?"

"No, sir."

"Why didn't you?"

"We were there to make friends with them and get information."

"And did you make friends with them?"

"Yes, sir."

"Leaving them to assume that you were single men attracted by their womanly charms?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did it occur to you that they might fall in love with you?"

"I didn't think about it."

"All right, Mr. Hope. I see that your mind was on business. But let me ask you one more question. Did you ever know of any girl exaggerating her physical disabilities in the presence of a young man who was paying her marked attention?"

"I have never thought about the matter, Mr. Boyd."

"And you didn't think about it in this case either?"

"No, sir."

"Now, let's get to the picnic. It occurred to me, Mr. Hope, that the little party was extremely active. Did anyone, by chance, bring along a drink or two?"

"Yes, sir. I brought a pint flask of cocktails."

"Did Edith have a drink?"

"Yes, sir. Three drinks."

"When did she have the first one?"

"Just before we went in swimming."

"And when the party was over she had to be carried back to the automobile; is that correct?"

"No, sir."

"Didn't I hear you say that she asked to be carried?"

"Yes, sir, but ——"

"Never mind the rest of it, Mr. Hope. You have answered the question. She asked you to carry her back to the automobile, didn't she?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you get the cocktails, Mr. Hope?"

"From a bootlegger."

"That is all, Mr. Hope; but don't leave the corridor, because I am going to swear out a warrant against you for a violation of the law and I want you at hand so the sheriff can serve it. You are excused now, and thank you for your testimony. That's all."

"Just a minute," said Bagley, addressing the witness. "Mr. Hope, did the photographer have any drinks?"

"No, sir."

"You didn't pour any cocktails over the lens of his camera, did you?"

"No, sir."

"That's all."

The detective started to rise, but was again requested to tarry, this time by William Boyd.

"With reference to intoxicants, Mr. Hope," he began, "have you ever heard the remark that they'd make a jack rabbit attack a bulldog?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's all."

"But have you ever seen a jack rabbit attack a bulldog?" Mr. Bagley hastened to ask.

"No, sir."

"Have you ever heard that three cocktails would overcome paralysis of the legs resulting from a permanent injury to the spine?"

"Tut-tut, gentlemen," said Judge Davis, smiling. "This witness has not qualified as an expert. You are excused, Mr. Hope."

As the detective left the stand Bagley and Dean were conferring in whispers.

"They didn't mention the cocktails to me," Bagley was saying. "I wonder how the Eel found out about them. I thought Hope would be a complete surprise to him."

"Well," said Dean, "I think Hope was a complete surprise not only to him but to

(Continued on Page 113)

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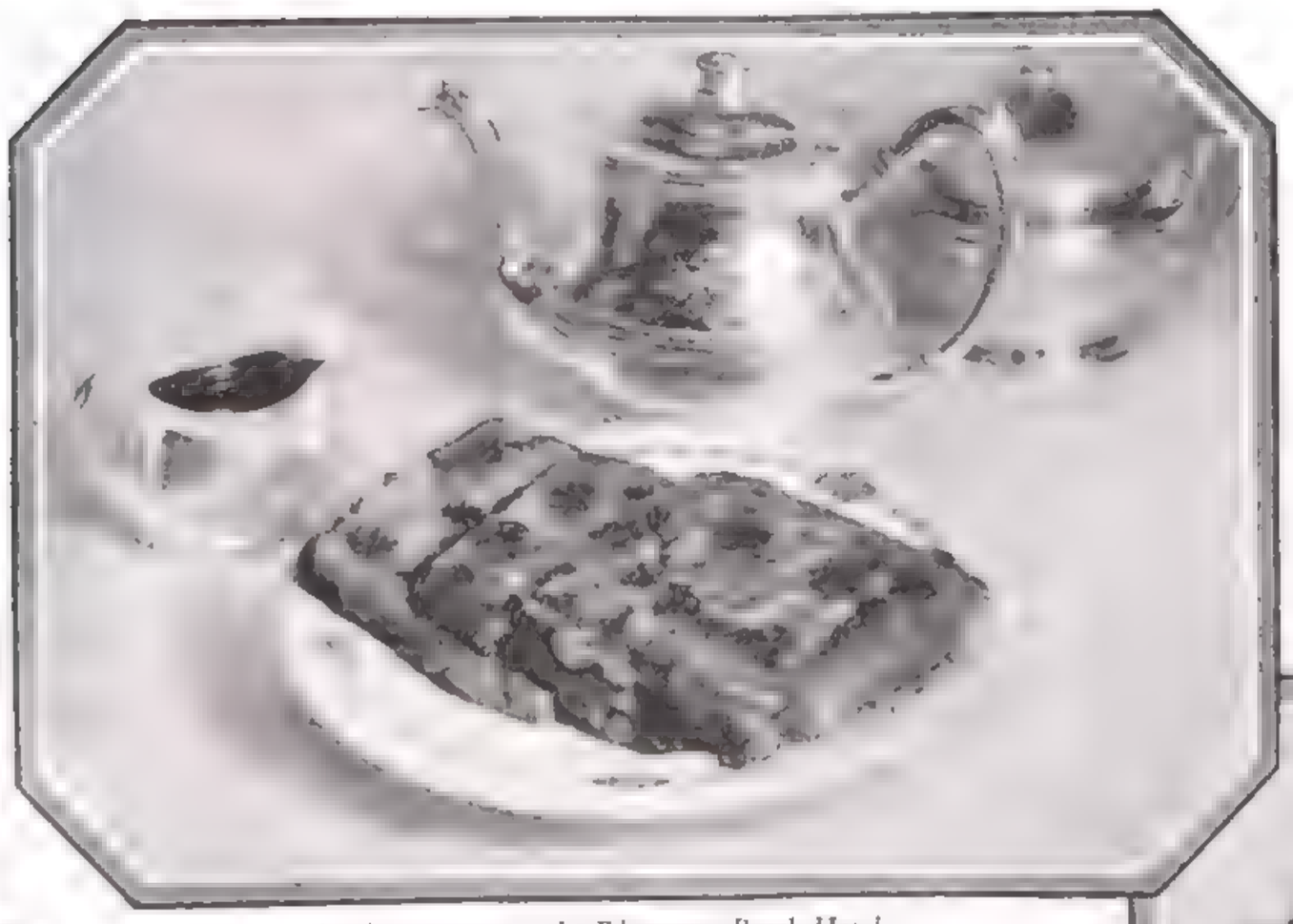

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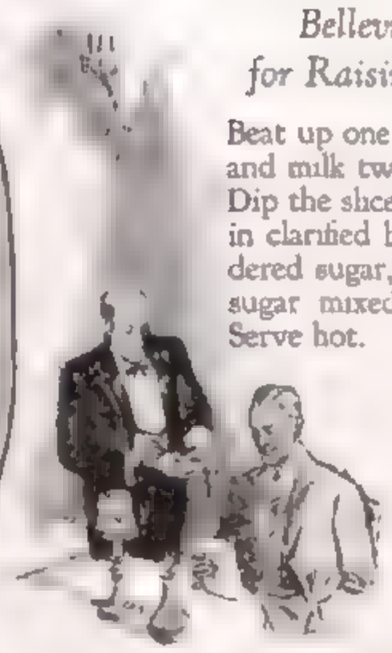
The Bellevue-Stratford recipe for Raisin Bread French Toast

Beat up one egg with a pinch of sugar and milk twice the volume of the egg. Dip the sliced raisin bread in it and fry in clarified butter. Sprinkle with powdered sugar, or, preferably, granulated sugar mixed with a little cinnamon. Serve hot.



RAISIN BREAD *Special* on Wednesdays

(Continued from Page 111)

Edith Lake also. The Eel just took a chance shot in the dark and hit the bull's-eye."

"I'm afraid," whispered Parsons, drawing his chair nearer, "that for disbarment proceedings we must come into court with cleaner hands, but still we ought to win this case. The essential testimony stands, even though Hope is somewhat under a cloud personally. What do you think, Dean?"

"What do I think?" Dean repeated. "I think we'll be lucky to get out of here alive."

"Don't you think we have a chance to win the case?"

"Absolutely not."

"I don't agree with you at all," Parsons said. "I believe that if we rest the case right here we'll win."

"All right," Bagley remarked. "I think that that is a very good suggestion." Rising, he announced to the court, "The defense rests."

"Aren't you going to call Stribling?" Boyd demanded.

"No."

"Then I will call him." And he did so, with the result that the jury was treated to another twenty minutes of the same sort of examination to which Thomas B. Hope had been subjected.

"I don't see that that gets him anywhere," Parsons whispered to Dean. "I still believe that the essential testimony stands unshaken."

"He hasn't finished with us yet," Dean remarked. "If he doesn't recall Doctor Fleet, then I miss my guess."

The words were scarcely uttered when Stribling was dismissed and Boyd went into the corridor. He returned with Doctor Fleet, who again took the witness stand.

"Doctor," said the lawyer, "I want you to tell the jury just when you reached the conclusion that Miss Edith Lake's injury was permanent."

"Now it's coming," Dean whispered. "This is what I expected."

"About four weeks after the accident," replied Doctor Fleet. "Up to that time I entertained some hope. Then there was a sudden turn for the worse and it became apparent that the injury was permanent."

"That's all, doctor." And then to the court: "The plaintiff rests."

"Very well, gentlemen," said Judge Davis. "It is now nearly one o'clock. We will recess until two o'clock and then proceed with the argument."

At the luncheon table Dean made his first unsolicited suggestion.

"Bagley," he said, "you are thin-skinned, and what the Eel is going to do to you this afternoon will make you half sick for a week. We've got other cases to try and I want you to save yourself. You and Parsons get out of this and let me finish it. Go and take care of Tom Hope. They've probably got him locked up by this time."

Bagley and Parsons exchanged glances, then the latter said, "I don't agree with you, Dean; but I've never known you to be wrong, so I'm going to act on your advice." Dean returned to the court room alone.

As counsel for the plaintiff, William Boyd opened and closed the argument. His first address was brief and in good temper. He merely stated that the plaintiff's case, in his opinion, was complete and that he felt confident that the jury would award damages.

Dean was allowed one hour to reply. He used only a few minutes, during which he said.

"Your Honor and gentlemen of the jury, this has been a very difficult case for counsel for the defense. We were confronted, as you are also, by two conflicting opinions of learned, experienced physicians. Not being experts, we assigned two trusted and trustworthy observers to assist us in arriving at a conclusion. They made their observations and reported. As you probably know, railway companies very often settle claims out of court. We had no objection to settling this one out of court. But the reports we received indicated fraud on the part of the plaintiff and so we elected to go to trial. It was a surprise to us to learn that our investigators had employed intoxicants. We apologize to this honorable court and jury. But if all testimony about the activities of the plaintiff subsequent to imbibing a cocktail is eliminated, the record still shows that Miss Edith Lake was able to stand alone, to walk, to go on a picnic, to discard her braces and to kick a pillow after Doctor Fleet had reported her a hopeless cripple.

"As for the cocktails, I doubt that a pint flask divided among four persons would produce intoxication in any of them. In all probability, if we had known of the cocktails we would have proceeded with the trial anyway. Surely so small a quantity of alcohol would not overcome paralysis of the lower limbs resulting from an incurable injury to the spine. We humbly admit that Mr. Hope went too far. What he did was not necessary, and we are sorry. It is for you to judge whether his mistake robs his testimony of all value. You appear to me to be men of sound sense and I repose confidence in your judgment. I have no desire to pose before you as an orator, and with these brief—I might almost say unnecessary—remarks, I leave the case in your hands."

Boyd had saved forty-five minutes for his closing argument. During the last five of these even Dean occasionally opened his eyes, and against his will registered admiration.

"Not content with maiming her body beyond repair," said Boyd, "this soulless corporation, through the slimy agency of false Hope and stinking Stribling, must invade even the sacred precincts of the hearthstone. It was not enough to break her back—they must also break her heart. It was not enough to ruin her health—they must also wreck her morals and drag her down to a drunkard's grave. Observers, says Mr. Dean. God have mercy on his soul, but were they observers? It sounded to me more like seducers. What care they for young womanhood when the almighty dollar is at stake? Risk her life, play fast and loose with her innocent young affections—if she dies the suit dies with her, so what have they to lose? Take a chance. First incompetence in the operation of their trains, then lies, then booze, anything, anything, to save the sacred dollars.

"Never in all my experience as a lawyer have I encountered such flagrant corruption of everything that decent men hold sacred. For justice, for pure young womanhood, for hearth and home, I appeal to you as twelve good men and true to administer such a rebuke to this monster, this snake, this unspeakable scoundrel, that never again will it dare to send its foul Hopes and Striblings sneaking and smiling their way into the trusting hearts of honest men and women. More is at stake in this case than mere recompense for a blighted life. Brave men have shouldered arms and bared their breasts to alien bullets in a lesser cause. I cannot say more. Tears flood my eyes and my voice chokes. This is no ordinary case. With a heart too full for utterance, I leave it in your hands, confident that as God-fearing men, sensible of your duty as patriotic American citizens, you will render a verdict that will thunder down the corridors of time as a rebuke and a warning to every scoundrel who dares to conspire for filthy profit against the innocence and purity of home and womanhood."

At six o'clock Dean opened the door to the private office where Bagley and Parsons were waiting. They jumped to their feet.

"Well, gentlemen," said Dean, "I am very much pleased with the outcome. The Eel was never more brilliant before a jury. 'Excoriation' is a weak and inadequate word to describe that speech. It would be more accurate to say that he turned himself into an acetylene torch and incinerated us, inch by inch."

"But the verdict!" Parsons shouted.

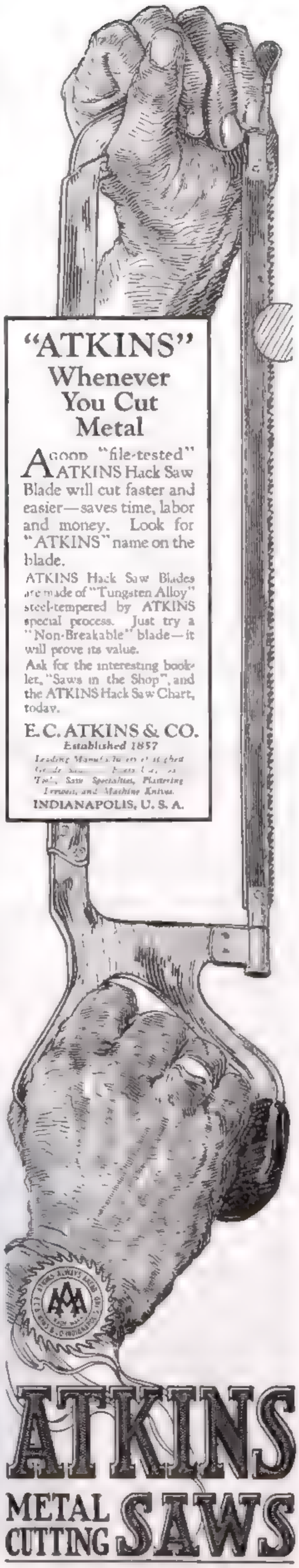
"The jury gave her the limit," Dean said calmly and with a smile. "They were out twenty minutes and they gave her fifty thousand dollars; in other words, every cent the Eel asked. That was what I hoped for, because it will show on its face that the jury was swept off its feet. The higher courts won't let that stand. We've done fairly well, after all."

"Good Lord," Parsons groaned, "and I thought we were going to ruin that scoundrel."

"We'll get him if it takes twenty years," Bagley shouted.

Dean began to fill his pipe. "That's about what it will take," he said. "Twenty years. Yes, in twenty years we ought to have a fair chance."

The Reflection. Sylvan Lake, Custer State Park, South Dakota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YOU AMERICANS AND WE ENGLISH

(Continued from Page 23)

just in time to see the hope of the Conservatives slither neck-deep into the current. Only the unfortunate man's head appeared above the ice-cold March water.

"Keep cool, John!" shouted Colonel Ashley. "Keep cool, while I fetch a rope!"

"Cool? Damnation, I'm frozen!" was the tart rejoinder.

Broadlands is noted for its political parties, whereat the would-bes meet the ares, so introductions are occasionally achieved, but in England these are almost as extinct as the dodo.

I remember arriving at one of Lady Swaythling's hectic week-ends, when a village cricket match was occupying one lawn, the Y. M. C. A. were being petted by a minor royalty on another, and a house party of about thirty were trying to sort themselves from Saturday sightseers.

"My dear," said Lady Swaythling, "be an angel and look after Mr. ——. I've forgotten his name, but he's come to paint my portrait and, of course, he knows no one here. Do be kind to him. There he is by the door. He's Greek or Hungarian, I'm not sure which." She fled to feed royalty on the solid fare it needs to stoke its philanthropic energy. I attached myself to a very lost young man. Firmly, I shepherded him round the famous galleries. He seemed strangely uninterested, but his English was remarkably good.

"How well you speak our language," I remarked at last, when conversation wilted between a Corot and a Frans Hals.

"It's mine too," he replied meekly.

"Oh, I'm so sorry—I thought you were ——"

House Parties à la Carte

I stammered apologies and plunged still deeper into art. After a succession of pauses, the young man made an effort.

"I say, you know, d'you think we could go out? I don't know much about this sort of thing." And he swept a vandal's arm round the walls. "I'm a pro—came out here to give her ladyship a few wrinkles about tennis, but I should say she's forgotten all about me."

Life would be so much simpler if people were labeled as they are by their Ascot race badges. I arrived once in the middle of a house party which was obviously a little disjointed. It was snowing outside and distinctly cold within. My hostess' eyebrows signaled to me hopefully. An attractive woman was isolated by a window. Even the well-known art of Lady Dilke, the wittiest talker in London, backed by the novelist, Mason, who could wheedle the proverbial bird off a bough, failed to include her in the general conversation. I established myself beside her, determined to be the perfect guest. After a minute or two I discovered that the lady was stone deaf, but such a good lip reader that no one could guess it until she turned her head away. Five minutes more and I was enthralled with her tales of Russia. She had seen everything, been everywhere.

"I used to stay with my aunt in St. Petersburg before the war," she explained.

"Was your aunt a Russian?" I queried politely.

"She was the empress," returned my companion with simplicity. I had been talking to, or rather listening to, Princess Andrew of Greece!

Broadlands, of course, is used to visitors of all sorts and sizes, of all races and, as it happens, religions. The Maharaja of Alwar intimated that he wanted to see this famous home of Palmerston and the exquisite Countess Cowper, of Lady Melbourne, frail and fair, and some of the early Shaftesburys. An immense suite of rooms was prepared for him, with baths as temporarily isolated as a fever hospital, for any contact with the infidel, such as touching the same piece of soap, would be derogatory to the Indian's caste. Mrs. Ashley preceded her guest from London and was met at the bottom of one of her superb white staircases with the cry of "Fire!" A volume of smoke was pouring out of the wing of which the maharaja's servants had already taken possession. Footmen seized extinguishers; the butler panted under the weight of a hose.

"They've saved the furniture, madam!" he gasped, pointing to chairs and tables piled in the passage. An Indian was smoke-vomited in front of the salvage party.

"Where is the fire? Where did it start?" demanded the chatelaine. Confused explanation! More Indians inextricably mixed with more furniture, but no flames!

In fact, there was no fire. The strict Hindus were fumigating their master's suite, lest he be defiled by a Christian atmosphere! After that episode, it caused only a mild sensation when the maharaja went out shooting in lilac kid gloves; hid all the mah-jongg counters in a four-foot jar of potpourri; refused to eat any dish in which beef could be traced; and regretted that neither he nor his suite could sit on or touch anything made of leather, which necessitated the swift disguise of dining-room pigskin and smoking-room morocco.

Lord Lonsdale is the great champion of house-party etiquette. At Lowther Castle there is no lack of introduction and entertainment. Every guest is as neatly scheduled as the labor which is to amuse him. In your bedroom you find a list of the much that you may do and the little that you must do. There is a notice explaining that the servants are so specially remunerated that no tips are necessary. Beside it lie two cards. One tells you the names of every member of the house party; who is to take you in to dinner each night; in what carriage or motor; with whom and at what time you are to go to the races, to the shoot or to the field trials. The other is a list of the amusements or sport offered for your leisure hours, which are also clearly enumerated. There is a blank space wherein you can mark whether you want to fish or ride or golf.

Supposing you choose to pursue the wily trout in company with the man of the moment. You indicate your object and the time you wish to start, present the card, by way of your maid, to the house steward and next morning you become a cog in a system which does not release you till it deposits you back on the castle doorstep. A motor, with a footman beside the chauffeur, takes you to the edge of the moor, where a cart with a smartly uniformed groom is waiting. On the stream bank two gillies are ready to advise you on the brand of flies most likely to tempt that day's piscine appetite. At noon they lead you to a hut, where two footmen serve a hot lunch, followed by coffee, liqueurs and cigars. At the end of the day the groom reappears with his cart or a couple of keepers with two moorland ponies. The motor is waiting on the road with its twin attendants. You drive back in state. It has taken the labor of nine men to provide your day's sport and to enable you to catch, perhaps, only half that number of trout.

Of course these are parties in the enormous country houses, for which there are few parallels in America. You have everything over here except, thank goodness, our isolated castles, manors and halls. Often these are endowed with Norman or Tudor walls, too thick for modern plumbing, electricity or steam heating. I have stayed in an Elizabethan court with forty-three paneled bedrooms and only two bathrooms. On the first morning I expected to find a queue of guests standing wistfully outside the doors. Not a bit of it. The door of the nearest bath, not more than a quarter of a mile from my room, by way of drafty corridors, stood invitingly open. I soon found out the reason. There was no hot water.

"Can't you raise me anything hot?" I asked my devoted French Jeanne.

"I will try, madame, but there is no *confort moderne* in this tomb"—she referred to the twelfth-century castle.

Eventually she produced a can of rapidly cooling fluid and a hip bath—it looked exactly like one of those white tubs in which, at the cross streets of Boston, bespectacled, corpulent and double-chinned policemen direct, majestically, the city's traffic. The water was rust-colored. I sympathized with that, for I once lived in a famous Scotch castle, towered and haunted, with secret rooms and tapestry and acres of Forbes tartan stair carpets. Whenever there was a storm, the water, which came undoctored from the river, was the color of strong coffee. When the autumn leaves drifted down that same river, they choked the electric plant and we lived in darkness, sprinkled with candles and the phosphorescence of the family ghost! My father-in-law had a mania for building bathrooms, but his medieval walls admitted no passage for pipes, so we used the tubs to grow bulbs in or to show our good intentions.

Trying to Mix Ghosts and Guests

You don't grow ghosts in America, do you? I've known a really active spirit chill a house party more effectively than cold bath water and all the drafts of our fresh-air system. Your famous Mary Borden, who is also Mrs. Spiers, a delicious hostess with the most exquisite feet in the world, took Bisham Abbey, on the Thames, last year. She invited me to dine and I shivered at the prospect, remembering a terrible week-end some years previously. However, Mary Borden had apparently vanquished the ghost as effectively as she has conquered literature, or it may have been the heated atmosphere which upset the specter. It was very hot, indeed, politically; for Lord Thomson and the Mosleys were there, all Laborites in speech and ardent Tories in circumstance.

Lady Cynthia, very lovely, jeweled in Bond Street, dressed in the Rue de la Paix, was advocating a simplicity less costly and less effective! Lord Thomson was mellow and elusive. On the other hand, there was Lady Clementine Waring, staunch to her antisocialist principles, unwilling even to look at those whom she stigmatized as traitors. Last and least, there was myself, a progressive Conservative, if there is such a thing, who fell a victim to the charms of all the antagonists. Such an atmosphere was sufficient to defeat the most energetic ghost, but not the art of Mrs. Spiers. By the end of the evening the women were giving away their pet addresses.

"My dear, she's only a little woman, but she can run you up anything. I discovered her by chance——" The men were talking sport. I don't think any English hostess could have achieved such a miracle, with such dynamic ingredients!

And the ghost! Well, that story belongs to an earlier period, when an Englishwoman owned Bisham Abbey. Her week-end guests arrived on Friday afternoon. All Saturday, they drifted, shamefacedly, back to London. They couldn't compete with the ghost. You see, some hundreds of years ago, a woman

(Continued on Page 119)

PHOTO, EWING GALLOWAY WORLD PHOTOS, N. Y. C.

The Swimming Pool on the Lawn of the Burden Estate, Syosset, Long Island

Waste's Pet

Waste is behind the wolf at the door, if you use machinery. Waste's pet feeds on your losses from needless friction, misalignment, impaired output, premature scrapping, and consequent high costs.

Chase the threatening brute for good with Timken Tapered Roller Bearings. Think of them as far more than a sure means of ending excess friction. They do give you steel-to-steel rolling motion in place of the old soft sliding bearings. They also introduce the extreme all-around capacity which is so spectacularly successful carrying 120,000 pounds of thrust in an oil swivel, or taking the speed of electric motors, grinders, saws and other machinery of every kind.

Minimized friction means power saving, often up to 30%! —aside from notable lubrication economies.

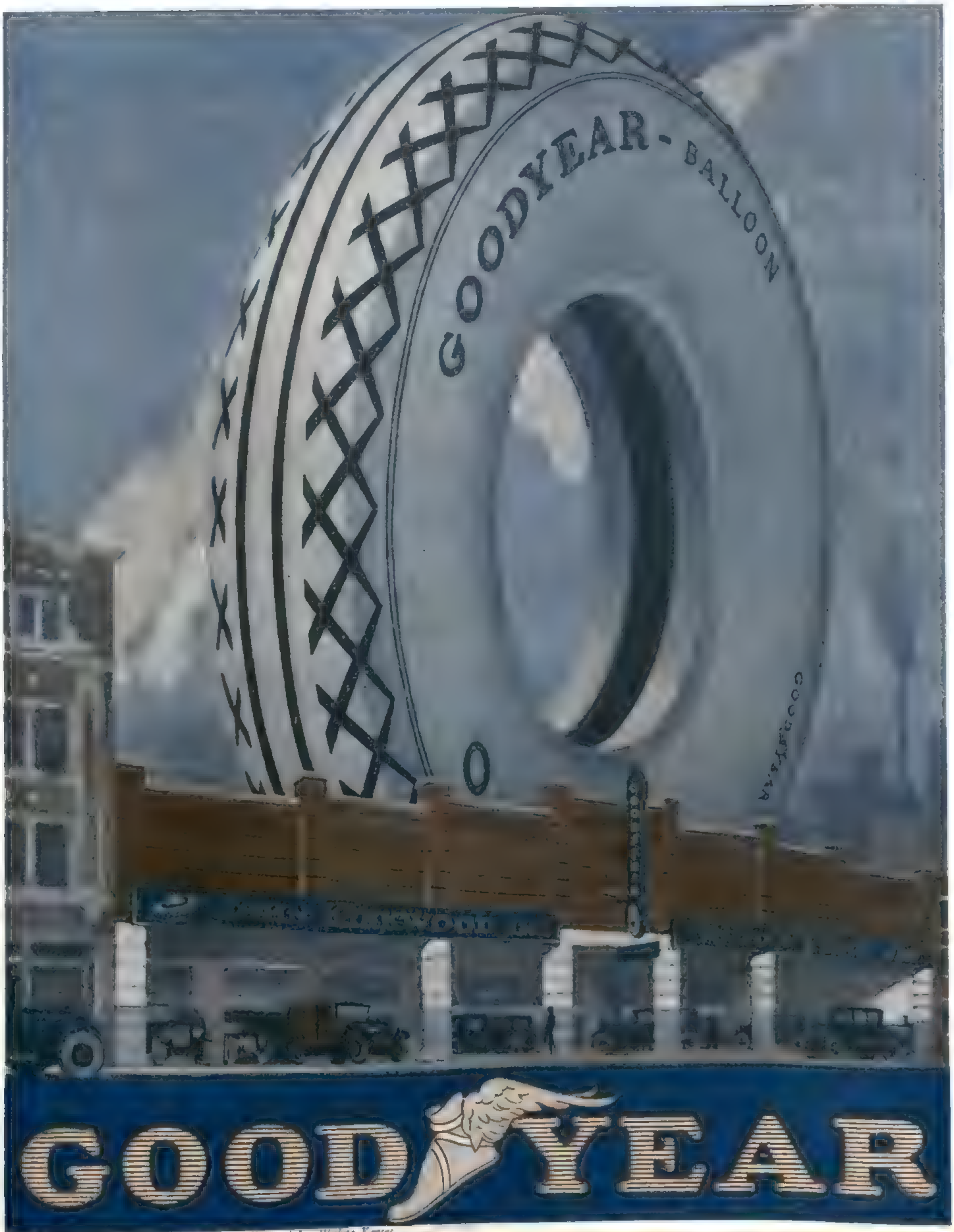
Higher radial, thrust and speed capacity without auxiliary bearing parts means simplicity, lower weight, permanent alignment, less attention, and improved output.

The Timken Bearings themselves, made of Timken steel from Timken electric furnaces, have the endurance to outlast all other moving parts in Timken-equipped machinery.

Yet it frequently costs *less* to buy or to build Timken-equipped. Talk to a Timken Industrial Engineer about that, whether you are concerned with machine tools, contractor's equipment, materials handling devices, mining machinery, electric motors or any other mechanical line.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS



A representative Goodyear Service Station—that of John Kirkwood, Inc., Wichita, Kansas

A business policy *in tune* with the times

Time was when manufacturers cared little what happened to their goods after they were sold. But times change, and business ideals improve. Many years ago Goodyear announced a policy which to many then seemed visionary and theoretic. It may have been, in that early day, but it has formed the business creed of Goodyear ever since. Here it is.

"To build the best possible value into Goodyear products, and to provide facilities so that the user will get out of these products all of this inbuilt value"

GOODYEAR has always recognized that millions of tire miles are wasted each year because tires are not properly used and cared for

Years ago Goodyear set about to save these losses for its customers.

A start was made in building up a dealer organization trained to help users get from Goodyear Tires all the mileage built into them at the factory

This service involves a thorough knowledge of tires and tire operating conditions

It calls for intelligent recommendation of the proper size and type of tire for car, load, and road

It requires knowledge of proper inflation, and the facilities for providing it

It means that the dealer must rightly apply tires, cleaning rust from rims so that flaps and tubes will not be prematurely injured

He must be able to test wheels for alignment, for a wheel out of line rapidly grinds off treads.

He must be able frequently to inspect tires for tread cuts and minor injuries, so that timely repairs can be made and the tire's normal life preserved

SO Goodyear dealers, chosen first of all for their *willingness* to serve, were urged to render this service to their customers.

Naturally, at first many did not agree with this policy

They realized it meant the use of fewer tires.

But Goodyear has always preferred to sell fewer tires to more customers than more tires to a few customers

And so the work has gone on. And for many years, Goodyear has been engaged in a twofold effort.

First—*to build better tires*

Second—*to develop better service through dealers so that users would get all the value out of these tires.*

HAS the first effort succeeded? Well, Goodyear Tires today give four or five times the mileage they did when this policy was established.

Has the second effort borne fruit? Many of the largest dealers in the land have enlisted under the Goodyear banner and have adopted Goodyear principles.

More and steadily more car owners are enjoying the benefits and savings of Goodyear quality and Goodyear service, and now when most people are anxious to economize in tire expense it seems fitting to tell of this Goodyear effort and its aim.

That it has been an effective and helpful effort is seen in the fact that today "more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind."

There is a Goodyear Service Station Dealer near you.

Look for the Goodyear Service Station sign—symbol of Goodyear policy

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO., INC., AKRON, OHIO

Supertwist BALLOONS

Copyright 1926, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

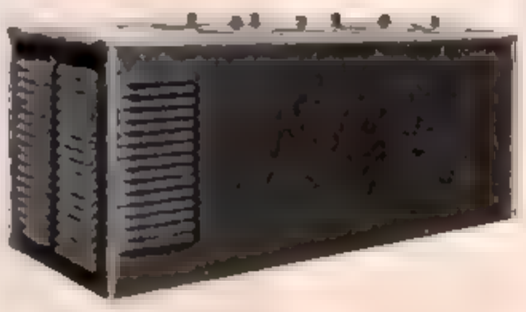
Ice Cream is at its best when served *from* Frigidaire

WHEN you buy ice cream from a store where a Frigidaire Ice Cream Cabinet is used, every serving, every spoonful, from the first to the last, is just as pure and fresh, just as smooth, firm, cold and appetizing as it was when it was delivered to the fountain.

Day and night, summer and winter alike, Frigidaire maintains a low, even temperature which is always just right for the preservation of creams, ices and sherbets. It keeps all the goodness frozen in—preserves every bit of the finest flavor—makes every dish delightfully tempting to the taste.

And at fountains where Frigidaire is used you will find cleanliness and better service, too. There is never any ice or salt spilled on the floor—no muss or dirt. There are never any delays in service to allow for the "re-icing" of the cabinet. These annoyances cease forever when Frigidaire is installed.

Look for the Frigidaire Cabinet the next time you buy ice cream. Notice how delicious the cream is—how firm, cold and appetizing.



To the Ice Cream Industry

Frigidaire cabinets are made in two, three, four, six, eight, and twelve hole models. Any model can be easily installed in any present fountain interior or at any other point in the store. New fountains of many standard makes can be purchased completely refrigerated by Frigidaire. The Frigidaire cabinet is a product of General Motors. It is sold and serviced by a nation-wide organization of more than 3,500 trained men. Write us today for our complete illustrated catalog, prices and terms. Mail the coupon.

DELCO-LIGHT COMPANY, Dept. B-186, DAYTON, OHIO
Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation

The World's Largest Makers of Electric Refrigerators

Frigidaire provides better refrigeration for apartments, homes, stores, clubs, restaurants, hotels, hospitals. It is made in many sizes complete with metal cabinet. Or the Frigidaire mechanism can be installed in any ordinary ice-box. Whatever your need for better refrigeration, Frigidaire can serve you. Write for complete information.

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Frigidaire

ELECTRIC ICE CREAM CABINETS

DELCO-LIGHT COMPANY
Dept. B-186, Dayton, Ohio

Please send me complete information about Frigidaire Electric Ice Cream Cabinets.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . .

(Continued from Page 114)

murdered her stepchild, who was the heir to Bisham. I forget what particular method she employed but I am convinced it was inartistically unpleasant.

One of the great masters immortalized this grim-faced dame on canvas, and the portrait used to hang in a small room off the main landing. The legend runs that the child's nurse cursed the murderess, praying she might suffer a thousand years in hell. Apparently she does, for nightly the portrait screams! Yes, doesn't it sound ridiculous? I'm writing this in a superlative hotel suite and I can hardly believe it myself. But Bisham is a place of stone floors and stone arches, heavily mullioned windows, through whose glass coats of arms the light filters dimly. There are a score of secret chambers hidden in the thickness of the walls. No two rooms are on a level. Almost every bedroom is reached by a different and a most mysterious stair. The abbey is full of strange, sobbing drafts, of echoes and whispering tapestry.

During the twenty-four hours that I spent in the abbey the portrait was particularly active and the screams of a nature to rival a madhouse. Those who were brave enough to enter the anteroom insisted that the canvas face was convulsed with rage and pain. Next morning they talked of the trickery of shadows, while we others discussed sound effects, but nobody waited long enough to prove their daylight theories.

There is at least one ghost in America. Two years ago I stayed at Westover, the historic Virginia house, now owned by Charles Crane. It is supposed to be haunted by the spirit of lovely Evelyn Byrd, who died of a broken heart because her father wouldn't let her marry Lord Portsmouth, the elderly lover of her choice. I remember lying awake one stormy night, imagining I heard her high heels tapping on the old wooden stairs.

Entertaining Princes and Lions

Generally, however, your hostesses are too efficient to permit such unhygienic things as ghosts. Another thing you do not, or at least you need not, suffer from in America, is royalty. Poor kings and queens! Through no fault of their own, they are almost bound to spoil a party. Very few of them are ornamental and they are so used to being important that it never occurs to them to be amusing. Their knowledge is encyclopedic, but it is of necessity secondhand, and one would always rather meet the man who has done the thing, than the person he has told it to.

I am speaking, of course, of reigning royalty, whose presence entails formality, not of ex-kings and minor princes who are generally out to make the most of their, perhaps temporary, freedom. One of the most picturesque of the queen's ladies in waiting told me she had to take larger sizes in shoes each year, because she stood so much. Royalty is most decorative at receptions, but it is like a cubist painting — best seen at a distance. At small parties it looks uncomfortable on a sofa, longing to dance with all the people it shouldn't know!

If it happens to be the Prince of Wales, of course, such inhibitions go to the wall. He is the exception to all rules. If a party is run to suit his very specialized taste, he will be the brightest of its stars. If not, he leaves it. Not so, his relatives. With ponderous patience, they sit through the most discordant concert, the dullest dinner, putting their "sixty seconds' worth of distance run" into every minute of their day. It's the hardest job in the world and, on the whole, the best done. No memory-training system could cope with what they have to know. The precision with which they invariably say the right thing at the right moment is that of the mass-production operative jamming in his bolt, as the moving belt passes.

Whenever I meet the Crown Prince of Sweden he reminds me, with the same cheery smile, that he has been to just one place on the earth which, in spite of all my explorations, I have never visited. It happens to be a ruined Greek temple in the Peloponnesus.

His brother, Prince William, could make the assertion with more effect, for he was the first of the gorilla hunters in the Congo. I met him at Stockholm at an enormous lunch given in my honor by an old friend, the Hof-jagermeister—court hunting master—in a hermetically sealed room which stifled the few ideas a serious lecture course had left in my head. After about the eleventh course, rich, creamed and undigestible, my host leaned across to me.

"You haven't addressed a single word to me," he protested. "H. R. H. has monopolized you."

"I was always taught to beware of any man with a cleft in his chin," I retorted. It was an old joke, but heat and many courses had rendered me comatose. There was a gasp, for Sweden takes its royalty seriously. Then Prince William turned to me, laughing. He had not a cleft, but a positive grave in his chin.

"Would you dare to lunch with me alone?" he teased.

"In Africa, sir—with a gorilla as chaperon."

America escapes, too, a number of the thorns of precedence on which our parties are impaled. Except in Washington, you give first place to age, which is sensible. Our strict hostesses, rather than depart a hair's breadth from Debrett, will send a girl of twenty in to dinner with a man of the same rank, but four times her age, or vice versa. At one of Lady Agnes Peel's parties, I remember finding myself next to Lord Wester Wemyss, a gallant ex-admiral whose conversation was entirely about my grandmother, now aged ninety-eight. Opposite was a young man, whom I should have loved to talk to, between two dowagers who discoursed of things Victorian over his head.

Worse still, I believe that some of us actually like this antediluvian state of things!

At a vast dinner, where strawberry leaves and garters abounded, a certain member of the King's Privy Council was to be my partner. Seizing my arm, he plunged into the descending line in front of so many dowagers that I protested. "Surely we oughtn't to go down yet." The general ran a calculating eye over the crowd.

"You oughtn't to, but I ought," he said promptly. "Come along."

America, thank goodness, generally asks, "What has the man done?" not "Who was his grandmother?" But if you avoid the Scylla of precedence, you crash on the Charybdis of celebrity. I think you appreciate lions more than we do. We like to see a few notorieties decorating our receptions. We feel that painters, writers, explorers, add a touch of originality to our balls, but unless they have something more than fame we don't want them in our house parties. I suppose it is because we are less generally well educated than America, keener on sport than on culture, but with few exceptions a week-end party would welcome any form of all-around he-man more enthusiastically than the genius of the century. In England people may read about my explorations but they don't want to hear about them. They want to know where I get my frocks or whose face cream I use, or what polo secret the King of Spain confided to my brother, who is in the embassy at Madrid.

English Ragging Parties

We like our lions to be silent. If they insist on roaring, we listen very politely and then tell them how many partridges we hope to get at the next drive!

You are determined to secure the ultimate entertainment or information out of yours. How often, after a lunch or dinner, has a hostess urged me, "Now do just say a few words! About anything you like. Just get up, my dear, and let them all have a good look at you!" Of course it is all part of your determination not to miss anything. I remember an American hostess in London whom I had never met, inviting "Mr. and Mrs. Rosita Forbes" to her party, without taking the precaution of finding out my husband's name, which is Colonel McGrath.

Another, one of the most hospitable and warm-hearted women in London, determined to introduce me to as many of her compatriots as possible, but for the moment unable to remember what I had done, murmured, "I want you to meet Mrs. Forbes. She—she ——" There was a pause. My hostess racked her brains to think of the most remarkable thing anyone could do. "She—er—yes—she eats lions," she finished triumphantly.

Do you have ragging parties in America? I've heard of petting parties, but not of the practical joke variety, which afflicts some of our largest country houses. I spent a Saturday to Monday last spring in such a party, and my chief recollection is of Lord Richard Nevill, a famous courtier, gravely poking open every door at the end of his stick, to see what would fall off the top. The night before we arrived a dozen young

(Continued on Page 121)

The Home of J. A. Burden, Syosset, Long Island

Let us prove it for one month ~

FREE

NO more mutilated or misplaced caps to allow milk to become unwholesome. No longer is it necessary to open milk bottles with thumb, fork or ice-pick!

It hardly seems possible—housekeepers have bothered and fussed with old-fashioned caps so long.

That's why we want to send you a month's supply of Perfection Pull and Hinge Caps FREE. We want to prove that now you can open your bottles with a gentle pull—close them securely with a slight pressure.

Just mail the attached coupon today. You'll insist that your milkman use them. And he'll be glad to give you this added protection and convenience.

PERFECTION
MILK-BOTTLE CAP

JUST TEAR OFF THIS COUPON AND MAIL

The
Smith-Lee Co., Inc.
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Without obligation please send me a month's supply of Perfection Caps.

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Simplified Accounting Plan Protects Your Profits

Will *any* of the Dollar be left for you?

More than half of the customer's dollar must go for merchandise.

Most of the remainder must go to pay rent, salaries, taxes, overhead.

Even with the best management only a few pennies of each dollar is the net profit from your business.

But do you know how much of it is rightfully yours, and do you get it?

The Burroughs Simplified Accounting Plan each day gives you all the facts about your business.

It stops leaks—prevents errors—watches expenses—increases profits.

Thousands in your line of business have tried it, proved its ability to increase their profit.

Write today for complete details.

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

ADDING—BOOKKEEPING—CALCULATING—AND—BILLING—MACHINES

(Continued from Page 119)

people had raided a neighboring house, poured petrol into the moat, set it alight and destroyed, among other things, the water lilies and creepers. On Saturday, they roused another neighbor by pretending—in an effective brogue—to be the Irish police sergeant, telephoning from the nearest town a warning of impending burglary. Gardeners and grooms patrolled the grounds. The household sat up all night in darkness and anticipation; but when they discovered the hoax they retaliated in kind. On Sunday afternoon we did a motor treasure hunt. I started on that adventure whole. I returned a winner by the grace of providence and my tires, but with a sprained ankle from rolling down a cliff, a flayed elbow from climbing a wall which subsided after me—a plaster of bruises, tears and cuts! During our absence, the victims of the previous night had raided our house, kidnaped the butler, left a skull and crossbones chalked on the front door, their flag floating from the roof, and an armored figure out of the hall artistically arranged in each bath.

I have been talking of country house parties because town entertaining is so standardized. Crushes are going out of fashion, except in the season when each hostess invites everyone she knows, or wants to know, and everyone she hopes never to meet in private, to one enormous party. The younger members of her family generally absent themselves, and creep home from a night club as the last bores are being swept out of the family portals.

Small parties are the chic thing in London, which is divided into more cliques than any other town in the world. It is a reign of youth and the telephone. At the heart of each set is a group of young women who call each other up every morning and arrange the day's program. Their parties are never advertised and, if you see them pictured in the society press, it is in profile snapshots on race courses or polo grounds.

Our Privacy-Loving Cousins

One of the best dances of last season was given by Lady Louis Mountbatten. Her double-branched white-marble staircase rose out of a forest of white lilies. There was a marvelous cocktail bar in the garden. The Yorks were there, the little duchess in gold brocade and diamonds, with her usual downcast eyelashes—is it possible to be as demure as she looks?—and everybody who was anybody in the world that is as certain of itself as it is uncertain of everybody else. But no account appeared in the Times next morning. It is permissible, perhaps, to chronicle anything public you do—your work, your charities, your hobbies—but it is not permissible to advertise your hospitality. The London press knows that and it is very cute. There was a private view of my Abyssinian film, Red Sea to Blue Nile, in July this year. Because it was an all-British production, some dozen royalties, headed by the Duke of Connaught, attended to show their interest in trade. It was rumored, erroneously, that some of them were to lunch with me afterward. My small household was kept busy refusing information on the telephone. Next day a complete description of that lunch from the names of ministers and ambassadors to the red roses and green Venetian glass, appeared in the papers. One of the waiters had a brother who was a reporter!

We have not got the club habit in England; partly because we consider our education finished with the schoolroom. You couldn't bribe a society audience in London to attend a lecture, except perhaps from curiosity. Our one idea is to be as much an island as our country. Flats or apartments will never really be popular in England, because they have no street door which can be slammed in the face of the world. We absorb our culture secretly and a little ashamedly. We can't bear to have it handed to us publicly in chunks. I think we read more than you do, because we don't talk so much. In fact, we haven't got the mass habit. If we can't have our pet, particular friends, we would rather be alone. Such a superlative expression of club life as the Colony in New York, or the Casino in Chicago, could not exist in England. It goes right down to the seat of our life. We guard our privacy more jealously than we shall ever guard our money or our morals. In a small town in America, a woman, rather than be deprived of her automobile, would dispense with a servant, do her housework with the aid of a daily help and eat her meals at a club. It would be just the reverse in England. We don't really like eating in public. The cave instinct still lingers, or perhaps we are in subconscious sympathy with the Abyssinians, who believe themselves most susceptible to the evil eye at mealtimes.

America's Youthful Women

It's odd, this home complex of England, because, compared to Americans, we are very bad housekeepers. Of course I'm talking of small houses, where the mistress has to run her own domestic machinery, not of the mansions ruled by professionals. The American woman, like her husband, is an expert at her job. I stay in a lot of small houses on my lecture tours, and in them, even if there are few maids or none, the standard of comfort and order is higher than in English places of twice the servant power. It must be because the hostess is more thorough in her methods and more interested in their results. Why, then, with such perfection in her home, does she want to spend stuffy, overheated hours in clubs, listening to lectures on commonplace subjects of which she must know more than the lecturer?

I agree that your club life is marvelously organized, but as you go farther West it is taking the place of home life altogether. In Chicago I stayed in a delightful apartment, with a delightful hostess, but I never saw her. She was always at a club, partaking of condensed and heterogeneous culture.

"What was the subject of the lectures today?" I used to ask.

"My dear, I don't exactly know. I'm too tired to think," she once answered. Yet an hour later, she entertained a dinner of twenty with gay perfection.

"How did you manage it with such a headache?" I inquired.

"Why, I don't have to think to talk," she answered.

But the Arabs have a proverb: "First think. Then act. Then, if it is necessary, speak!"

In America, you still go in for large dinners, but you seem to be able to organize such affairs better than we do. A dinner of sixty in London is interminable, semisilent and the food is cold. In New York it goes with a swing. I remember a lovely party at Mrs. James Gerard's, where I was so surprised to find dinner ended that I glanced furtively at the menu to see if the usual number of courses had appeared. This is partly because, in America, the men talk. They actually try to entertain the women next to them. In London, at most, they allow themselves to be entertained. Of course the general standard of feminine attractiveness is much higher in America.

When an Englishwoman is beautiful, I think she beats the record, but when she isn't, she's apt to let things slide. She doesn't take much trouble to be alluring, charming or chic. She's content with being a good fellow. At an American party I am always amazed at the number of pretty and well-dressed women. In Mrs. Burden's marble dining room, built as a copy of Versailles, I remember looking round the table and deciding that it would be impossible to say which of the perfectly finished women, with the maximum of pearls and the minimum of frocks, was most attractive. In England there would have been, probably, one or two personalities who stood out, but in New York the standard is almost too high. It allows of no salient figures.

Yet this is not quite correct, for I can recollect nothing of a party at Mrs. Dana Gibson's except herself. She is your witch, who, because she is so witty and so wise, transmutes our commonplace conversation into epigrams as brilliant as her smile. You have even conquered age in New York. You have no dowagers, because age is only lack of interest, and American women are all keenly interested in everything. White hair on your side of the Atlantic is as carefully arranged as golden. With us, it is often dyed to curious shades of green or purple, or else it is allowed to grow wispy. Can there be a more attractive figure than your Mrs. Oliver Harriman? I saw her first in her tapestried sitting room, her hair frosted silver above a lilac tea gown, with mauve orchids mirrored behind her, and I lost my heart at once. Or Mrs. Robert Chambers, wife of your famous novelist? With time-powdered hair and a swirl of pastel skirts, she looks like a French marquise, just stepping out of a piece of Sèvres porcelain.

Little Real Old Stock Left

The older you grow the more active you are over here. How do you manage it? Is it the sort of brain that is equally at home with bimetallism and the vacuum cleaner? Such a lot of your entertaining is done by women for women. We hardly ever have hen parties in England and if we do, we apologize for them. It's almost a point of honor to provide a modicum of men with the other adjuncts of a lunch party. Yours are too busy, of course, and American women are sufficient unto themselves. What a lot you have to say to each other and what a lot you do for each other!

When you don't give parties for a special person, you dedicate them to a subject, a lecture, a concert, a discussion. One of your most interesting New York hostesses has a weekly lunch at which a score of her intimate friends meet to discuss the problem of the moment—political, literary or social. I attended one of these delightful functions three days after I arrived in New York.

"My dear, if you want to be a success over here," said my hostess, "you must not explain things to us! A few months ago in that very chair sat Margot Asquith and she explained to me who Matthew Arnold was!" Then she smiled a warm intriguing little smile. "It won't really much matter," she whispered; "because no one will listen if you do!"

I decided then and there that the nicest, the very nicest thing in America, is your women. I fancy quite the nicest thing with us—you acknowledge it yourselves, because you come over and marry them—is our prewar men. But, alas, there are so few of them left!

Trout Pool, Yosemite Valley, California

this shoe wins on points!

the "Athlete"

Designed by Dr. MEANWELL the famous athletic COACH

Back Stay
Parite Trim
Special Counter
Crepe Color Sole
Arch Support
Orthopaedic Heel
Servusized Top
Heavy Scuffer Toe Cap
Stubber Toe Guards
Perfect Fitting Last and Cut

THIS shoe introduces one big new feature—a water proof—rot proof—canvas top! But that's not all. All the improvements needed to make a perfect sports shoe have been carefully included in the "Athlete"—the orthopaedic heel with arch support—the scientific lasts to support instep and foot muscles—the new fashioned stubber toe guards to withstand toe blows.

Note the Following New Features of this Remarkable Shoe

1 Servusized canvas top rendering it proof against perspiration and rot. This makes the "Athlete" outlast the ordinary shoe.

2 Sole of pure crepe gum, the same quality as in the higher priced Meanwell basket-ball shoes.

3 Orthopaedic heel with arch support—and scientifically designed lasts which support instep and foot muscles.

4 Stubber toe guards (patent applied for) to give utmost protection against toe knocks.

Put the "Athlete" to Any Hard Use

For strenuous exercise—wherever foot work counts—or for steady wearing—you will find in the "Athlete" the fullest degree of comfort, ease and dependability. You will be proud and glad to own a pair. Your dealer wants to satisfy your needs. Stocks are fresh. Get your pair now.

These Economical Prices

Men, $2.75 Women, $2.50
Boys, $2.50 Youths, $2.25

FREE! Send for Dr. Meanwell's book—"The Making of an Athlete"

THE SERVUS RUBBER COMPANY
ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

SERVUS SPORT SHOES

ON A SILVER PLATTER

(Continued from Page 9)

"Yes, as soon as we can get it ready; and I can't allow more than three and a half days for completing all preparation, including the loading of guns, caissons, tractors and rations. It will keep us moving to get this mess in shape in three and a half days," General Hylands replied, half in complaint.

"Very good, sir; I will report progress at breakfast," replied the adjutant. He saluted and turned to go.

"Ten minutes before breakfast—those were my instructions, Bronson. You must learn to pay attention. We are fighting the most thorough enemy ——"

The general turned back to his work with a sigh of hopeless despair. His adjutant saluted again, with a respectful "Yes, sir," and left to take up his night of work.

"That was a fine example of inattention, of lack of thoroughness," complained the old general to his aide. "You heard me tell Bronson to report here ten minutes before breakfast, and a few minutes later he said he would report at breakfast. That just goes to prove my contention. Such an error as that in the face of battle is unforgivable; it is worse than that—it is disastrous. I tell you, Simmons, we are fighting the most thorough enemy in the world. Not until we have learned to become as thorough as the Germans can we compete with their army. This mob of civilians we have brought over will only end in disaster and increase the German morale in the long run. We should have held them in reserve at home until they were at least partly trained, and then brought them over here two years from now, when they could have been of some account."

He turned to his desk and began mulling ponderously through books, orders and papers. As the hours of this search passed by it became more and more evident to the general that he must improvise his plans of loading. He must draw his own specifications for loading platforms, for blocks and lashings to secure the great 155 millimeter rifles, the five and ten ton tractors, the huge covered trucks, the lighter motor transport. Of what material must he build his ramps to hold these giants? Could these huge guns be loaded and hauled while limbered? Would one train be sufficient for each battalion? Should he put the *matériel* ahead of the troop cars in the battalion trains? How would he maneuver these war monsters so as to get them into separate trains in the mere mile of trackage leading into St.-Médard? Would these unskilled men be able ever to accomplish the loading with one loading platform to the regiment?

He groaned frequently as he fretted over the intricacies of improvising in a few hours a system that ought to require months. Was it less involved than the selection of a new type of shelter tent for the field artillery to which he had devoted two years of his life in detailed study and experimentation?

The aide he used merely to reach books for him, or mark his place, or get him a few more sheets of paper, and sharpen his pencils. At midnight the aide put a coffeepot on the stove and made coffee. As the general paused in his work to sip the coffee, he became unpleasantly conscious of a commotion outside—an unusual commotion for this hour of night in this quietest part of Southern France. Out of the window he caught an occasional flash of lights moving in the distance. He thought of investigating and then decided to wait until the morning and interrogate the officer of the day.

"Bronson must have let the word get out," he grumbled. "I ought to have warned him—and now I suppose this bunch is milling around in excitement."

How quickly he would have acted at such a disturbance in the days before the war! True, it was distant and indistinct, but the annoyance did not matter; the lack of discipline was what hurt. He long since had given up all hope of having that fine type of discipline he had always known in the regular service. These wartime soldiers, these civilians in uniform, were beyond hope in that respect.

There was nothing disorderly about them, nothing disagreeable. They were simply effervescent, interminably busy and noisy. They had even laughed and jested when they sailed into the submarine zone. They seemed to lack respect, awe, for the formidable enemy they must meet. Their faces were gay and eager, when they should have been somber and studious. They did not reckon with the tragic seriousness of it all. They did not have a proper appreciation of their tremendous responsibility. It seemed impossible to imbue them with the idea that they must become as thorough as the Germans—that preparation of raw recruits for battle with seasoned veterans is a funereal enterprise and not a mad frolic. Some of them even seemed to think they would have the job done within a year and be back home—and it was just short of insulting the way they proclaimed themselves artillerymen and took themselves seriously as gunners able to fire against the enemy.

But what else was to be expected of these untried American striplings, soldiers overnight? They would learn—a grim lesson it would be too. And from the survivors perhaps there would grow a disciplined army, one that was willing to learn thoroughness and take itself and its mission with becoming seriousness.

His coffee finished, he turned back to his work, making no effort to put an immediate end to the distant commotion outside as the more blustering type of army disciplinarian would have done.

The general lost himself in a prewar Quartermaster Manual. His aide piled more fuel in the little iron heater to keep out the chill. Though spring was nearly over, and wild flowers were sprinkled plentifully through the level, brushy terrain of De Souge, tonight Pluvius was pouring down a counterbarrage of chilling rain and Boreas was counterattacking with a blighting wind.

Northward the Kaiser's goose-stepping Frankenstein was forging a red trail across the breast of France in preparation for the final knife thrust in the heart that was to take Paris and end the war. Civilization hung trembling in the balance. The German hammerhead that was to turn the line from a north and south line to an east and west line above Verdun was succeeding beyond German General Staff expectations. They had swept past the Vesle, pounded their way through Fère-en-Tardenois and Château-Thierry. The first German patrols had swung past Meaux and sighted Paris.

Wilhelm's joyous triumphal entry into Paris, delayed from time to time, but now no longer to be denied him, was but a matter of hours. The French center of government and its rich art treasures at the Louvre had been hurriedly removed to Bordeaux. The British had their plans ready for a withdrawal to the Channel ports. American General Headquarters, so lately established at Chaumont, was ready to depart, at a moment's notice, to the vicinity of Marseilles, and had all plans worked out for the hurried movement of its massive records and administrative impedimenta. The great grinning God of War stood literally with his red fingers on the clock of civilization, ready to turn the hands back a dozen centuries to the age of brute force unless there should be some remote intervention.

It was into this crisis of the centuries that General Hylands had been summoned. His men were untrained, according to martial standards, and their cannon borrowed from the French. But they must do their part now or never, even though they accomplish nothing more than impede the roads with their broken bodies. By what miracle could they be expected to hammer back the seasoned German veterans—hardened by years of combat and drunk with the red wine of success—success that would bring to truth their cry of *Deutschland über Alles?* By what uncalculated standard, by what uncharted process, might these American striplings do more than make a sorry mess of the thing of battle at which they were such hopeless tyros? Would not those responsible for sending them into the black maelstrom be charged, in the later cold analysis of history, with their wanton murder?

Twenty pages of closely written notes, half a dozen piles of textbooks marked with slips of paper for handy reference, were the voluminous product of the brigade commander's night of toil. His eyes were watery and his lined face was grim and ashy in the ghastly light of dawn, but an indomitable will, a sense of duty that was his dominant characteristic, kept away all thoughts of overwhelming fatigue. His body might demand surcease in vain. Sleep or rest was not to be thought of until he had improvised a plan for preparing his chaotic command for the movement to the front.

"We are ready now to commence upon our plan," he advised his aide. "I think we had better go over our work when we have had breakfast and then assemble the regimental and battalion commanders. I will lay our problem frankly before them so that we can have them thinking on what is before them. By tomorrow morning we should have the orders out in such detail that we shall be ready to commence moving."

"Yes, sir," the aide agreed thoughtfully. "That will put us slightly ahead of schedule."

"Not at all," the general corrected him, slightly annoyed at the loose statement of his aide. "That will merely put us at the starting point, and we shall be lucky to complete the actual loading, with all its details, in time to make our destination on schedule. Bronson may have something to contribute, although I doubt it," the general added, consulting his watch. "He is due here now in five minutes, if he doesn't forget to be punctual."

But the brigade adjutant was present on the dot. The general greeted him without enthusiasm.

He would let Bronson expound his amateurish notions of the problem, then show him the thorough preparation that was the fruit of the brigade commander's training in thoroughness.

"Sir, the brigade *matériel* is loaded on the cars and the brigade ready to entrain at any moment you may desire," the adjutant announced, without formality. His eyes burned with the bright light of enthusiasm through somber black rings.

"I do not believe I entirely understand your statements," the old general replied, after a moment spent in attempting to analyze the adjutant's weird assertion. What strange whim, what outlandish tangent, was the adjutant now pursuing?

Major Bronson reiterated his statement without deviation, while the old general, seized with sudden trepidation, reached for his cap, put it on and walked out to see what was meant.

There was no mistaking what the major had said, nor was there any further comment to be made until the extent of the mischief had been gauged. What fantastic mess had been made of an already desperate situation by these raw amateurs, these bungling novices in the intricate profession of arms?

For an hour the old general wandered up and down the mile of little French flat cars upon which were blocked and lashed the huge guns, caissons, tractors and trucks. Scrutinize and search as he might, he could find no flaw. Even minor details had been gone into. Box cars were lettered in chalk for the batteries that were to occupy them. Trains were divided into battalions. Officers' cars were marked and provision had been made for brigade headquarters on the first train. Huge wooden blocks and workmanlike lashing held the ponderous *matériel* securely in place. The whole inspection was simply one gasp of astonishment after another to the old brigade commander. How had this miracle been worked overnight? He recalled the noises that had annoyed him and now understood their significance.

"Who is responsible for this—this job?" the brigade commander finally asked of his adjutant, once he had assured himself that the work was beyond criticism.

"Why, you are, sir! You said you wanted the brigade loaded," Major Bronson replied, purposely misunderstanding the purport of the query.

"I mean, Bronson, who worked out the plan and put the job across?"

"Why, sir, there was no detailed plan so far as I know," the major informed him. "I told the colonels we were wanted at the front. They put it up to the batteries and everybody simply turned to and put it across. We had some trouble finding spikes and blocks and we had to send in to Bordeaux for rope. But we had a lot of good carpenters in the ranks, sir, and men who had moved large objects in civil life; and we simply moved the cars by hand, sir. A hundred men moved one of those cars like it was a toy wagon.

"I can't tell you just how they did it all, sir," the adjutant concluded humbly, conscious that he was trespassing on dangerous ground. "Three thousand men can do a lot of work in a night. Especially, sir, when they have the American spirit of doing things."

The brigade commander, more gaunt than ever, his face deeply lined and furrowed, moved slowly back and forth across the dingy little hole in the ground many kilometers north and east of Meaux that marked the brigade command post—known as P. C., Hylands. In his overwrought condition, brought on by continuous loss of sleep, unending tortures of worry and fretting, he jumped noticeably each time the earth shook from a neighboring burst of an enemy high-explosive shell.

Not in any sense from physical fear. General Hylands had never known physical fear, and to face death meant nothing to him. His nerves were gone by reason of the racking sense that everything had gone to pot. Try as he might, even to running around personally, exposed to shell fire among the battalion groups scattered over a square mile of terrain, he could not straighten out the mess to his satisfaction.

His communications to the regimental headquarters worked wretchedly and were out of commission for long intervals. The batteries were hammering away without the fine regard for the firing charts which alone means efficient support of the other combat arms. He had found gunners smoking, jesting hilariously and disheveled as they served their guns.

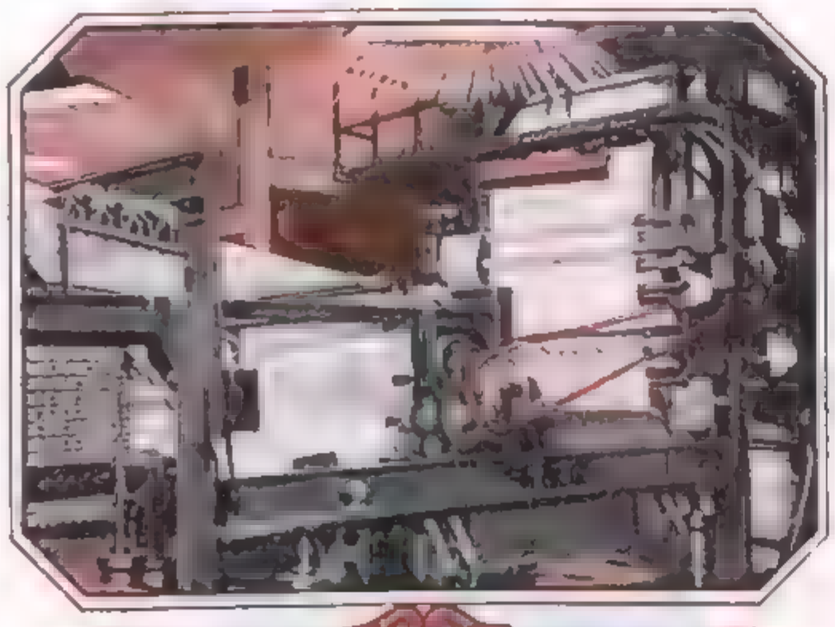
The officers of his fugitive battery had all been lost from a direct burst that had also taken fifteen men. The battalion commander had failed to assign an officer replacement from another battery and had left the fugitive battery to be fired by the first sergeant. How could a first sergeant of a few months' training know how to direct fire from map coördinates? How could he be expected to train his guns suddenly on an enemy ammunition train or a vagrant enemy concentration when all he had to work on was some such mystic symbols as "44.98—75.36," or "Ten shots on RJ. 56.23—79.22"? That was a task for thoroughly experienced artillerymen. What, for that matter, could be expected of these tyros in effective interdiction fire, destructive fire, or even neutralization fire?

Quads had gone into the ditch, taking guns with them at night when a group was

(Continued on Page 126)

Latex, the milky white liquid that flows from the rubber tree when it is tapped, is the source of all rubber.

The United States Rubber Company ships latex to its tire factories from its rubber plantations in the Far East.



Special machinery dips tire cords in a latex bath and lays them side by side, producing Web Cord. See "B" below.

A. The old-style cord structure, with cross tie-threads, and cords lying unevenly.

B. Latex-treated Web Cord, no cross-tie threads, each cord lies smooth and parallel.

Here are the Answers to Your Questions about Latex-treated Web Cord

Q—What is Latex-treated Web Cord?

A—Web Cord is the special cord structure developed by this Company for Royal Cords and other United States Tires. Each tire is built up of several plies of Latex-treated Web Cord.

Q—How does Latex-treated Web Cord differ from the cord structure used in other makes of tires?

A—Each individual cord from which Web Cord is made is dipped in latex and the cords are then laid side by side and when the liquid dries they become webbed together by pure, natural rubber. This is all accomplished in one operation by special machines like the one shown at the left.

Q—Don't other manufacturers dip their cords?

A—Some do, but not in latex.

Q—How do those who do not dip surround their cords with rubber?

A—By a process called frictioning. The cords are passed through heated rollers and the rubber is squeezed down into and around the cords.

Q—What is the object of dipping in latex?

A—All tire cords must be impregnated with rubber. Using latex impregnates the cords with rubber, without using chemicals. Latex has a natural affinity for cotton fibre and does not destroy the natural oils of the cotton.

Q—Why don't other manufacturers use the Latex Process?

A—The Latex Process was developed, patented and is owned by the United States Rubber Company. Some manufacturers are now negotiating for license to use this process.

Q—What are the advantages of Latex-treated Web Cord?

A—Greater flexibility, strength and longer life in cord fabric. The Latex Process effects no physical or chemical change in the cotton cords. It surrounds and protects each cord with rubber and webs it to its neighboring cords with a flexible rubber coating. This does away with the necessity for cross-tie threads, completely eliminating a source of internal friction in the cord structure.

United States Rubber Company

Trade Mark

UNITED STATES ROYAL CORD BALLOON

It pays
to know the
difference between
The HOOVER
and a vacuum
cleaner
The HOOVER

A Search of Years Rewarded!

— and it started at the bottom of your rugs

Long before carpets were ever thought of, they had an enemy!

And in your good rugs, today, a hidden foe is constantly at work, destroying their beauty and shortening their life.

This enemy is DIRT—the knife-edged, sandy grit that becomes embedded at the very bottom of the nap and stubbornly resists removal.

Ever since the advent of electric cleaners, their makers have sought the means to combat this agent of destruction. And, today, the search of years is rewarded! The secret is discovered! It is

"POSITIVE AGITATION"*

the perfected principle of beating as embodied in The Greater Hoover

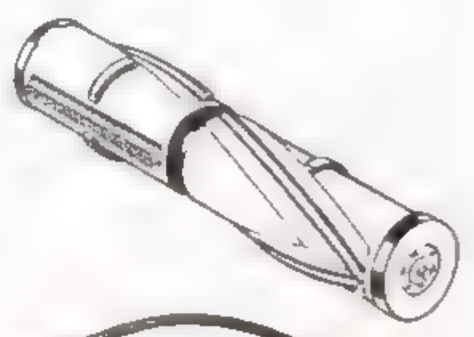
That rugs must be beaten—a fact universally accepted—has found no more ardent advocate than the nearly 2,000,000 women who have chosen The Hoover in preference to all other makes of cleaners.

And, now, the principle of *beating* has been developed by its pioneers to a point heretofore undreamed of!

Even the most deeply embedded dirt, the most stubbornly resisting particles of knife-edged, nap-cutting grit, cannot withstand the "*Positive Agitation*" of The *Greater* Hoover.

With this as the first and most important of its many superiorities, The *Greater* Hoover combines other features which you have long desired:

1 For the first time, it makes possible "Positive Agitation" of floor coverings.
2 By actual test, in the ordinary cleaning time, it beats out and sweeps up from carpeting an average of 131% more dirt.
3 It is an even greater rug-saver; the oftener a carpet is cleaned with a Hoover the longer that carpet will wear.
4 It is virtually service-proof, every part, including the new motor, requiring no oiling.
5 It increases the efficiency of its remarkable dusting tools because of its 50% stronger suction.
6 Its exclusive dust- and germ-proof bag is now washable.
7 Its form and finish are of startling beauty; and every new feature insures greater operating ease.



* POSITIVE AGITATION as accomplished in the new Hoover is beating—the time-tested requirement of thorough rug-cleaning—reduced to an exact scientific process. Such beating, instead of being concentrated in a few violent strokes as with the carpet-beater or broom, is modified by The Hoover into a series of swiftly repeated air-cushioned taps. This is achieved by means of a totally new appliance—the exclusive and patented Hoover Agitator illustrated above. Suction lifts the rug from the floor and floats it on a cushion of air while the Agitator gently flutters out all the embedded grit as the strong suction draws all the dirt into the dust-tight bag

If you seek to protect your investment in rugs; if a higher standard of cleanliness is your aim, you will find the means to this achievement in the new Hoover.

Your Authorized Hoover Dealer is proudly demonstrating it *now*. And he will make delivery, complete with the newly-designed dusting tools, on the same easy terms of *$6.25 down*, balance in easy monthly payments.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO

The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners · The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

(Continued from Page 122)

moved to a new firing position. The daily reports to brigade headquarters were not properly kept up. Medical personnel attached to battalion groups were carried in black entry instead of red. The records of shots fired were often incomplete. The batteries seemed to think that the whole business of firing was ended when they sent their shells hurtling toward the enemy. They neglected the essential of a proper record for the study of brigade headquarters. Even the ammunition-expenditure reports were incomplete and difficult to obtain, and battery commanders frequently failed to report whether they had fired at ten thousand or seventeen thousand kilometers on a given target furnished them from corps headquarters.

It was, all in all, the most unprofessional, the most amazing series of makeshifts imaginable. At any moment, he feared, an enemy concentration might wipe out his entire brigade, or an army inspector from G. H. Q. might arrive to make a report on this dire mess.

His desperation was only heightened by the silence of higher headquarters. Momentarily he had expected orders to withdraw to some position farther to the rear. But all he heard from the corps was to concentrate fire on this road crossing or the other, or to engage in zone firing at stated intervals during the night, or to concentrate fire on given points indicated by map coordinates. Perhaps it was a good portent that they had not been ordered back. But again this might only mean that his brigade was a sacrifice. It might mean that some great dependence was being placed upon him to cover the withdrawal of other troops or hold some key position.

What ghastly stigma might go down against his record—against his very name in military history—if he failed. And how could he do otherwise than fail when he was unable to influence circumstances far beyond his control—not least of which was this raw brigade of civilians in uniform intrusted with complicated machines of war which they did not understand with that degree of thoroughness which alone was essential to success in combat?

A plan that had evolved in his fatigue-ridden, fevered brain finally matured. He weighed it from every angle. He would relieve his civilian regimental commanders and wire for their replacement by tried Regulars. Higher authority would have no alternative but to approve. He would then have two officers in the brigade upon whom he might place the utmost reliance. It was now the hide of the regimental commanders—or his! They were responsible for this mess. Neither of them had come near brigade headquarters since the firing started. For thirty hours he had been reflecting upon his plan. Relieving officers from their command was not an action that appealed to him, but there was no other way. The security of the nation and the reputation of the American Army were involved.

It was a hideous mistake to make colonels out of civilians, simply because they gave a few hours a week to National Guard training in peacetime. Having made his decision, having weighed it from every angle, he called his adjutant and took action.

"Major," he said grimly, "as soon as the present fire concentration has been completed I wish you to direct Colonels Calender and Edelman to report here on a matter of the utmost importance. The wires are out, but you can find them in their P.C.'s as soon as the firing dies down. I have stood this as long as I can and am going to take action to relieve them from further ——"

"Attention!"

A sharp exclamation from a brigade staff officer interrupted the general, and as he turned in irritation to rebuke this unwarranted outbreak, he saw outlined in the heavily timbered entrance of his dugout the massive figure of the American corps commander.

He leaped to attention and went forward, speechless with fear in the presence, for there could be but one occasion for the corps commander's arrival.

"How are you, Hylands? Good morning, gentlemen," exclaimed the corps general, with that affable big-natured friendliness that never left the greatest of American field commanders even in the crisis of battle when things were going not too well.

Old General Hylands saw the corps commander only through a haze created by his confusion and consternation. The moment of his own relief from command had come in the very moment when he was giving the order for the relief of his two colonels. What a strange trick of fate that the end of his own career should come in the very moment when he was taking proper action to circumvent the tragedy!

"How do things go with you down here, Hylands?" demanded the corps commander agreeably. There was nothing in his manner that forecast drastic action, there was no evil omen in the sparkling eyes of the major general; but the brigade commander was blinded by the toxic poison of fatigue.

"I have done my level best with this wretched ——" began the old general in a faltering, pathetic voice. He hated excuses, loathed alibis, but the blame here was far beyond his control.

"You've done wonderful work, and I guess you can get some sleep tonight, as things will be letting up for a day or two," broke in the corps commander. The sight of a fatigue-broken old general was no new experience to him.

General Hylands stopped with a gasp of astonishment, his mouth remaining open with an unfinished phrase hanging fire.

"The Germans have been stopped—in fact the whole German Army is in a hell of a fix down this way," the corps commander went on, his resonant voice filling the dugout. "The Third Division stopped them on the Marne near Château-Thierry. The boche has got himself overextended and he's on his way back to the Vesle right now. We'll put a spearhead in his throat at Soissons with our First and Second Divisions unless he improves his position."

"You mean we have stopped the German advance?" gasped old Hylands, sustaining himself from collapse by an effort.

"Nobody knows exactly what has happened except that our men refused to fall back and the boche found himself afoul of a snag. Our men have been out of hand a great deal, but they've fallen on the Germans wherever they had the chance. I'll have corps headquarters in Fère-en-Tardenois inside of a month and we'll be in Berlin by Christmas if the Germans don't come forward with the white flag before that time."

The brigade commander rallied his mental processes from their confusion with the greatest difficulty. An order to retreat would have steadied him to action, because it would have been the expected, the natural thing. But this unthinkable news—this *dénouement* that was so contrary to all known rules of a profession in which he had spent his life—it partook of the qualities of some strange dream.

"Then American leadership has surmounted the difficulties of lack of training—of our lack of thoroughness—for the Germans are the most thorough people in the world, and to beat them it seemed to me that ——"

"No, I can't say that is it at all," beamed the corps commander, his eyes twinkling amusement as he heard the old familiar axiom expounded again by a soldier of the old school. "Morale did it—morale! Our men are magnificent. They've got the spirit—the backbone—nothing stops them. They'll take any loss to get where they started for. They are handing us success on a silver platter."

The corps commander refused an invitation to stay for luncheon.

"It is my first opportunity to get over the whole position," he said. "I must be on my way, but I wanted you to know that we appreciate the splendid work you are doing. General headquarters has noted it and you will be mentioned in tonight's corps communiqué from the French. It would not surprise me, Hylands, to see you get fitting recognition out of your work—two stars, for instance."

As the corps commander left, chuckling over this final intimation, and the brigade commander stood staring blankly, speechlessly, after him, the aide stepped up to his general, his face almost beaming.

"Sir, permit me to congratulate you," the aide effervesced. "The corps commander would not have said what he did unless he knew, and it is just that you should receive your promotion to major general—and I have a set of extra stars, sir, in my locker trunk, knowing you would need them sooner or later, sir."

Late that afternoon, when the brigade commander awoke from the sleep of utter exhaustion into which he had fallen without waiting for his noon meal, his aide brought him a warm meal, and his adjutant, watchful for the moment of his waking, summoned the two recalcitrant colonels. They appeared before him, hollow-eyed from loss of sleep, but erect, mentally alert, grim-faced and fearful.

"You sent for us, sir," the senior colonel said, saluting.

The old general blinked for a moment, the pounding of cannon overhead helping him to focus his mind back upon his present whereabouts and environment.

"Yes, yes," he replied, arising and extending his hand limply as he became oriented to the fact of his immediate existence. "I—I sent for you to—to convey the corps commander's appreciation of the—a—splendid work your regiments have been doing. If your duties will permit, I would be glad to have you stay and have a cup of hot coffee with me."

PUM! PO! PUM! PO!

(Continued from Page 7)

to render it too great a thing for private ownership; so marvelous that the great museums of the world would envy one another the possession of it.

The vase which Luke saw was of glass, transparent and, even in that dim light, of an entrancing, incredible blue. Around it ran a frieze of cameo-like figures in white glass—carved out of white glass. Its height from base to rim was something like twelve inches.

Luke's voice came dryly and only with effort. "May one approach?" he asked.

"It is to be looked at," said Gna Agatina, "but not to be touched."

Luke stepped closer, instinct concealing his eagerness, his eyes held charmed by the magic of that vase. It was incredible, unbelievable. He bent over it, not daring to touch it with his trembling finger; but the test of touch was not necessary. It was true. The wonderful, amazing, astounding fact was that it was authentic. The thing existed—this thing which authorities had speculated upon and argued over. The truth of a theory was established—the Portland Vase was one of a pair!

The Portland Vase—one of the glories of the British Museum; the most perfect example of ancient glass in existence, born doubtless in Phœnicia, the birthplace of glass making, and preserved through the centuries by the kindness of Fate, preserved in all its marvelous fragility! Preserved to be demolished by a stone flung by the hand of a man demented, but repaired, restored, and even in its damaged state valued at not less than twenty thousand pounds—a hundred thousand dollars!

And here, a part of the *presepio* of an old Sicilian peasant, was its counterpart, perfect, without flaw or scratch or crack! The legendary mate of the Portland Vase! Come to this spot through what untraceable channels—by way of Greece, perhaps, when Syracuse was the hub of the world, by way of Rome when she was mistress of the Mediterranean, by way of the Saracens when they spread the word of the Prophet by fire and sword, plundering and sacking and slaying for their greater joy in paradise! What sights it must have seen, what a history must it possess from its fashioning until this day when it came to form a part in a Christmas decoration of an ancient crone without two soldi to rub together!

II

LUKE'S recollection is vague as to the contents of the next half hour. He knew his knees trembled and that his tongue was dry. He knew he labored under extraordinary excitement, but hoped he had concealed it. The mate of the Portland Vase! He, Luke Ferval, had made the greatest find of modern times! He was beside himself with elation, and yet his hands were cold with terror—with terror lest this fragile, precious thing, so carelessly handled and left about, should suffer damage under his very eyes. It was no argument that inasmuch as it had survived the vicissitudes of a couple of thousand years, the probabilities were it would survive the next few hours. He dared not desert the vase to its fate, yet he knew he must desert it—to think, to plan for its acquisition. For antique hunters are not exactly unknown to the inhabitants of Sicily.

Already Luke was planning his campaign. He was perfecting his approach and laying out his method. . . . Somehow or other he gave his thanks and said his good-bys and scrambled up the mountainside to his companions, who were signifying loudly their impatience at his delay. Francini he-hawed and bit Francesco on the flank. Francesco retorted by aiming his heels at his wife's nose, but she dodged adroitly and laughed at him openly. He shrugged his shoulders and vowed to bide his time.

The artist disposed his impedimenta in saddle pockets and commenced the descent to Taormina, and for once he stopped to look at nothing, much to Francini's disgust. He even neglected to reply to the courtesies of road menders; and having reached the Corso, he caused the old piper to waggle his head in hurt amazement by passing without dropping a soldo into the extended horny palm. Up the gentle declivity he climbed toward the Greek Theater and the Timeo, but he was blind to the glories of distant Etna and to the witchery of the sapphire sea. Across from the casino, he turned his companions over to their owner and rushed inside to be alone with his secret; for he was afraid it might show on him, as such things have a way of doing in an antique-seeking world.

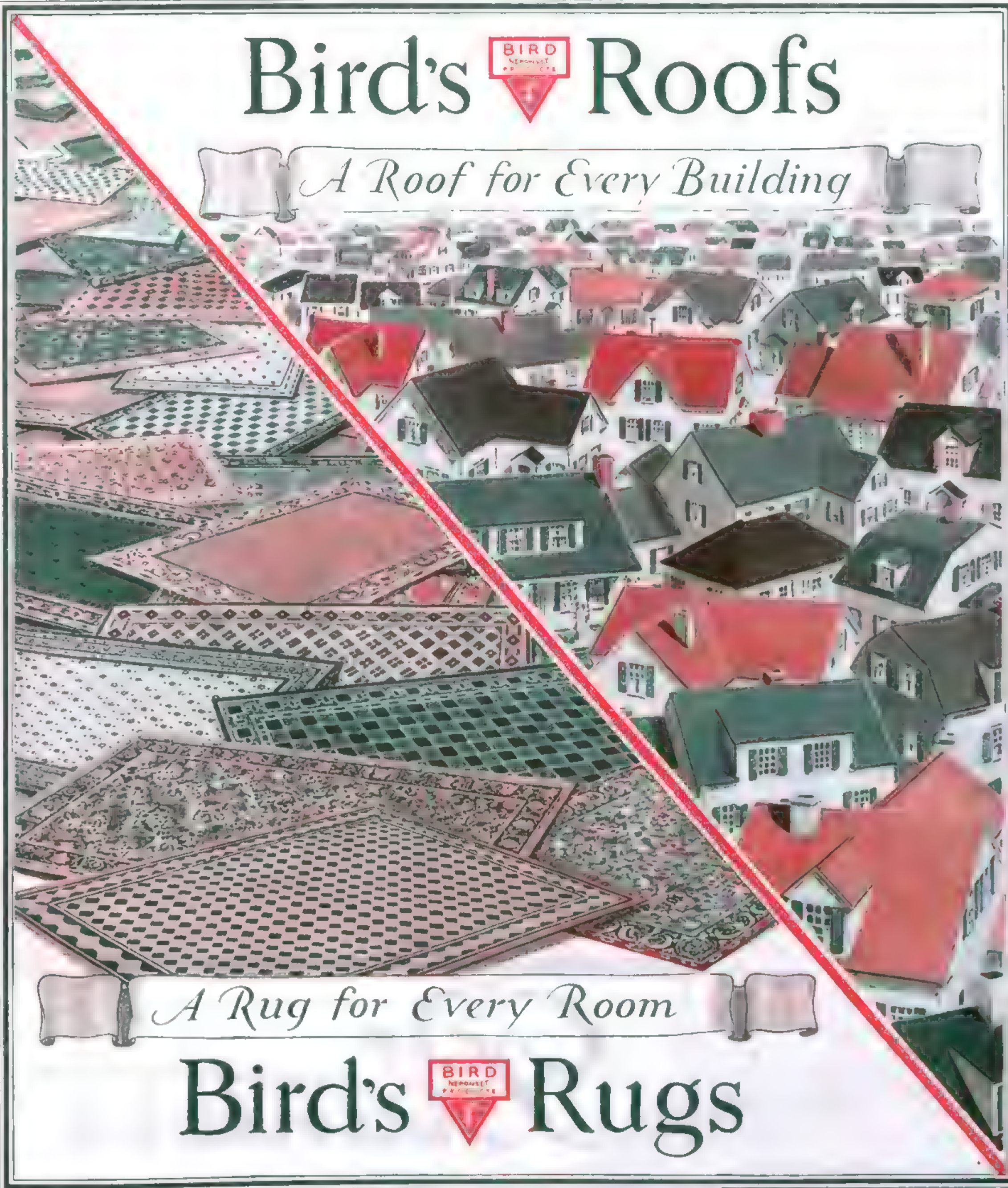
So far only one phase of the matter had occurred to him—the magnitude of the discovery as a discovery. Now, as he sat upon his balcony above the gardens, another phase shouldered its way into his cogitations—the financial phase. One hundred thousand dollars! There was no question in his mind that the vase would fetch that amount or more. It meant independence; it meant freedom from the chains of the wage earner and a competence which would permit him to live at ease in Florence, in Paris, in Rome, in Sicily, and to paint—to paint and to dream!

But where did his employers come in? They had financed his trip that he might buy for them, that his knowledge and ability

Continued on Page 131

Bird's Roofs

A Roof for Every Building



A Rug for Every Room

Bird's Rugs

THRIFT products, made for the millions of men and women who wish to furnish and safeguard their homes economically.

BIRD & SON, inc.
Established 1795
EAST WALPOLE, MASSACHUSETTS
Manufacturers of
Asphalt Shingles — Rugs and Floor Coverings
Roll Roofings — Corrugated and Solid Fibre Cases
CHICAGO · NEW YORK and *Warehouses in principal cities*

BIRD'S roofings and floor coverings are made of wear- and water-resisting materials with 130 years of manufacturing experience behind them.

DEFY WATER AND WEAR

A Birthday Party for One

CAN you imagine a factory covering acres and acres of ground devoted to nothing but peanut products and nut confections?

Twenty years ago we couldn't imagine it either. But today it is a fact.

You asked for Planters Salted Peanuts and kept on asking for more and more of them. *You* built the plant. It's your Birthday Party just as much as it is ours. And here's your invitation.

This month we celebrate the 20th Birthday of a famous American. In the little building on your left, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Peanut was born in the month of April, 1906.

Now let your eyes travel to the picture on the right-hand page. Mr. Peanut's home today. Immense factory buildings covering sixteen acres,

Mr. Peanut has a Birthday Present *for* YOU

Read about this Gigantic Birthday Party.

Planters

FREE

Planters Salted Peanuts are the big, crisp, whole-roasted kind. You can always tell them because they are not only the biggest, plumpest peanuts you ever saw, but also because they are always sold in glassine bags with the name "Planters" and "Mr. Peanut" on them. Millions of bags are sold annually....With your very next 5c bag of Planters Peanuts, we want you to accept, with Mr. Peanut's compliments, a birthday present that is worthy of the name; a

Hundred Million People

built because you like your peanuts big and crisp.

Quite an achievement for a young fellow and worthy to be celebrated.

It's to be celebrated with the biggest birthday party possible. *Everyone* is invited, and *everyone* gets a present.

Read how you get your share of the party.

Peanuts

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THE LONG-LIFE BATTERY

(Continued from Page 126)

might be at their disposal. If, then, he should succeed in buying the mate to the Portland Vase for the equivalent of two shillings, would it be his or would it be theirs? Naturally, he would share in the profits of so tremendous a coup, but only to the extent of a tenth, maybe, or in event of extreme generosity, a fifth—when he might easily have it all! It was a question of ethics which few individuals would find pleasure in solving.

Strangely enough, the second, but possibly the greater, ethical question did not present itself to him—namely, what of his intention to buy an object worth a hundred thousand dollars from an old woman to whom a hundred would be untold riches, and to pay her a couple of shillings? Possibly this would never present itself to him because he was in the game, and the game of the antique hunter is to get something for nothing. That is nine-tenths of his pleasure and perhaps is the germ of his passion. When two antique sleuths forgather, their conversation is one part upon the artistic excellence of their finds, but nine parts upon their luck or acuteness in buying what they have found for an infinitesimal fraction of its true value. Anybody may buy a Grecian urn if he have money enough and the willingness to spend it. The game is to find such an urn disguised as a family vinegar jug and to buy it for a couple of lire. The right and wrong of this is not precisely clear—unless you are a seeker, when, of course, there is no question.

Luke passed the first question, leaving it to be determined at a later and more clement date, and set to planning how he might acquire the vase. The technic of the thing ought not to be difficult. Gna Agatina would not be one difficult to convince that he was one of those crazy Americans who run around buying strange things for absurd prices. Why, they even buy the sideboards off painted donkey carts! He would absent himself for a few days, praying hourly that the vase suffer no harm. Then he would return to admire the *presepio*, and in the fullness of his admiration beg to be allowed to purchase it, that New York might be shown how great and wonderful a thing a true *presepio* might be. Gna Agatina would feel honored to have her handiwork carried across the ocean to amaze a foreign world. But no word of the vase. There would be haggling, of course, delicious haggling; and then, when their minds were close to meeting in a bargain, Luke would hold back.

"If," he would say—"if you'll throw in that glass thing there I'll pay what you ask." That would be the way of it. He would buy the *presepio* and get the mate to the Portland Vase thrown in for good measure.

What a tale to tell in certain places he knew of! It would be good for evenings upon evenings of conversation to envious cosearchers.

So he dressed and dined and then went up to the casino, where he danced in the stuffy little room with a couple of American girls and treated himself to champagne in honor of the great event.

"Are you going to Mr. Blandish's for tea tomorrow?" one of the young women asked him. "You know, he has a musicale and tea every Thursday afternoon, and all the visitors in town are invited—an American artist."

"Yes, yes," Luke said absent-mindedly. "I know him. Has some nice things, but nothing later than the fourteenth century. Nothing really old."

"What did you say?" The young woman did not await an explanation. "And they say," she went on excitedly, "that the Marchesa di Mola drops in almost every week, and sometimes sings. They say she's very beautiful."

"Never saw her," said Luke. "But I've walked through her gardens."

"It must be wonderful to be a beautiful marchesa," said the girl. "It sounds wonderful. Romantic and all that."

"Probably," said Luke, "she is fifty, with a hook nose, and dressed with doodabs dangling all over her. I've seen a couple or three duchesses and a hatful of countesses in my time, and I'll say Providence played fair when it gave them titles. They needed 'em."

Whether this were true Luke was not to discover at Mr. Blandish's tea, though he was there and the marchesa was there. All he saw of her was her hand and arm, which peeped around a corner of the rambling, high-ceiled room. It did not seem the hand and arm of a dowager and his curiosity was excited, but the lady of title left before Luke could extricate himself from the corner in which he sat. It was a very minor disappointment, but there came a time when occurrences of similar sort became something very like an irritation.

He walked homeward along the Corso, not pausing, as was his lazy custom, to peer into shop windows where were displayed corals and ancient Sicilian jewelry and Capo-di-Monte figurines and old Chelsea left behind by Lady Hamilton or her entourage in the days when Nelson was the hero of the world. He did not even pause to look at two marvelous jars of Persian glaze which had come there—the pagan gods only knew how. He did not climb the stairs to the tea shop conducted by an Englishwoman so imposing that her universal title was the Duchess of Devonshire, and he came close to being run down by a diminutive donkey drawing an excessive cart—which would have been a disgrace. He was distrait. His mind was not upon the illusive charm of the aged town—that first settlement of the Greeks before Greece had climbed to the summit of her glory. He was thinking Portland Vase, and nothing but Portland Vase.

He was not even irritated by the ill manners of German tourists as he sat in the hotel parlor that evening, nor did he sleep with the sound satisfaction of youth. In the morning he arose at an incredible hour and walked up through the ruins of the theater and along the cactus wilderness of the cliff which looks down upon Isola Bella, but composure did not await him there. He was in a fever for which the sole febrifuge was a sight of that bit of Phœnician glass and the knowledge that no mishap had befallen it through the night. Therefore he breakfasted in haste, took a bag of luncheon from the kitchen and joined his habitual companions for the climb toward Mola.

Francini had found some grave ground for complaint against her husband and she nagged him all the way up the ascent. Now and again he lifted protesting voice when her invective touched the raw, or endeavored to maintain self-respect with twinkling heels. Luke did not find his usual pleasure in the free display of their family affairs. At the proper spot he tied them to a tree and scrambled downward, deaf to Francini's squawls of protest, and came presently to the washing place and then to the home of Donna Agatina. She was not at home, but he received exact report of her whereabouts from a *contadino* who passed driving his burdened donkey.

"Where is Donna Agatina?" Luke asked, after the usual courtesies.

"She is where the good God pleased to send her," replied the man with the air of one who has helped to solve a great difficulty.

"And, think you, will the good God return her presently?"

The man blinked. "Today or another day," he said, and his donkey bells jingled on.

Luke settled himself on the little patch of green before the door and stared up at the fluttering red rag and other quaintnesses which guarded the house from the evil eye. He sat for an hour, feeling somehow the contentment of one who does his duty. He was guarding the vase. But then, winding up the road, came a straight lean figure with shawled head, and Donna Agatina was there. Her bright black old eyes glittered shrewdly, but she greeted him with that courtesy which is universal throughout the island.

"I have come," he said, "to see the *presepio* again."

She marveled at that. "I had not thought it so worthy of notice," she said, and nodded. "It is but a *presepio*."

"Nevertheless, I ask your permission to see it again. Such things are not in my country."

"But in your country there are girls with soft cheeks and eyes as beautiful as those of the blessed saints," she said, and chuckled. "The *presepio* you may see, and welcome." So saying, she threw open the door for him to enter. Skepticism emanated from her and he flushed as he guessed her deduction. Donna Agatina believed he had returned to see again the girl who was the guest under her roof.

He advanced the length of the dim room with its smoky walls and stood before the Christmas shrine, and then he caught his breath. The vase of flowers was not there! For minutes he compelled himself to stand as if in keen interest and admiration before he turned to permit his eyes to sweep the room. The vase was invisible!

"But," he said, "it is not the same."

"It is the same," she said firmly.

"There stood just there a vase of flowers," he asserted.

"True, flowers. But flowers are not a *presepio*, as all men know. They were a gift."

"But they have not faded so quickly."

"No, no, not they. They are upon the table."

He turned quickly, and there were the flowers, but they erected themselves from a jug of ugly clay.

"It was another vase that held them," he said.

"True. You have eyes." She nodded her old head many times. "It was another vase."

"A vase of glass," he said.

"It is, indeed, so." She offered no information, nor did he dare exhibit too great interest before her shrewd eyes.

"When it stood yonder," he said, "it seemed a part of the *presepio*. Cannot you persuade yourself to stand it there again so I may see all exactly as I saw it yesterday?"

"It is gone," she said.

"Gone!" He hoped his voice did not express the agony of dismay which rent him asunder. "But where?"

"Whence it came," said Donna Agatina. And then—"The guest who was in my house brought a gift of flowers. She gave the flowers, but not that which held the flowers."

"And she has gone?"

"It is to be seen that she is not here."

"Taking the vase with her?"

"Now here is something to do about a vase! What have I to say of vases? There is much questioning, and where there is much questioning there should be little answering. That is wisdom," she added with more nods of the head.

There fell a silence, but presently Donna Agatina spoke again: "It is true, because my son writes it as truth, that all Americans are rich."

"Not all," said Luke, wondering whither this path led.

"But to travel over the land and over the seas—for that one must be rich."

He shrugged his shoulders. "What are riches?" he asked, much as she would have asked it herself. "What is wealth for one is poverty for another."

"A true word. It is a thing to ponder over on days of rain. Are we Christian people or are we not?"

There was no reply to this question, which asked no reply.

"But the guest—does she come again, bringing flowers?"

"That is as the saints desire."

"A neighbor, possibly?"

"Did I mention neighbors? Now by the sacred beheaded dead, here are questions upon questions!" She smiled a trifle maliciously. "Young men take greater

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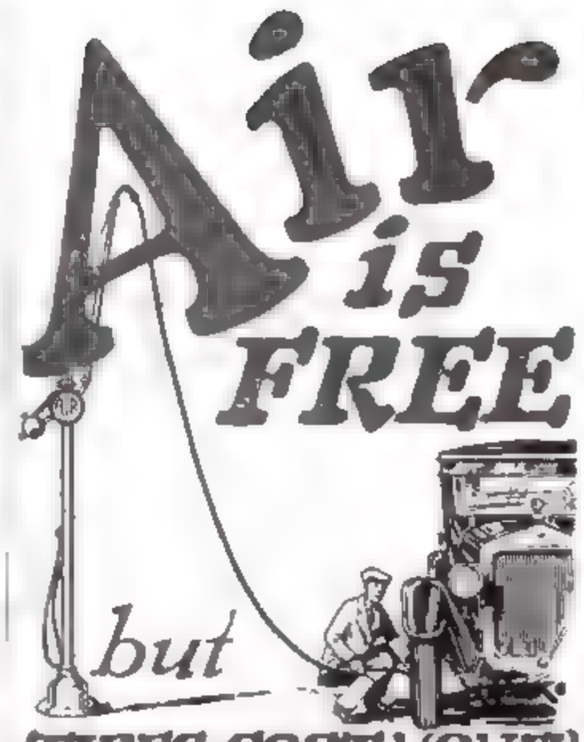

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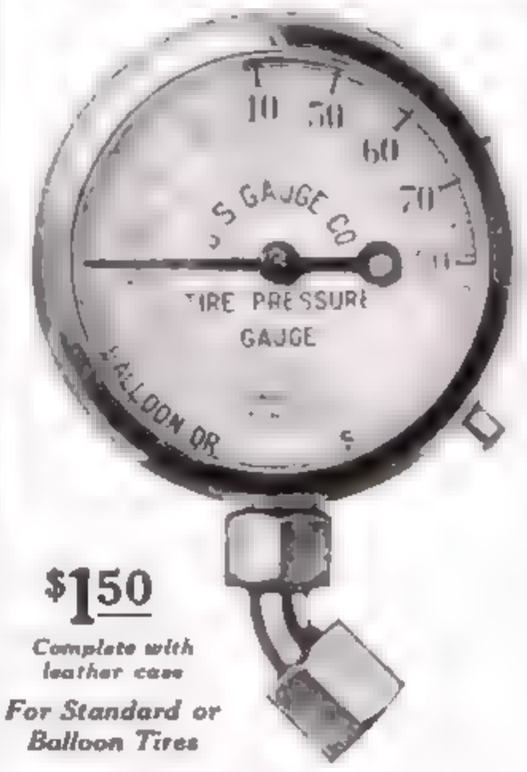

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Using less rubber means getting back to pre-war mileage

BY W. O'NEIL, PRESIDENT OF THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

MUCH has been printed recently about the high price of rubber and the necessity for rubber conservation. This news has not only given the public an exaggerated idea of tire prices but has supported the claim that rubber can be saved by using less of it in a tire.

When rubber is cheap tire manufacturers generally use more of it. The necessity for using the same quantity of good rubber for the sake of long wearing quality does not change regardless of fluctuations in rubber prices.

The growing practice of replacing a considerable part of the good rubber in tires with reclaimed rubber means getting back to pre-war mileage with greater cost to the consumer in money and annoyance.

You can't save rubber by using less of it. The substitution of cheaper compounds for one-third of the pure rubber reduces the cost several dollars but, by weakening the entire structure, takes out two-thirds of the wear.

Everyone knows what happens when cement is saved by the use of more sand in the batch. The principle is the same whether it is tires or towers that totter. The way to save rubber is to make tires wear longer by using enough of it.

With plenty of good rubber it is unsound manufacturing and poor service to the public to use less of it in tires.

It's the second 10,000 miles that makes the big hit.

(Continued from Page 131

interest in young girls than in even so-wonderful *presepio!* I persuade myself of that." She cackled mirthlessly.

To question further was to bring suspicion to blossom, and Donna Agatina already was on her guard. Luke pretended to examine the *presepio;* Agatina scrutinized him, and waggled her head endlessly and clucked. Had Luke known that upon that shaking head grew the *trizzi*—the elf-locks, those mystic tresses which are neither cut nor combed from the moment of birth, and which confer upon their wearer certain supernatural powers, he might have been even more wary—or he might not. Who knows? America is skeptical of the little ladies who come of nights to dance in Donna Agatina's bedroom.

And so, after a little while, he took his departure reluctantly, with heavy heart, but nevertheless resolved. The vase had disappeared, but there was one who knew where to find it. Therefore he, Luke Ferval, would remain and would cultivate the old woman as if she were some aunt capable of leaving a fortune to a favored nephew. Donna Agatina chuckled at his departing back and went straightway about a strange business.

Crumpled in her hand was Luke's handkerchief, dropped by him on the floor. She laid it upon the table. Next, with a hand device, she carded wool and made a thread of three strands whose length she estimated carefully—until she was certain it was equal to the length of Luke himself. Now she recited with amazing speed a jingle in the Sicilian tongue, paused at the end to lay Luke's handkerchief upon her head, recited again, removed the handkerchief to lay it on the noose of thread—the *laccio*. Next, pouring in her skinny hand a measure of salt, she began stirring it with her forefinger and muttering incantations again—the *'razioni* of the wise women, from Elizabeth Eaton's By Paths in Sicily.

"Turn salt!
Turn bread!
Turn pine cone!
Turn wood!
Turn Americano's head.
All things else from his mind must sink,
Of his sweetheart only must he think;
For I hold true faith that come he must
His troth to plight, for this is just."

And finally: "Saint Devil, concede me what I wish. I will not respect you as devil if you do not concede me what I wish. I will respect you as Devil when you concede me what I wish."

Then she lifted her shoulders and smiled shrewdly. "Are we Christian folk or are we not?" she demanded aloud, but with perfect satisfaction, for she had pronounced over the property of Luke Ferval a love spell so potent that, in her long and industrious life, it never had been known to fail.

III

AS LUKE stumbled disconsolately down the mountainside with Francesco and Francini, who wondered at what they considered his moroseness, he searched his mind for a course of action. One thing he knew: The mate to the Portland Vase was in this neighborhood; he would find it if he had to search every house in the district. But his search need not be so broad as that; all he need look for was houses where was a beautiful daughter, and beautiful daughters, even in rugged Sicily, have a way of being famous through the countryside.

The girl was beautiful. He recalled her now with the remembering eye of an artist. Beautiful and interesting, with a vague, glamorous glow about her. Suddenly he was conscious that it would give him pleasure to see her again, not for the sake of the great vase, but for the delight of his own perceptions. In fact—as his recollections played—he realized that she was exquisite. A peasant girl, a carrier of burdens upon her head—which doubtless gave her that splendid carriage—a driver of donkeys and a laborer in lemon groves; unquestionably uneducated; a beggar maid.

The sun was bright, the fields and roofs and the sea below were exciting to the fancy, and he dreamed off into remote reaches of romance. King Cophetua and the beggar maid! Remember, he was very young, given to excursions of the most fanciful, impractical excepting on that Doctor Jekyll side of him which dealt in antiques. And so, while Francesco and Francini ambled before him, cocking now and then a human-wise eye to read his mood, he built for himself a lovely secret romance and was quite happy in the midst of it.

Now he was passing the ruins of the ancient Ghibelline battlements, now the house of the little tailor who will build for you a suit of evening dress which might well cause envy in the heart of a London tailor, and all for the equivalent of thirty dollars in American money. There the cobbled road dipped abruptly to the right, past the ancient courtyard, with its lovely columns and arches, and debouched upon the square. The American girls stood there peering down the Corso after a slowly moving motor.

"There!" one of them cried. "You just missed her—the marchesa."

Luke strained his eyes, but all he could see was one shoulder and a portion of the back of the head of the noblewoman who excited his countrywomen. He shrugged carelessly.

"She's like one of those jig-saw puzzles to me," he said indifferently. "I'll have to put her together to see the whole of her. An arm and hand yesterday, a shoulder and some hair today."

"She's lovely," said the girl. "The poor thing."

"Poor thing?" Luke raised his brows inquiringly.

"Terribly poor, they say. Ruined by the war and the earthquake—or nearly so. There's a story about ——"

"There always is," said Luke.

"—— that she's in danger of losing what of the estate is left; lemon groves over toward Rendazza and the house here."

"She'd better marry her a rich American," said Luke unfeelingly.

"Huh! It's just rich American girls who marry impecunious titles. What could a bourgeois millionaire gain by marrying a poor marchesa? She couldn't bring him her title."

"He'd get a beautiful wife, if what you say is true—and that's something."

"Somebody is going to do the equivalent of foreclosing the mortgage to her."

"Well," said Luke, "I'm not a millionaire. In fact, I couldn't buy more than a bushel of her lemons."

"But there's a German—one of those war-rich Huns with a roll of fat at the back of his neck—who is after her. It was the Duchess of Devonshire told me. And she may have to marry him."

"Why? Let the old lemon groves slide and marry the poor man of her heart. It could be done."

"It's the *contadini* who live on the estate and watch the groves and pick the lemons—they and their families. It seems they sort of go with the land, and they've been in her family for a million years. She's afraid of what would come to them if some stranger owned the groves."

"As nearly as I can gather," said Luke, "the maffia look after that sort of thing. If somebody turns nasty, the friends are apt to chop his trees and tickle his ribs with one of these saw-backed brigand knives they carry."

"Oh, you know about the maffia? Isn't it mysterious and terrible? Do you really know about it?"

"Enough to respect it," said Luke.

"Respect? That's hardly the word, is it?"

"I selected it with loving care. Read Sicilian history and you'll understand the maffia, and maybe respect them too. They're not Neapolitan Camorra, you know."

"Let's go down to the duchess' and have some tea and crumpets," proposed one of the girls, and so both maffia and the marchesa passed out of the conversation.

IV

IN TAORMINA there is not much to do but thank God you are alive and permitted to be there—which is sufficient. If the time be Easter, you may watch the processions; you may visit the lace schools, or go fishing or tramping. You may window-shop for antiques or red-clay statuettes. You may have tea of afternoons in various places, or you may dance and gamble in the Casino. But it is no Riviera. . . . None of these pleasures tempted Luke Ferval away from his quest, which might have been termed now the quest of the antico-romantic.

For a week he exhausted every artifice in his search for a beautiful peasant girl, but none was known to fame. Diplomatically, he questioned Andrea, the concierge, who knows everything and is a kindly father to blundering tourists. But Andrea could not help. He rode or walked up and down the valleys. He searched the town below and investigated those enterprises before which are huge piles of lemon skins from which the juice has been extracted. He painted beside the washing place, while Donna Agatina blinked her glittering eyes and chuckled under her shawl. But never a hint of the existence of the object of his search.

Not less than four times, however, did he see the marchesa. Not the total of the marchesa, it must be admitted, but fractions of her. On one occasion he saw her foot, and it was a slender, high-arched, admirable foot. He saw her hat; he saw her skirt. The fact that he never saw her face grew to be a minor irritation with him. He commenced to occupy what spare time he found to lie in wait for her, but she was as elusive as the twinkle in Gna Agatina's eye. Luke discussed her with Francesco and Francini, but evoked negligible sympathy from them.

One day he came upon the beautiful peasant girl again, quite as if there were no mystery about her at all, and as if her appearance were as commonplace as that of a shopkeeper on the Corso—and upon the spot where first he had seen her. There she was, sitting at ease on the grass beside the washing pool, and she was even more beautiful than he remembered her.

For a time he painted on, pretending to a placidity he did not possess—and he dreamed. Beautiful she was, and undoubtedly good. Also of quick but uncultured mind. . . . Um—a year of education! He had heard of such things being done. A year of coaching in the words and ways of the world—and a Paris gown! He was by way of talking himself into love.

Presently he laid aside his brushes and palette and walked over to speak to Gna Agatina, then to the side of the girl herself. She moved over courteously that he might share her grass plot, and there seemed something like amusement in her eyes.

"Donna Agatina did not speak your name," he said.

"It is Lucia," she answered modestly.

"My name is Luke—Luke Ferval," he volunteered.

"From America, where all men have pockets stuffed with gold," she said.

"You do not live in Mola," he said accusingly, "nor in the valleys, nor down by the sea. I have searched."

"For me!" She turned to Agatina. "But listen, Gna Agatina, the American has searched for me!"

"To paint you," Luke added quickly.

"Ah, you have the desire to put me in a picture?"

"It will require many days," said Luke, making a bold plan.

"Many days! But it is easy to see I cannot be spared."

"From home?"

"It is as you say—from home."

"But cannot I come to your home and paint you there—when you are not occupied with what you must do?"

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"I cannot persuade myself, signore. One must give consideration to such a matter."

"Vossia comes here to rest," said Gna Agatina, "and to be free from many things of evil. On this occasion, with the good will of San Giuliano the wise, who never makes mistakes, and of San Pancrazio, whose statue stands upon the beach, she will remain not one but three—and perhaps five days."

"Not a leaf moves without the will of God," said Lucia, without committing herself to anything.

"And you have my permission," said Agatina importantly, "to bring the little box of paint and the three-legged thing and make pictures. But good manners do not pry into the affairs of others. Am I understood or am I not?"

"You make yourself perfectly clear," said Luke. Then—"Did you bring Donna Agatina a gift of flowers?"

"This time," snapped Agatina, "it was eggs."

So the mate to the vase had not returned with its mistress! Well, he was close upon its trail now, and it must be elusive indeed if it escaped him.

But when he thought of that marvel of ancient art—when he thought of a hundred thousand dollars in value—being tossed about the house of a *contadina* as if it were a crockery mug, his heart almost crowded to the base of his tongue.

"Tomorrow," he asked, "may I come with proper canvas—in the morning?"

"And why not?" Gna Agatina asked.

And so it happened; through the iridescent morning hours Luke painted, with frequent rests for chatting with his model. He found her self-possessed, modest, of excellent understanding. Beyond that he was delighted at the glimpses she allowed him to catch of matters which occupied her mind; he was charmed by such brief and fleeting disclosures as she gave him when she opened unconsciously the windows which gave upon the self which resided hidden within her lovely exterior. Briefly, he was becoming infatuated and was glad of it.

It was during the second morning that Gna Agatina came pattering to them.

"Pum! Po! Pum! Po!" she panted. "One comes down the road."

"From the town? What manner of person?" Lucia asked, with a sudden straightening of her shoulders.

"A man, Vossia, of girth and thickness. Also he wears leather upon his legs to the knees, and his neck is short."

"How far?"

"He will pass the door before I can spin his length in yarn," said Agatina.

Lucia was standing erect, her face grave, anxious, apprehensive. She peered about her like a startled bird, and seeing above her and to the right a jumble of rocks and a tangle of cactus, she ran to them lightly before Luke could frame a question, and disappeared in their shelter.

"The picture, signore, the picture! It is a likeness! None must see! Make it to be covered, signore!"

"But what is it? What has startled Lucia? What is happening?"

"Is it for me to ask what troubled my guest? Have I not good manners? Cover before he makes himself to arrive!"

"Take it to the house and conceal it," Luke said. "I will set up this other canvas, which is innocent."

Donna Agatina scuttered off with the unfinished but recognizable portrait; Luke commenced to daub paints upon a clean canvas with palette knife as if he were high priest of all the impressionists—and the stranger paused in the roadway. Luke darted a glance out of the corner of a suspicious eye. It was a large gentleman with a ruck sack over his back, with leather gaiters and a cap such as those affected by German tourists who love to dress their part. A heavy, dour face had the man, in spite of his offensively pink cheeks, and under his ears was a roll of flesh which affected Luke with acute distaste. The individual spoke in German, which Luke did not understand and to which he did not reply. The stranger essayed English with great success and with a measure of arrogance.

"A painter, eh?"

He drew closer and looked superciliously over Luke's shoulder.

"Good morning," said Luke.

"What are you painting? I don't seem to recognize the scene."

"It's a puzzle," said Luke imperturbably. "You have to guess it."

The stranger pondered this and did not like it.

"My name," he said, "is Heinrich Hoff, of Munich. You are from America."

Heinrich Hoff, of Munich. Luke delved in the dusty attic of his recollection for something to which to tie that name. Hoff—Heinrich Hoff. . . . He nodded. The antique dealer of Munich who had been mixed up in the affair of the fake Rubens. . . . And this man was here, evidently to the dismay of Lucia—and Lucia had in her keeping the Portland vase. Was there a connection? Luke acted as if this were a proved fact and his attitude became increasingly hostile.

"What of it?" he asked shortly.

"I am known to painters," said Herr Hoff. He grumbled in his throat. "Did you see a young woman in this neighborhood—a so-beautiful young woman?"

"Several. The hills are full of them."

"Is this the house of a woman called Agatina?"

"Who knows?" countered Luke. But Gna Agatina was there, having issued from the door of her house.

"Who asks for me?" she demanded.

"If you are Donna Agatina, I ask for you."

"Some," said the old woman significantly, "are not so anxious to find me."

"Is she here?" Hoff demanded with that arrogance which characterizes his kind.

"I am here, the Signore American is here—as you have eyes to see."

He jingled coins in his hand. "I pay for information," he said.

"Then pay the wolves of the mountain; then pay the vultures of the air. . . . Pum! Po! Pum! Po! A painful twisting in the bowels to you! A withering of the leg and a dimness of the eye! There is hot water in the pot," she added significantly.

"It would seem," interjected Luke, "that you look for someone."

Agatina reappeared in the door, a pot of boiling water in her hand, and she advanced with intention. Luke smiled.

"Perhaps you would do well to search elsewhere," he suggested. "Unless you prefer to be cooked here instead of Donna Agatina's fowl."

Herr Hoff viewed and calculated, gave ground as Agatina advanced; and then, with some little loss of dignity, betook himself beyond the limits of her close.

After which he bellowed in his mother tongue and shook his fist and moved hastily along the road in the direction whence he had come.

"There will be no more painting today," Donna Agatina said.

"What has befallen?" he asked.

"No great thing," she said sharply.

"Is there a danger to Signorinetta Lucia?"

She turned away, but repeated over her shoulder, "There will be no more painting today."

He looked about him. Heinrich Hoff had passed from view. Gna Agatina was concealed in the house. He called, "Signorinetta Lucia! Signorinetta Lucia!" There was no response. He scrambled to the cluster of rocks, but she was not there. Therefore, with no slight unease of mind, he gathered his impedimenta, carried them to Agatina's door to be received by her until tomorrow and mounted the incline to where Francesco and Francini waited impatiently.

"Now where," he demanded of those tried friends, "does Herr Hoff fit into the picture?"

Continued on Page 137

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There is one near you

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(Continued from Page 134)

"Ee—e-e-e-e—haw!" responded Francini. Francesco disciplined this lack of respect with his heels.

V

HEINRICH HOFF and Lucia and the Portland Vase! How, Luke asked himself, had the German smelled out this priceless miracle of the glass worker's art? And having smelled it out, what had he done to arouse fear in Lucia's heart?

First, upon arriving again in Taormina, he would acquaint himself with such facts as were harvestable upon the character and movements of Mr. Hoff. These might lead him to the residence of Lucia or show him how the man knew the girl was to be found at Gna Agatina's. He found himself disliking Herr Hoff violently—more, indeed, than the bare facts seemed to warrant. It was not a mere prejudice born of rolls of flesh behind the man's ears, nor was it apprehension of a rival collector. Lucia entered into the matter. Luke had painted the girl, scrutinizing her with the eye of an artist, and in intermissions with the eye of a man, for the better part of a day. Somewhere in these localities Ulysses had filled his ears with wax that he might not hear the fatal songs of the sirens; Luke had not been wisely instructed to blindfold his eyes that he might not look upon the beauty of Lucia. Therefore Ulysses won past the rocks where Luke Ferval crashed head on with all sails set. It is perilous to be young and of a romantic turn in Sicily.

His first inquiry was of Andrea the knowing, concierge of the Timeo.

"Andrea," he asked, "do you know a large German with a bullet head and rolls of flesh under his ears—whose name is Hoff?"

"In other years," said Andrea, "he has been in this hotel."

"But now?"

"He takes himself to the Monastery, and we are not downcast."

Luke waited, for sometimes that is the surest way of setting such as Andrea to wagging of the jaw.

"It is said, signore, that this man comes this year with a purpose. It is as I tell you. There are stories of his wealth. He spends with the right hand and with the left. And always he is to be found near the marchesa. It is talked in the town that he wishes to marry with the marchesa, but that she, on her part, does not desire it at all." He shrugged his heavy shoulders. "But many say it will come to that in the end, for she must marry or be overtaken by poverty."

"Personally," said Luke, "I would not exchange any amount of poverty for Herr Hoff."

"But there are other considerations," said Andrea. "Her people—she would not desert her people."

That was sufficient to give Luke very furiously to think. It was the key to the lock, had he but known it; but he was an artist and not a professional solver of problems in human conduct. Suffice to say that, during that evening, he collected various items of information with respect to Herr Hoff, none of which was of a nature to arouse the admiration of one who possessed most of those elements which, combined, make up the creature we term a gentleman.

For three days in succession he returned to Gna Agatina's and painted. Under a Sicilian sun, in air moved deftly by lemon-scented Mediterranean breezes, human beings blossom before one another's eyes much more rapidly and simply and joyously than can ever happen in any other place. So that toward the end of the third day Luke was approaching very close to speaking what was in his mind, and Lucia was listening—or it seemed to him that she listened—without marked disfavor.

"You," he said, after gazing long at her eyes—for the reason that he must paint them accurately—"are very beautiful."

She smiled. "The saints give or the saints withhold beauty," she said.

"Furthermore," he said, "you are good and most remarkably sweet." At this she said nothing, but her eyes did not fall. "And," he added, voicing a thought, "of excellent understanding."

"The signore is kind. But is it right he should say these things to me, who am so far beneath him? Can good come to a girl like me to whom such words are spoken by a rich American?"

"But I am not rich," he said, and she smiled her disbelief. "I am poor. I am only an artist—and, I'm afraid, a very poor artist. But, Signorinetta Lucia, I do not mean what it would be wrong for you to listen to. Between us lies only one gulf, and that easy to cross."

"And this gulf, signore?"

"Is one that may be crossed on a bridge of schooling."

Her eyes twinkled. "It is true that I am very ignorant, signore."

"An illness," he said sententiously, "which yields readily to treatment. . . . Is it a good thing that the husband should be a man of learning and versed in the ways of the world, and his wife ignorant of all things except a knowledge which comes from Nature?"

"In time," said Lucia, "when the first days of love had passed, and the husband must show his wife to the friends of his own class—then he would be ashamed, and she would die of mortification."

"I said"—he nodded—"that you were of excellent understanding."

He painted slowly, and to his credit let it be recorded that the Portland Vase had passed from his mind with completeness.

"Is it necessary," he asked, "that a man should know a woman for years before love will come?"

"Gna Agatina is a wise woman. It is a question to ask of her."

It was, indeed. But at that moment Gna Agatina watched them through a window and muttered swiftly, but without mispronouncing a syllable—as must be done if one wishes complete success—the potent words of a *'razioni*, a love charm, whose purpose was to bring these two young people together. She would have been surprised by no degree of suddenness.

"You," he said presently, "have been often courted. It must have been so."

"No," she said. "When I walk one road, love takes another, or it stands aside to let me pass. No man has told me he loves me."

"A miracle!" exclaimed Luke. "Are all men hereabouts without the power of sight?"

"If only," she said somewhat piteously, "there might be love-making and marriage without a thought of other things! When love comes, the saints send it be not confused with needs and necessities."

"Signorinetta, would I give offense if I say that I love you with no thought of needs or of necessities, but only thoughts of yourself alone?"

Her eyes were upon his eyes with level gaze, and his feeling was that she was pushing aside the flesh of his body with gentle hands that she might look for the truth which dwelt in his soul.

"There is no offense," she said.

"Then ——"

He arose from his stool with eager hands outstretched, but she halted him with a gesture.

"It is a matter requiring thought—and prayer," she said.

"But you are not displeased?"

"I think," she said, "that I am pleased as I have never been pleased before."

Then, swiftly as a bird, she arose from her seat on the grass and, before he could stay her going, took shelter in the house and was to be seen no more for that day, though he stood upon the threshold to plead with what eloquence he possessed.

VI

AFTER a dinner which was ruined for him by the serving of an amazingly large fish, intact, with dreadful, staring goggle-eyes, Luke issued forth for a walk. It was his intention to stroll along the Corso to the piazza before the new hotel to watch the moon rise over Etna. Many people prefer to see this phenomenon through the ruined columns of the old Greek theater—which actually is not Greek but Roman—but Luke desired a variant. This was an evening when he would be conscious of the dubious architectural taste of Rome in topping an amphitheater with a row of columns; and though but one of these remained, he knew he would be unpleasantly conscious of it. Such is artistic temperament.

So he strolled. Presently there whisked past him a car, and a passer-by exclaimed, "The marchesa!" He looked quickly—but not quickly enough. A gloved hand, an ear, a wisp of hair. Those items totaled his gleanings, and he shrugged with annoyance. Confound the marchesa anyhow! Why did circumstances choose to make a mystery of her?

He regarded the moon and turned his footsteps toward the hotel again. As he turned off the Corso to mount the incline he perceived a bulky figure which preceded him; a figure which, even in the dim light, was unmistakably that of a German with rolls of flesh behind his ears. Luke wrinkled his lip.

Herr Hoff turned off the street just before he reached the entrance to the hotel, betaking himself down the narrow stairway which leads to the gardens; and there was something so furtive and lurking in his manner that Luke paused, considered and followed softly. Hoff traversed the winding ways between beds of flowers to please the eye and beds of vegetables to delight the palate until he arrived at the lower gate giving upon the walled road. Here, shadowed by high walls of stone, it was very dark and quiet. Luke stood still, crouching against the wall and restraining his breath.

The German proceeded softly until he came to a doorway some hundred yards beyond; a doorway which undoubtedly should have been locked at this hour of the night, but which, surprisingly, did not seem to be so, for Herr Hoff opened it cautiously and passed within. Luke waited with his ear against its planking; and then, with admirable stillness, opened the door for himself and found that he was in a wonderful terraced garden which faced, from its perch upon the cliff, to the sea. He knew where he was. Something would have told him where he was if he had not known. These were the gardens of the marchesa, the show spot of Taormina, through which tourists were permitted to wander on certain afternoons of the week. . . . He looked about for Hoff.

Over toward the villa was a moving black mass which Luke kept in view until he came very close to the rear of the house and heard a stealthy tapping against a window-pane. Presently the window opened, a hand appeared and passed out an object to the clutching German. Luke nodded his head three distinct times and set his teeth. Having accomplished these gestures and so relieved his feelings, he crept back to the gate through which the intruder must make his exit, and there he waited, concealed by an enormous cactus.

Presently Herr Hoff came, stepping like a cat on a hot roof. Luke nodded twice, indrew his breath and stepped out upon the path.

"Good evening," he said.

Herr Hoff grunted. The sound was much like that which he would have made if Luke had struck him violently near his middle.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"Be careful," said Luke, "or you'll drop it. It's fragile."

"Eh? . . . Who are you? Take yourself out of my way."

"Couldn't you," Luke asked, "have waited till you married the lady before you robbed her? It is considered better form."

"Robbed? . . . Swine-dog! You——"

"No," said Luke, "I'll call the names. I know more of them and my education fits me to apply them more accurately. There is soft earth just to your left. Place it there very gently."

"It is nothing. A little thing, a souvenir, I buy from a servant."

"Which is delivered overstealthily through a back window. The soft ground waits. Place it there at once!" Luke snapped the last words as if he were a drill sergeant of experience.

Herr Hoff hesitated. Then he spoke menacingly: "I place it there, yes, and then ——"

"Gently, gently! Something pretty good in the way of antiques! I quite understand your desire to make away with it. In fact, I have much the same desire. Put it down!"

Herr Hoff turned and as cautiously as Luke could have asked laid his paper-wrapped parcel upon the soft earth, and then, still stooping, head down like a bull, he charged. Luke came of fighting stock, as almost everybody does if you search his genealogy long enough, but also of ancestors who may have derived from Fabius or Washington or tricky old Frederick. Therefore he quickly drew aside, allowing Hoff's blind charge to pass; and then, with an adroitness which must have given him satisfaction, he aided the man's progress with an applied foot. Herr Hoff lunged through the open door, which Luke slammed to behind him and shot the bolt.

Now he was in a quandary. In his person were assembled a number of individuals of conflicting desires and motives and ambitions. Hoff, he knew, was no ordinary thief. Hoff was an antiquarian of parts who had availed himself of this means to acquire some object of virtu not otherwise obtainable. . . . And he, Luke Ferval, also was an antiquarian. But, in addition, he was romantic; also he was an artist; and, in the final place, he was in love, a thing which is prone to color one's actions while it lasts.

If this thing were worth Hoff's while—to risk an outright theft—it must be worth the while of any collector. . . . Luke fumbled in the foliage until his fingers touched paper. He hesitated. Those elements in him which made him a gentleman issued their warning. Greatly he desired to unwrap the object to see what fish Hoff had angled for, but discretion told him that if he wished to remain a gentleman and moderately honest he had best not subject himself to temptation. Therefore he picked up the parcel, found it surprisingly light for its bulk, and strode down the pathway toward the front door of the villa. And he rang the bell vehemently.

A servant responded, looking his astonishment to find one at the door instead of outside the iron gates below.

"Your mistress—the Marchesa di Mola—is she at home? Quickly!" he said as the man hesitated. "It is important. Say it is Mr. Ferval, an American artist."

After some delay the servitor returned. "If the signore will enter," he said courteously, and showed the way into a small salon at the left, where Luke stood waiting under a chandelier of crystal. There was some measure of excitement; some pleasure in the reflection that he was to meet the marchesa in circumstances which were not a little bizarre, but highly to his credit. He was dramatizing the thing, getting the most out of it, and providing himself with an excellent anecdote to relate—an anecdote which would make the ears of listening friends flop with envy.

The setting was right, the background romantic. This was taking place in another world, a world as far removed from his native New York as removal is possible upon a diminutive earth. It was a world where the man you meet in the street has just bought for himself a love charm, or has hidden in the house of his enemy a lemon driven full of nails—black magic to bring painful death to that enemy. It was a Christian country, where the Christianity is still pagan; where it is difficult to tell where Easter observances begin and ancient rites of the Goddess Ceres end. It was a world where the private knife of vengeance is preferred to the justice of

(Continued on Page 141)

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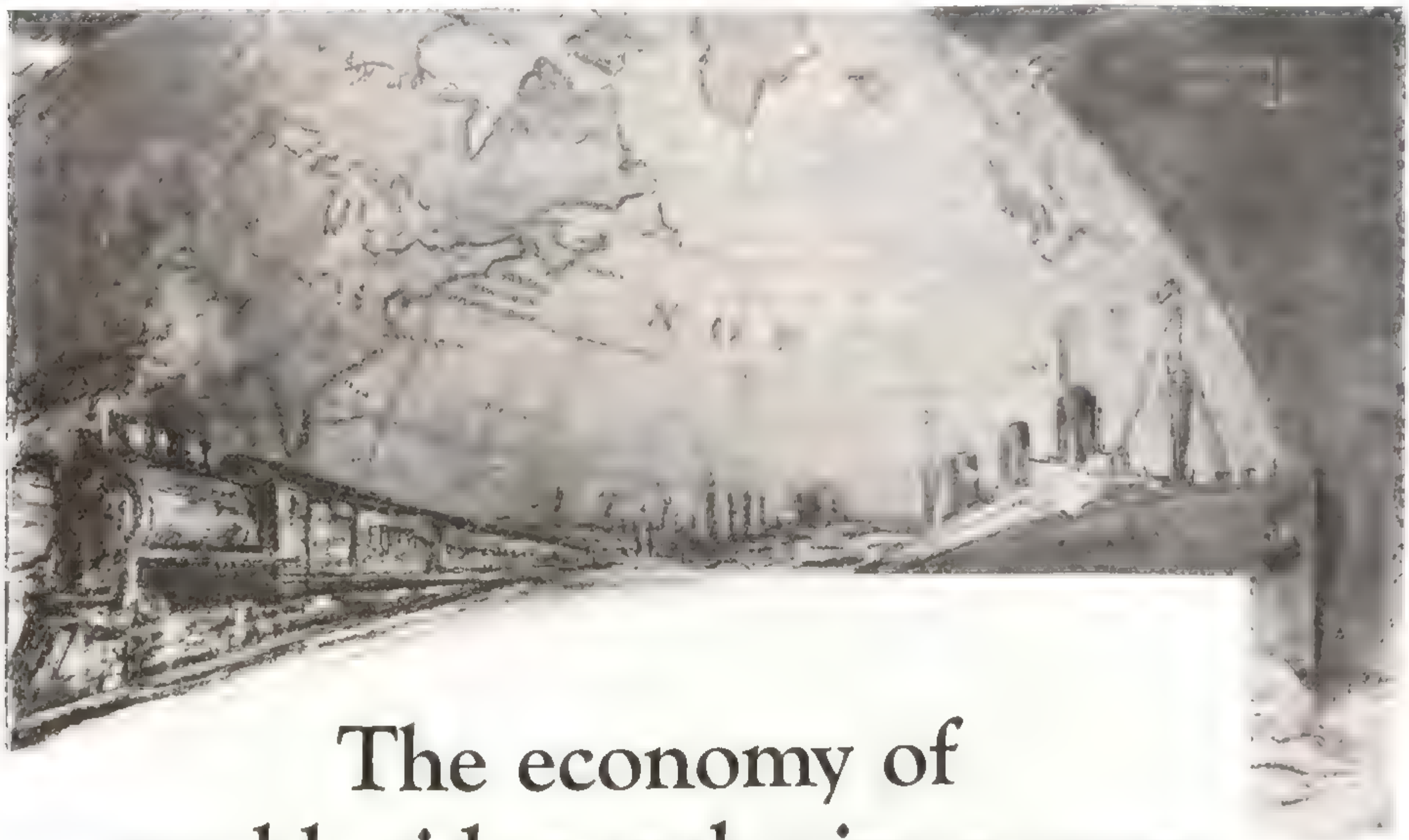

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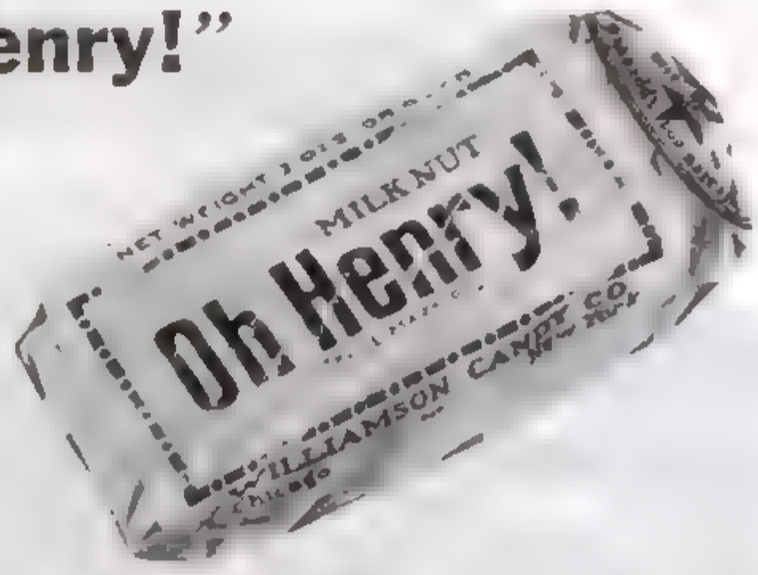

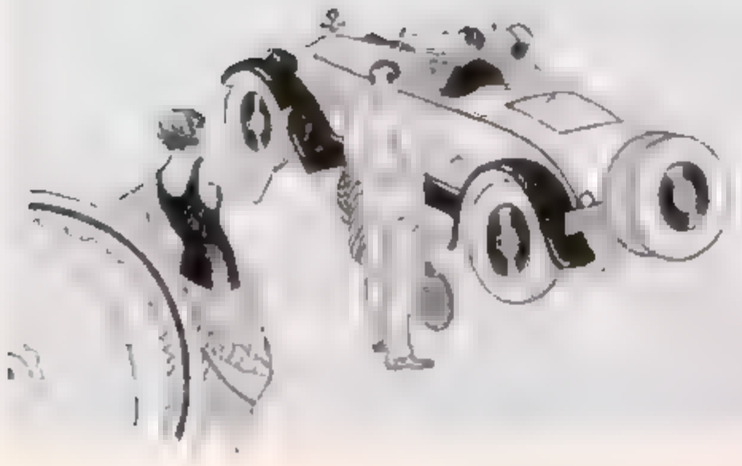

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WILLIAMSON CANDY COMPANY CHICAGO BROOKLYN OAKLAND, CALIF

(Continued from Page 137)

courts, and where veritable personages out of heaven are likely to be encountered at any crossroads.

It was a childlike, simple and very beautiful world; one where a decent ignorance is still maintained by the people to their great contentment; where, in short, anything may happen, and, if you are but patient, it does.

So he waited, tingling. It was a gracious room which gave evidence it was lived in by one who derived from many generations. Old things predominated over new. Artistry of hand, the meticulous labor of men who set no value upon time, but only upon excellence, showed on every side of him. A fourteenth-century *credenza*, carved with the story of Adam and Eve, primitive, the work of some peasant's knife or chisel, was over against him. On the walls a porcelain Madonna and Child, white, in relief against a background of glorious blue glaze—the idle-hour work of some artisan in the long-stilled Capo-di-Monte factories. Venetian velvets! Florentine embroideries! Imperishable textures and colors! Beauty, solidity, repression! And over all a glamorous haze of mystery!

He turned to face a rustle, the soft touch of a foot upon floor of stone. And then, through the archway advanced the Marchesa di Mola. Young, perfectly gowned, lithe, patrician, she appeared to him in that first darting, curious glance. And then bewilderment, confusion, a sense of something magical and that he was being toyed with by the little ladies who appear only in moonbeams, touched his brain so that self-assurance vanished, excellent manners neglected themselves, and he became a staring, big-eyed boy.

For, though the gown of the marchesa was a Paris gown; though her shoes were Roman shoes; though her carriage was that of a patrician, and her hair was piled high as a great lady's hair should be—the oval, lovely face which vivified and glorified the whole was the face of Lucia the peasant girl, the sitter by the washing pool, the guest of the old witch Gna Agatina!

She stood silent, hesitant, patently of several minds as to what was toward. Her eyes were strange and her color varied from very white to lovely flush, and it seemed she could not make up her mind how to begin, but rather waited to take her cue from Luke. But Luke was in no state of mind to toss a cue. He was bedazed, doubtful of his senses, struggling to make up his mind if here were some marvelous resemblance, or if he had been the victim of a noblewoman's vagary. The silence became irksome.

"You wished to see me," said the marchesa; and then—"How did you—find me?"

Then Luke's heart stood still an instant before it was racked by such a pain as he never had known. It was she—Lucia! And that meant what did it mean? He forgot his errand, forgot the parcel he continued to hold so awkwardly as his eyes sought knowledge from hers. When he spoke his throat was curiously dry and in his voice was something of the rasp and rustle of dead leaves.

"It would seem," he said, "that Her Ladyship has been playing games—and breaking toys."

There was no answer to this, though she caught his meaning, as showed by the sudden pallor of her cheeks. She waited.

"I did not find you, if finding means the result of searching. I did not know who was to come to me through the archway. I—I beg Your Ladyship to be assured that I—that I have not spied upon your diversions."

"Oh!" she said softly, and the little syllable was prolonged and breathless.

"Therefore," he said, "I shall complete my slight errand and forget that the lady I found was not one I expected to see." He fancied he controlled himself now; did not know how far he was from control or how her eyes widened and darkened and moistened at what she saw.

"The matter came by chance, or possibly by predestination, if Your Ladyship credits such matters. . . . There is a man whom I do not admire, a man whose head is shaped wrongly and whose neck is not as a gentleman's neck should be ——"

The marchesa gasped—once.

"I saw him prowling tonight. One could not mistake it for anything else, and my fate made it to be that I followed him to see what ill thing he intended. He slunk through a garden and down a roadway and entered by a door, which should have been locked, into another garden. And he tapped upon a window which was opened from within so that an object might be handed out to him stealthily."

Again he paused briefly to wet his dry lips. "And so, by chance, as you will perceive, I come to return the stolen object to its owner, not meaning to force an entrance to a hidden room or to destroy the pleasure of—a game."

She advanced a step and one lovely, slender hand pressed her bosom.

"Oh! Oh! I did not desire you to know—yet."

"Of course," he said, and slowly unwrapped the parcel. His eyes widened, he stared, his jaw dropped, for in his hands he held at last the marvelous fragility of the lost mate to the Portland Vase. He was near to dropping it.

"This, I think," he said hoarsely, "is your property. Once you carried flowers in it to Donna Agatina."

"It is mine," she said, with bent brow of wonder; "but—but why should this man go to the trouble of stealing it? This old glass vase!"

He did not reply directly. "Also," said he, "it seems I may do you a service even greater than the return of this ancient glass perhaps a far greater service if the rumors of the shops carry in them anything of truth—by giving you the name of the man. Unless you shall consider it seemly that one should rob the woman he wishes to take in marriage—before the ceremony."

"His name! . . . Your meaning? I—this is not a thing clear to me."

"The individual," he said, "is Herr Heinrich Hoff, antique dealer of Munich."

She stood very still and very, very white, as if suddenly she had been transformed into Parian marble.

"Heinrich Hoff! Heinrich Hoff! . . . And why should Heinrich Hoff steal from me a thing I would have given to any stranger for the asking?" He was about to reply when she stopped him. "But let that rest; let it rest. There are other matters."

He bowed and moved toward the archway. "There are no other matters," he said. "A toy is broken past mending. . . . With your permission I will write tomorrow explaining why Herr Hoff coveted this—which I beg of you to hold gently and to guard carefully. . . . Before my departure tomorrow I will put such facts as you must know upon paper."

"Before you depart!"

She closed her eyes, but did not sway or tremble.

"Sicily has become inclement for me," he said.

And then it was that she moved toward him and touched his arm very lightly with her fingers.

"Are we not all toys?" she asked appealingly.

"I do not criticize your taste in games," he said.

"But I—am I not also a toy, and broken? Oh, my friend, broken and in danger of destruction? You—you do not know the thing I must do, nor how I have clutched and snatched at any slender, tenuous ray of light and joy which came within my reach—before the darkness settled upon me forever."

"Have I complained?" he asked gently.

"No—no. . . . Oh," she cried with sudden bitterness, "if you were but rich!"

"I am very poor," he answered.

And she nodded. "Therefore it could be but a game," she said steadily, "though it was no game to me, but reality. It was sweet—very, very sweet to—to know that I could be sought for myself alone. A peasant girl, uncultured, without the power to confer social gifts, though very poor, as all men know me to be. It was sweet and gracious to know that I might win the—the love of a gentleman by—by what actually I was, and not by the glamour of a title. Real love, not an affair of business, of so much for so much. And it came—as you used the words—by chance and not by wicked intention."

"I do not accuse," he said.

"You found me there, stealing a day of rest, of safety, of peace—before I made the decision. And you came again and, oh, so dearly, made love to me as a gentleman makes love. It was not my fault. It was not—not my fault."

"It was not your fault," he said gravely.

"But it was wicked. And though the moments were glowing, to be treasured forever, they may be only bright recollections in the blackness. Do you understand?"

"I think so."

"For I must marry this man—this man who steals from the woman he would marry. Because no other asks me, and it is my fate it should be necessary." She paused. "But you—if this be any lessening of the—the hurt I have done you, I may tell you this, and you must believe me; to me it was no pastime, no game. Oh, my friend, my dear, dear friend, it was reality!"

He misunderstood, or could not understand. "I know," he said, "of your need. But Your Ladyship need marry no man—nor ever need have done so."

"I must."

"To obtain money?"

"For his money. There are many dependent upon me." He shook his head, but before he could speak she interrupted again. "You have not taken my meaning," she said simply. "If, in my game, as you have called it, you came to love me—a peasant girl, I—a marchesa—I came, my friend, to love you as well. This is no make-believe. It is truth. As you love me, so I love you, and will until the end of time." Her eyes half closed themselves; her splendid head tilted backward, her lips parted, but through them came a whisper—"Until the end of time!"

Luke shook his head as one does who perceives but dimly through some enshrouding fog. He heard, but he could not comprehend.

She waited, motionless, torn by emotions bitter and sweet. Luke bent forward toward her eyes.

"You—you love me?"

"With my soul!" she whispered.

"You would—would you marry me, Lucia"—the name came easily from his lips—"if you were rich, if you had enough for what you must do?"

"So, so joyously!" she said.

It was then that he smiled; he peered at the mate to the Portland Vase, which he still held in his hands; he lifted it as one lifts an offering before the altar. When he spoke it was in the vernacular of the *contadini*.

"Then," he said, "may the sacred beheaded dead bring ease to the pagan souls of the Phœniciana who wrought this miracle!"

VII

GNA AGATINA, in her little, lonely, smoky house, brushed the hen from her best chair and chuckled.

"My knowledge," she said, "is of God and not of the Saint Devil. Even though the priest speaks against it. I loose, but I do not bind—such is my knowledge come down from the old ones. Pum! Po! Pum! Po! . . . No virtue in a love charm, says this priest!" She cackled. "He cannot persuade himself. But I—Agatina the Fox—I know what I know and I do what I do. It makes itself to work then. . . . Are we Christian folk or are we not?"

And Francini discussed the matter with her husband Francesco in a vein too light for his sober judgment, so that, but for her agility, his heels would have done greater damage than a mere brushing of her nose.

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A Lawn Mower Built On An Entirely New Principle

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"It is the best mower I ever used. There are from fifteen to twenty people who have seen the mower and are just carried away with it. I sure am a booster for MontaMower."
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Cuts tall and short grass and dandelions when the ordinary mower frequently must pushed over.

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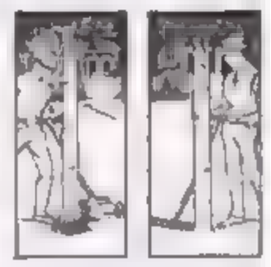

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THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 21)

I was kind of making Minnekahta my Hills headquarters at this time, keeping my plunder at Al Bodeen's and using his corral, and I had a few days to fritter away with my good clothes on before I started back to Sidney. The afternoon of the day follering the arrival of Miss Laura Macy, I allowed I'd be forehanded and satisfy myself that the young ones of School District Number Six was a-going to be in good hands, so I moseyed up to Joe Harper's residence; and Juliana Harper, it ain't needful to say, give me welcome, at the same time jerking her thumb at the setting-room door and a-twisting her good-looking face up in a green-persimmon knot, while we was a-standing in the entry. I sort of gathered that I wasn't the only one that was interested in the educational welfare of the district.

I ast her—in a whisper, "Who is it, Juliana? And quit sp'iling your beauty thataway. You might get struck so and Joe'd prob'ly get a divorce."

"It's-s-s-s Ros-s-s-s-scoe Glaub," she hisses in my ear. "Go in, and if I offer you cake don't you eat none. I'm a-going to put rat poison on it and feed it to him." And with that she conducks me into the room where Roscoe sat on a chair drawed up clost to the sofa, where there was one of the nicest, refinedest looking girls that ever pinched her nose in a pair of eyeglasses. It wasn't a little nose, either. I don't mean to say that it was one of the extry sizes like Mrs. Sam Epstein wears, but it just wasn't no button, and it give her the look of a lady that knew her own mind and could size up the extent of yours tolerable well. She didn't look to me to be twenty-eight, but I reckon Juliana must have known. Roscoe, the Human Corkscrew, was so interested in what he was a-saying to her that he didn't take no notice of us.

"Was he a widower?" he asks her.

"Just a moment, please," she says to him, turning to Juliana and me. . . . "I'm sure I hope the pleasure will be mutual," she says, after Juliana had introduced me and I had said the correct thing. "But maybe I'd better repeat briefly the statements I've already made to Mr. Glaub—to save you the trouble of repeating his questions. I had a rather tiresome journey and my total expenses amounted to about thirty dollars. Mr. Goss didn't send me the money; I paid my own way. I haven't got an Uncle Ebenezer, but I've got an Aunt Maria and she's my mother's sister. My mother is still living. She's fifty-four years old and she owns her own home and has a small income from some property my father left her. I suppose at her death the property will be divided among us children. I have one brother. He's seventeen. He's still in school, but he works out of school hours and during vacations. He pays his board. I have a sister. She's two years younger than I am and——"

"Excuse me for interrupting you," I says, "but I don't want you to get the idee that I'm taking the census. I'm just an old friend of Juliana and Joe's, and hearing you was here, I allowed I'd call and tell you that I was at your service, willing and joyful, in any way, shape or manner when I was within call. Furthermore, I wish to remark that I'm going far away and absent from Minnekahta inside of a day or two, and now that I've seen you, I shall go with sorrer in my heart and hope for a quick return."

"Why, that's perfectly lovely of you!" she says with a smile that showed a mighty white and even set of teeth. "I know now that the pleasure is mutual, if you aren't a gay deceiver, and I don't mind telling you that I shall count the days until you do return. How long—— Oh, I forgot! . . . Excuse me, Mr. Glaub. Yes, he was a widower. That accounts for the two children, you see. On the whole, I concluded that I would rather go on teaching school. . . . Now, Mr. Stegg, tell me how long you expect to be gone."

I told her, and we had quite a little visit, enduring which Roscoe sat blinking his red eyes at us and putting a question or so now and then when he couldn't hold in no longer.

Juliana couldn't find the rat poison, I reckon, because she told me there wasn't no danger in the cake when she brought it. But Roscoe wouldn't have et it, anyway.

"I'm sort of languid and indif'rent about cake at any time, running and owning a ice-cream parlor," he explains to Miss Laura. "I'd be right glad if you'd come over sometime and sample my ice cream," he says. "Tell you: You and Mis' Goss come over some afternoon and I'll give you all the ice cream you can eat, and it won't cost you a cent. How about it?"

"Extremely liberal," says Miss Laura. "Very liberal indeed."

"Or an oyster stew," says Roscoe, beaming. "I serve oysters likewise, and being cove, there ain't no season on 'em. Tell you what I'll do: I'll fix you ladies up a tasty oyster stew apiece and you can top off with ice cream. No charge for either one. It'll be on me."

"It seems a shame to take advantage of such generousness," says Juliana. "You hadn't ought to be so reckless, Roscoe. It'll become a habit on you."

"No, it won't," says Roscoe, real confident. "Say, Miss Macy, I'd like to ask you about that hair of yours. A person don't often see a head of hair like you've got. Now is ——"

"Suppose we stop asking each other questions, Mr. Glaub," says the lady, pleasant but firm. "You stop asking and I'll stop answering, and we'll begin right now and see who gets tired first."

"There's a buggy outside, Laura," says Juliana. "I wonder if it ain't ——"

"Yes," says Miss Laura, jumping up. "It's Mr. Duffy. It didn't take him long to get here, did it? What a lovely team! I think I'd better not keep him waiting."

"No, don't, darling," says Juliana. "Go get your hat on and I'll entertain Mr. Stegg and Mr. Glaub."

Roscoe allowed he'd have to be moving, himself, account of having locked up his place, and I allowed I'd go with him, which, after making our fond farewells, we done. Outside, Lon was a-setting in one of Bell's best rigs and he gave us one of his rollicking laughs when he seen us.

"Stole a march on you, didn't I?" he chuckled. "It ain't no good, Roscoe. You might just as well quit right here and now."

"We'll see if it ain't no good, Lon Duffy," says Roscoe, with a plain snarl. "We'll see about that."

That tickled Lon so's he like to have fell out of the rig a-laughing.

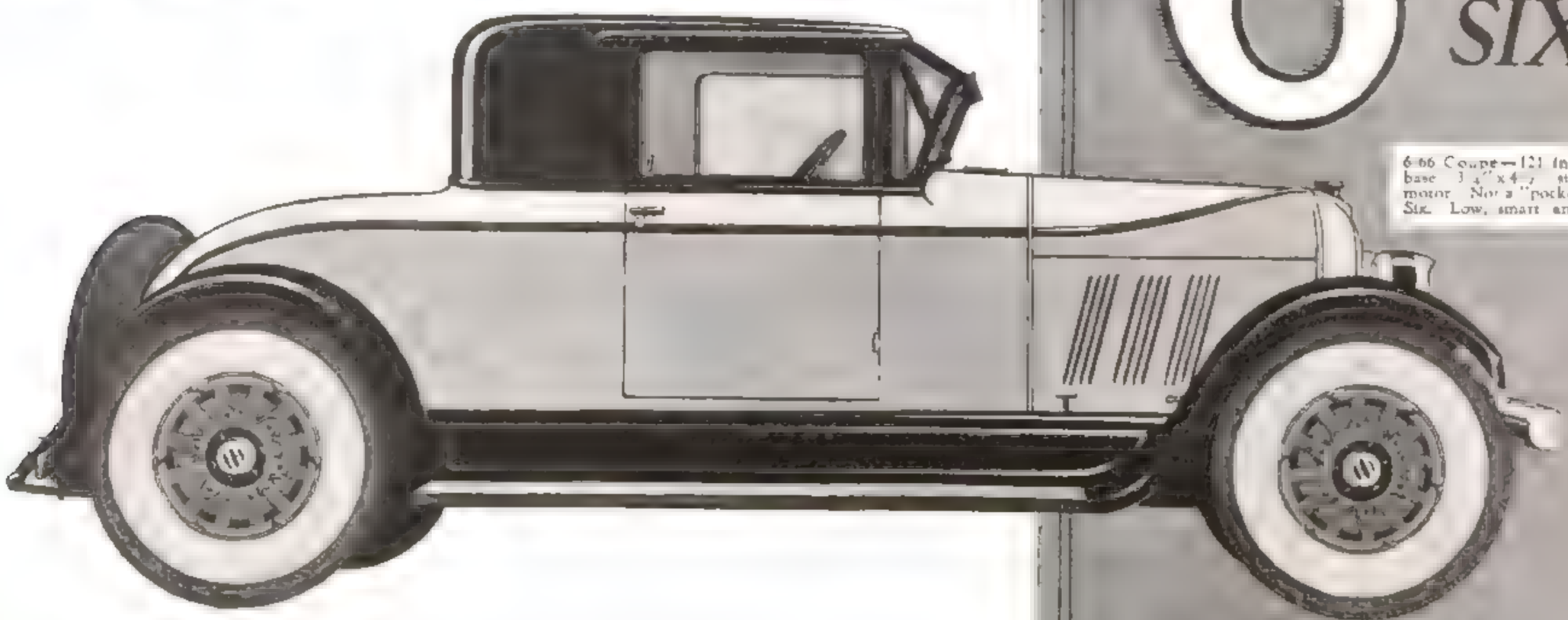
"That's right, bust yourself, you pampered, red-headed hyena!" I says, trying to snarl the way Roscoe done. "Larf on," I says, "but a time will come when you'll larf on the other side of your so-called face." And with that I turned on one of my heels and we left him.

"He thinks he's almighty smart," says Roscoe, "a-splurging with his liv'ry rigs. That's going to cost him a good six dollars. I'd like to know where he gets all that money he's flinging around with both hands; I'd like mighty well to know. Anyway, Miss Laura's got too much good sense to let that cut any ice with her. She's a girl that knows the value of money, having worked hard to earn it, and that's the kind of girl I like. I found out a heap of things about her while we was a-visiting, her and me. Yes, sir, she told me a considerable about herself."

"There's something about you that invites a woman's confidence, Roscoe," I remarks; "gives it a sort of pressing invite, as it were. Did she tell you where she bought her shoes and how much she paid for 'em? But mebbe you didn't notice her shoes."

(Continued on Page 145

AUBURN



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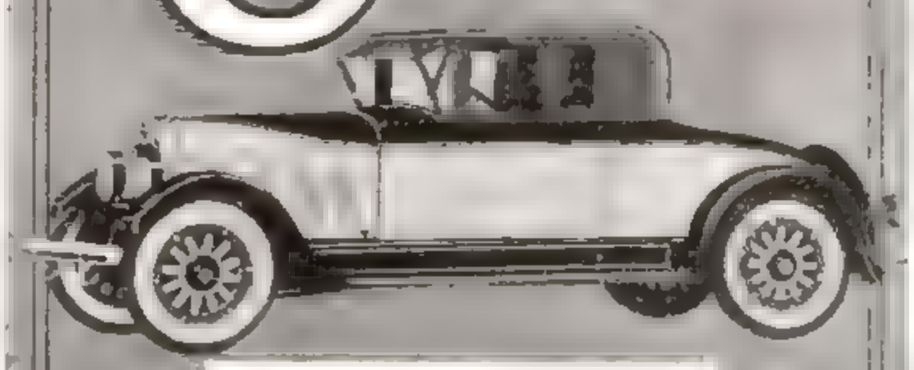

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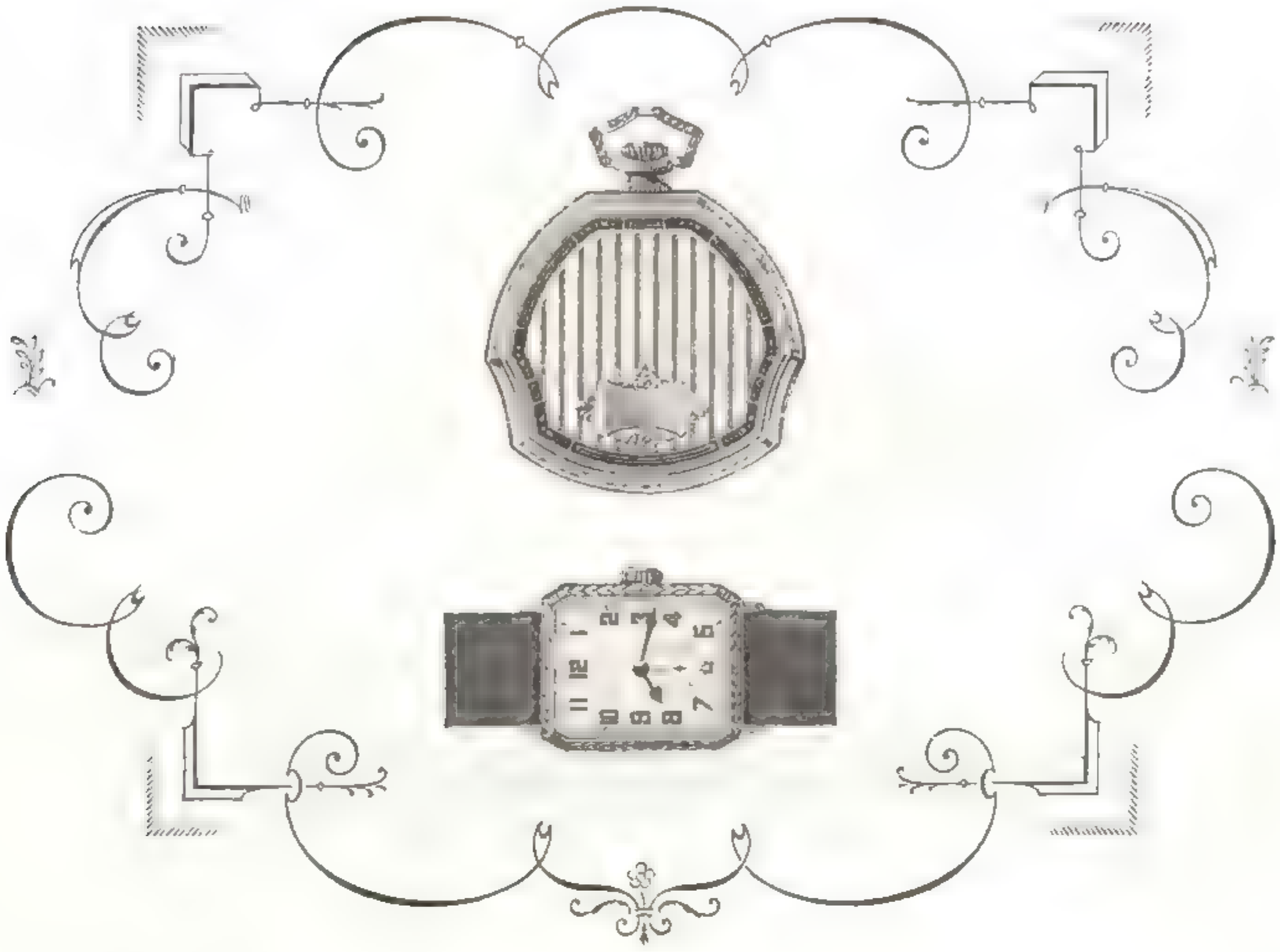

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…one you must have; the other you cannot conveniently do without

IF YOU had to confine yourself to the possession of a single timepiece, it would of course be the pocket watch

That is the one watch you can not dispense with. With the vest, the combination of watch and chain provides a touch of dignity to your attire which nothing else can supply. The pocket watch, moreover, is the only correct timepiece for formal dress.

But every man can easily afford two watches. A good watch costs no more than a suit of clothes. It gives you many years of service. And style and convenience both demand the strap as an additional timepiece.

Why not, therefore, also secure a good strap watch? Once you have become acquainted with its advantages you will never again willingly do without it.

For with the strap watch, you will find—wherever you may be, in every kind of weather, at your desk or on the golf course, in your shirt sleeves or bundled up in a heavy overcoat—a simple downward glance, with a slight movement of the arm, gives you the time at once.

Whether it is a pocket watch or a strap that you are now about to buy, it is important that you consider the quality of the case quite as much as that of the movement.

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DAYTON, KY., SUBURB OF CINCINNATI, OHIO
Case makers for the leading watch movements

Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL

(Continued from Page 142)

"I noticed 'em, all right," says he. "There's mighty little I don't notice if I do say it myself. I didn't ask her that though. They ain't cheap-made shoes, whatever price she paid for 'em, but a foot like she's got is entitled to a pretty shoe."

"You made a hit with her about that ice cream," I suggests.

"Yes, sir," says he, smirking. "Having an ice-cream parlor certainly gives a person the aidge with ladies. I count on that. 'Liberal' was the word she used—'very liberal.' Well, I can afford to be liberal when I take the notion. You heard her telling me that she didn't like widowers, didn't you? Well, I ain't took the first steps tords being a widower yet, but I might. Yes, sir, I might. Her sister's engaged to a man name of Billings who runs a lumber yard in Creston. Say, do you know anybody in Creston?"

"Not intimate enough to write to," I says.

"What's your opinion about her hair?" he asks me.

I told him I thought well of it, and he said that wasn't what he meant. What he was wondering was whether it was all her own, without any taint of a commercial transaction with the former owner, or whether it was part hers and part natural growth that you could hang on a bedroom chair or put in a bureau drawer when off duty, or how. Seemed to him that no single human head, even granting unlimited quinine tonic, was capable of raising such a wealth and profuseness. That was what he wanted to know—was it all her own?

"Was that what you was a-going to have the nerve to ask her?" I says.

"Not plump and straight out," he replies. "I aimed to sort of quiz around the subject and see what she said, and form my own conclusions if she didn't own up voluntary—kind of lead her on."

"She didn't seem to lead worth a cent," I observes.

"No," says he, "and that's what makes me sort of s'picious. I had an aunt once ——"

"What was her name and how old was she?" I asked him, joshing.

"—— an old aunt who was as bald as a b'iled egg and wore a wig," says he. "And she didn't make no bones about it being a wig. Sometimes on a hot day she'd say, 'Plague take the dratted wig!' and she'd snatch it off and toss it onto the kitchen table or pitch it into a corner—right afore folks. They'd have to watch her when she went to meeting and make her keep it on, account of taking the minds of the congregation off the sermon. The point is that it ain't no disgrace. . . . Honest, don't you think that Miss Laura has got too much for one woman to come by in the way of Nature?"

"I wouldn't p'sume to think about it," says I. "I'd consider it a liberty. But there was a lady name of Godiva I heard tell of once who had so much hair that she used it for a riding skirt—rode a-horseback right down Main Street on a bet with her husband, without another stitch on her."

"I'd want to see that to b'lieve it," says he.

"There was a low-down whelp had the bad manners to peep at her through a crack in a shutter as she went by, and he was struck blind," I told him, and he said it must have been some considerable sight to have had that effect.

"Anyway, I'd like to know whether or not Miss Laura is related to the Sutherland fam'ly or whether she had typhoid, and I'm a-going to find out too," he says.

I'm mentioning this because it has a kind of bearing on what come after. It goes to show that a man can't be too careful what he says. A word or two slips out and it's like a spark from a person's pipe that he don't notice has fallen into some trash where it's apt to smolder until a stiff breeze springs up and blows it into a flare-up.

Be that as it may, as the feller says, we got to a place where we could part comp'ny without offense give or took, and I went my way to Al Bodeen's, where I stayed until after supper, and then went downtown to the regular open-air gathering outside Fritz Schuler's Palace Hotel, where I was lucky enough to get a chair. The feature of the evening was a debate between old Si Gordon and Blue-Nose West on free trade, West claiming that it wasn't no more than common horse sense to buy where you could buy the cheapest and sell where you could get the best price, and Si arguing otherwise in favor of our infant industries. We wasn't held spellbound by no means, until finally Si called West a such-and-so, ornamental-trimmed copperhead, and West said that Si was a so-forth-and-so-on, fancy-decorated liar, and the prospect seemed good for some real entertainment. But, after all, it didn't come to no more than fist shaking and mentioning what would happen if them words was repeated—which they wasn't.

On the way home, Harvey Dixon joined me, coming out of his office where he had been a-working late account of Lon being gone. I told him that it looked like he'd be doing a considerable of this extry work if Lon had enjoyed his comp'ny as much as it seemed likely he would.

"I'm dead willing to do that much for Lon," says Harvey. "I guess he's entitled to a little lay-off once in a while, and I'm glad it's a decent high-toned girl he's gone with, like I hear she is. That darned cuss is always a-doing something for somebody himself—too much. He's a pudden for any loafer that wants to borrow money, from a dollar up, and whether there's any show of getting it back or not. Chips in for everything too. All you got to do is shove a subscription paper at Lon and down goes his name and out comes his wallet. Here the other day, when the sheriff was a-going to sell Johnny Moore's ranch for taxes, Lon up and paid 'em himself out of his own pocket. He'll never get a cent of it back. It's as much as Johnny can do to knock out a bare living, with that fam'ly of his and his sick wife. Cussed fool!"

"Them kind of cussed fools is scarce," I remarks.

"Well, there ain't many like Lon, that's a fact," says Harvey. "We've been partners now for over two years and I never had a word out of the way with him. He'd get on with anybody, for that matter, and it would take a worse crank than I am not to get along the best kind with Lon Duffy."

He said that real enthusiastic, and he wasn't one of the kind that slops over as a general thing by no means.

"He's got one good friend anyway," I says.

"One!" says Harvey. "Show me a man or woman or child in this county that ain't a friend of his!"

"All right," says I. "When you get down to the office in the morning just you look plumb straight acrost the street and you'll prob'ly see him a-sweeping off the sidewalk."

"Oh, him!" says Harvey. "He ain't no friend of nobody's. . . . Good night."

I got my walking papers from Rapid the next morning in the mail, and while I was in the post office I seen Lon for a minute or two and he joked me about me and Roscoe calling on Miss Macy, and I gave him the correct change. I come to the conclusion that he'd enjoyed his ride right well. I told him I was pulling my freight for Sidney and he said he was darned glad of it, account of the way the lady had spoke of me most of the time he had her out. He allowed he waan't real uneasy about Roscoe, but if I had stayed in town —— Then he laughs a whole lot.

"All I ask of you," he says, "is to get back in time to give me your vote and influence election day. It might just tip the scale."

Then he laughs again, which he was entitled to, considering that he always got his own party vote solid and about two-thirds of the Republican.

About ten minutes later I met up with Miss Macy herself, and dog me if I didn't begin to think that Lon was right about not wanting to have me around, for all she told me how she had enjoyed her ride with Mr. Duffy, and what a faskinating gentleman he was and such wonderful good company.

"Well, hurry back," she says to me as we was breaking away. "Don't forget what I told you—that I'd be counting the long, dreary days until you return."

She must have counted clost on to ninety of 'em before I hawed old Buck into Bodeen's corral again and unyoked. They was a-getting mighty short days too. One of the first things I asked Al after we got into the house was how the schoolma'am was making it, and he told me she was a-making it A Number 1 and giving good satisfaction. A mighty tough bunch of kids in that school, too—Bill Dudley, for instance, and yet Bill was getting so folks got him mixed up with Little Rollo, and others was a-qualifying for an early decease account of their extreme virtuousness. They all loved dear teacher, that was a cinch. She had a way with her. She was still boarding with Juliana and Joe Harper, although it was quite a ways for her to walk from the edge of town. Juliana wants Joe to build closer in. She gets nervous nights when Joe goes downtown. Miss Macy don't mind it though. She ain't afraid of nothing.

I allowed that some of the boys—not her scholars—had ought to have snapped her up long afore this time, but Al said no, she might have been twenty times over if she'd have had dispositions thataway; but it looked like she wasn't encouraging nobody, unless it might be Lon Duffy, and o' course there was —— Al choked at this p'int and had an attact of coughing and the giggles that took his breath. I waited for him to recover and finally he busted out with it. "Roscoe Glaub," he says, and then had another fit.

"I don't see no call for all this here merriment," I says. "Why not Roscoe? He's a respectable, high-moral-charactered, hard-working citizen."

"And a first-class something of a something else, to put it delicate," says Al. "The funny part is that he don't reelize it, or else don't give a tinker's dam, and he don't tumble that Miss Laura ain't got no special particular use for him; also it's a-breaking his poor gizzard because there's something that he wants to find out about her that she's a-keeping a dead secret. She's told him all she knows about herself, to take his say-so, excepting that one thing that he's crazy to find out. Sometimes the boys, just for a cod, will start an argument about it in the pool room. One will bet that it's mostly switches and pads outside of the bang, and another will tell him he don't know what he's talking about, and then everybody will chip in, while Roscoe stands with his mouth open, looking anxious from one to the other, and they'll finally agree to leave it to Ed Phernetton, who, being a hair expert by profession, had ought to know. Up to date, Ed ain't c'mitted himself and Juliana and Joe Harper just laugh when Roscoe tries to pump them, and they do say that Miss Laura ties her head up in a handkerchief when he calls at the house. My belief is that he's crazy."

"It's her hair then that he wants to find out about, is it?" says I, recollecting.

"Ain't I telling you?" says Al.

The next morning I started out to pick up any little items of news that Al had overlooked, and the very first thing, I run into a piece that had the whole town a-buzzing. Seemed like some miscr'unt had tried to break into Joe Harper's house the night before about eleven o'clock, while Joe was a-toiling for his loved ones at his roulette wheel in the Eagle Bird, which, having every confidence in Juliana, he'd been a-doing, faithful and regular, for the past two years. Pore Juliana had been scared to death, but not so Miss Laura. You couldn't scare that lady, not in a million years. No, sir-ree! Seizing Joe

(Continued on Page 149)

What do Callouses on the Feet mean?

When callouses form on the ball of the foot, it means that the arch across the fore part of the foot, between the great toe and the little toe, has fallen. When this bony structure sags, it crushes the nerves and blood vessels, and, to protect them, nature builds up layers of hard, dead skin, called callouses.

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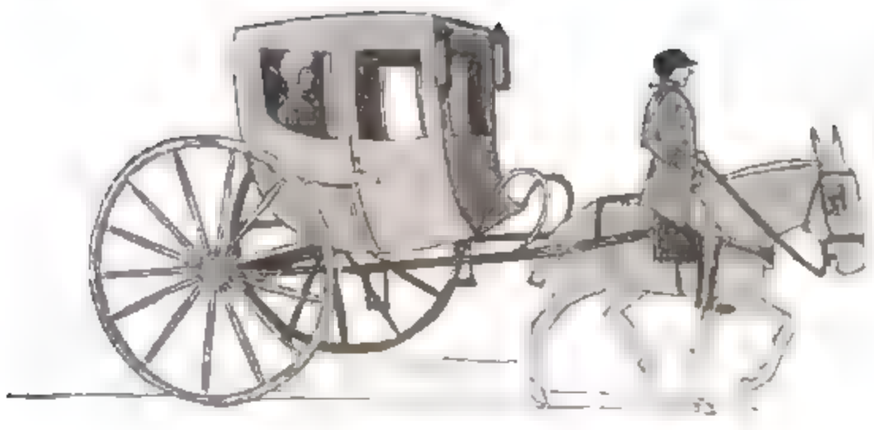

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In the 14th century, there was a luxurious English carriage with a tunnel-like body. "Thus", says the historian, "traveled the noble lady, slim in form, tightly clad in a dress which outlined every curve of her body, her long slender hands caressing the favourite dog or bird. The knight, equally tightened in his *cote-hardie*, regarded her with a complacent eye, and, if he knew good manners, opened his heart to his dreamy companion in long phrases like those in the romances".

* * *

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HASSLER STABILIZERS

(Continued from Page 145)

Harper's old muzzle-loading shotgun from where it hung over the chimney piece, the heroic gal flung open the outside door.

"Throw up your hands, you dastardly villain!" she cries in a clear, ringing voice.

The masked robber, who was a giant in statyer, kind of hesitated, but the deadly muzzle of the shotgun was a-p'inted straight at his black heart.

"Perdition! I'm foiled!" he hisses, and a-turning, he run like a whitehead into the dark night.

Miss Laura whanged away at him with both bar'ls, and she thinks that she wownded him, but there wasn't no blood traces found by the searchers. Milton Sims, who was a-walking the floor with his colicky baby at the time, heard the two shots and Juliana a-screaming bloody murder, but it took him some time to wake his wife up so's she could take charge of the kid while he got his pants on, and by the time he got to Harper's there wasn't nothing to be done except go down to the Eagle Bird and get Joe home.

That was about the way I heard it, and most of the accounts seemed to run the same; but I'm one of the kind that likes to get my information right from headquarters, and being as it was a Sat'd'y and Miss Laura wouldn't be teaching in the afternoon and Joe would have got his sleep out, I figgered I'd go up to the house and get the straight of this here outrage. So, allowing a decent time for the women to get the dinner dishes out of the way, I made my call.

They wasn't anyways near as excited as the folks was downtown, I found. Miss Laura—who looked to me a heap prettier than I had recollected—spoke about the happening real offhand, as if it wasn't of no importance compared with having me back again, and oncet or twicet I noticed her a-flashing a look at Juliana, with a little smile twitching at the corners of her mouth. Juliana seemed to have a bad case of the giggles, which she explained was account of the nervous shock—kind of hysterics.

"Sort of myster'ous," I muses, out loud. "Burgulars ain't common around this town."

"Well, all this solid-silver plate of ours is a great temptation," says Joe Harper, grinning. "Then there's Juliana's di'mond tarara and the priceless Macy pearls."

"I'd keep my big mouth shut about Juliana's di'monds if I was you," says that lady. "You promised you'd have your stud set over into a ring for me last Christmas, but I ain't heard nothing more about it."

"Seems to me I have," says Joe. "But, honey bug, that stud of mine is a part of my professional outfit or you could have it in a holy minute. My clients would lose confidence in me if they seen me without my shirt stud. But you just wait and I'll load you down with them baubles."

"So it's all true?" I says to Miss Laura. "You throwed down on a feller human being with a deadly weepon and pulled trigger on him, did you?"

"I certainly did," she answers, "and the next time the deadly weepon will be loaded with something more efficacious and hefty than bird shot."

"You're a-joking," I tells her. "Your tender woman's heart wouldn't never allow you to do any such a thing. Supposen you'd killed him—gone out and found him a-weltering in his gore!"

"Don't you fret none about my tender woman's heart," says she. "Just because you've made such an impression on it ain't no sign. The next time any such attempts is made, somebody will positively and absolutely welter, and I don't care a cent who knows it."

Juliana took another spell of giggling and I looked at Miss Laura long and earnest—until her mouth begun to twitch again.

"Is that hair of yours all your own?" I asks her, not taking my eyes off it.

"I'll show you," says she, with a laugh, and her hands flew, plucking, to her head and down tumbles the most splendiferous wavy black tresses that ever made a man gasp. I'm telling you she wouldn't have had to bend her knees a whole lot to have it touch her heels. Almost as quick as she let it down, she was a-twisting it up again, and she'd hardly got the last pin in before Juliana says, "Why, here's Harvey," and Harvey Dixon walked in on us.

I didn't stay. For one thing, I never did care about sharing with any other man the conversation and company of a lady I was interested in. Not that Harvey counted, only I knew he'd throw me out of my pace. Then I'd a sort of notion in my head that I wanted to try out, and accordingly I headed for Glaub's Ice Cream, Oyster, Soft Drinks and Pool Parlors, where I found Roscoe a-standing behind his counter and looking, as Al said, 's if he was a considerable run down.

I asked him how he was a-feeling and he said he was about as usual, only he was troubled with the rheumatism a right smart and it had stiffened him up. I told him that was too bad and I didn't know before that he was ever afflicted thataway.

"Got it so bad I can't skassly hobble around," he says. "Want some smoking tobacco?"

"I want a word or two with you in private," I says. "Let's go into the pool room if there ain't no one there."

He looked 's if he didn't care much about taking the walk, and I didn't blame him. The rheumatism had sure crippled him up. Hows'ever, he took a cane off the counter and limped after me into the pool room.

"Sit down, Roscoe," I says, seating myself.

"I'd just as soon stand," he says. "What do you want?"

"A little sooner, wouldn't you?" says I. "That rheumatism catched you in the rear of your pants, didn't it, Roscoe? Catched you sort of sudden—about eleven o'clock P.M. last night, wasn't it?"

He turned pale and caught the edge of the table to keep from falling. Even his lips was white.

"I don't know what you mean," he says.

"Well, I might go out and talk to some of the boys. I reckon they'd understand me," I says. "What do you think would happen to you if I so done—told how you got to peeking through a window at night where ladies was apt to be disrobing of themselves and put one of 'em to the painful necessity of taking a shot at you?"

He stared at me, licking his lips.

"You're wrong there," he says at last. "She didn't take no shot at me. What's more," he says, after a moment, "you won't go outside and do no blabbing—not if you've got any respect for the ladies you're a-talking about. Oh, I peeked, all right. I ain't denying it; but it was you put me up to it. I'll tell that too. If you're going to make trouble for me, by jiminy, I'll stir up trouble all round and don't you forget it! You talking about the feller that peeked through the shutter and got struck blind! Well, I wasn't struck blind. Go ahead and blab if you want to. But you'll be sorry."

I'm about as easy-going a man as you'll find, but he looked so like a snake coiled up, with his tongue a-going in and out between his white lips and his vicious eyes watching me, that I had a big notion to knock him down and stamp on his p'ison head.

But I learned patience a-whacking bulls, and I studied on what he said.

"You give me the straight of this, Roscoe," I says finally. "Lie to me and I'll take you out of here by the scruff of your neck and start the trouble. If I do that, I don't need to tell you that inside of ten minutes you'll be straddling a rail or trying to find foot holts on nothing whatsoever. Speak up now!"

"Well, here's the straight of it for you," he says. "I wanted to find out about that girl's hair, and when I start out to find out about anything I take a pride in doing it. But I'm a gentleman, and I tried every other way than the one you s'gested first, but I finally figgered that it wasn't a-going to harm nobody if nobody knew. So I watched the lights a night or two, and last night I Injuned up to the window where a shade lacked about half an inch of reaching the bottom, and I seen what I wanted—a lady brushing her hair with a dressing jacket on, so you don't need to look at me thataway. It would have been all right if I hadn't took a step to get closer and put my foot in a tin wash boiler that some lunkhead had set out under the eaves to catch rain water. That made a racket and I seen her start up. I don't know whether she seen me or not; I just run for it, and I guess I'd got a couple or three hundred yards away when that murdering, red-headed, slick-tongued, grinning Lon Duffy shot me."

"Lon Duffy!" I says.

"Yes, Lon Duffy," says Roscoe, showing his side teeth like a wolf. "And what was Lon Duffy a-doing around there that time o' night is what folks will want to know if it ever gets out. That girl never took Joe Harper's gun down, it's my belief, and if she had, it wasn't loaded and the spring of the lock was broke. Joe Harper told me that a couple of days ago, and—well, you go look at it. And you might look at these here shells too. Them shells is what Lon Duffy uses in the hundred-and-fifty-dollar gun that he blew himself for. There ain't another man in town uses 'em, and I picked 'em up early this morning, right where he stood last night, when I went up with the rest of the crowd, thinking there might be tracks that would need attention. The walk come nigh killing me, but there was the shells. Now!"

"Slim evidence," I says.

"All I need," says Roscoe. "But you ask him. And you can tell him that I'll keep my mouth shut if he does, and Doc Ammerman who dug them shot out of me will do the same. And that I'm going heeled and if there's any more gun play I'll be in on it. He'd kill me in a minute if he could do it safe."

"I don't blame him," says I. "I reckon I would too. You need killing, Roscoe."

"I'd like to know why," he says, and then he sort of flared up. "I'll get even with him," he says. "You just paste that in your hat. Say, what's county warrants worth? Sixty-two cents on the dollar! Why? Ask Lon Duffy; he's a finance shark, he is. What's his salary? How much does he make out of his business? Add them two items up; and how much does he spend, including campaign expenses? About double, or I miss my guess; but I'll tell you for sure some of these here perfectly glorious days. And that's all I've got to say to you."

He turned around and limped back into the ice-cream department, where a customer was a-waiting for him. I stayed where I was for a spell, thinking things over, and then I got up and stepped acrost the street to Duffy & Dixon's, feeling Roscoe's eyes trained on my back as I went, and none too sure that he hadn't got something else trained on it. But I guess he knew he was safe.

Lon was a-setting at his desk, talking to the foreman of the Lazy S outfit and a couple of his men. He had his feet up and was smoking a cigar, and they was likewise smoking the same brand and laughing at something he was telling them. The moment he seen me, down come his feet with a slap on the floor, and with one jump he had a holt of my hand and was a-trying to shake it off my arm.

"Well, if this ain't a glad surprise!" he says. "I wasn't looking for you for a couple of weeks yet. You know Bob, don't you?—and Turk McGraw? Sure! They're drawn on the grand jury, they tell me. Court opens Monday. This other gentleman is Mr. Jimmy Pleydell, the well-known broncobuster from Busterville, Texas, just engaged at vast expense by the Lazy S. Jimmy, I'll make you acquainted with the eminent Mr. Stegg, an honor which the longer you know him the more you'll depreciate, as the darky says. When did you get in, Sam, you old scoundrel?"

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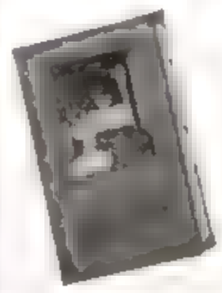

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I told him and he said he'd just got in himself the night before from a hunting trip—"which, of course, was just an excuse for looking over my political fences and trying to make myself solid with the voters," he says, laughing. "I've just talked the boys here into giving me their support—eh, boys?"

"We needed a heap of persuading," says Bob, grinning, and then they all laughed, and I was too polite not to join in.

"Some excitement here in town," I remarks.

"You mean up to Joe Harper's," says Lon. "Yes, sir, and that was a mighty strange thing—and a mighty brave thing—that Miss Macy done. There's a lady that's got sand as well as beauty and goodness. I don't reckon that she ever had a gun in her hands before in her life! I'd like to know who that low son-of-a-gun was that she shot at, but I don't s'pose we ever will know. Not a sign of him. It's a cinch, though, that he won't come back for more." He shook his head, and then he caught the look I give him.

"I reckon you want me to fix up that business of ours right away," he says to me. "We might as well get at it. Don't rush off, boys. Well, I'll see you all again before you leave town."

He back-patted them to the door and then come back, grinning, and sat down.

"Gosh! You're a sight for sore eyes, Sam," he says. "Have a cigar and tell me what's on your alleged mind."

"Talking of sore eyes, I've just been trying what a sight of me would do to a pair acrost the street," I says.

"Meaning our friend and well-wisher Roscoe?" says he, sort of careless, but with an interested look in his eyes.

"The same," I says. "Brother Roscoe is a considerable displeased with you for putting a load of bird shot into his person last night."

I sure got Mr. Lon that time. He ripped out a couple of swear words that come mighty near giving me a shock.

"How did you find that out?" he snapped. "Roscoe wouldn't tell you, and I didn't think he knew, anyway. I wish I had loaded with buckshot and killed the dirty, peeping pup!" He looked as if he meant it, too, from the bottom of his heart.

"Anyway, he knows," I says, and went on to tell him about the cattridge shells and Joe's gun. He listened with his blue eyes a-sparkling, and until I gave him Roscoe's message about keeping his mouth shut, he was for going over and a-twisting Roscoe's neck three times around. I had to hold him.

"Well, if he keeps still ——" he says, and then laughed and sat down. "I'll tell you how come I happened along," he says. "The boys I was out hunting with—Ed Ames and Walt Simpson—wanted to stay while the birds was a-plenty, but I felt I had to get back. I've been leaving too much of the work to Harvey 'specially in the treasurer's office—anyway. So I got Levi White to give me a lift in his buckboard as far 's his place and I hoofed the rest of the way in along the road that runs by Joe Harper's. Well, I was passing Joe's when I seen something moving around sort of suspicious, and I got closer and made out it was a man that didn't look like Joe either. Then I seen him look in at the window. The light wasn't full on his face, but I kind of thought it was Roscoe, and I slipped a couple of cattridges into my gun, which I'd brought along. Then he started to run, and I cut loose at him. He was too far off for the shot to more than break the skin, I reckon, and I'd have chased him, only Mrs. Harper started screaming, so I knocked at the door and told 'em who I was.

"We fixed up that little yarn because Miss Laura was tol'able certain herself, the glimpse she got, that it was Roscoe, and we thought it was all right for Roscoe to think she done the shooting. We was still considering when that fool Milt Sims come. They didn't let him in and he didn't know I was there. Mrs. Harper just told him that Miss Laura had shot a robber and sent him off after Joe. So, you see?"

I didn't say nothing, but looked at him, waiting.

"Well," he says at last, "the fact is there's a lot of long-tongued, evil-minded tattlers around the town, and—they've talked about me more'n once in connection with ladies that was as pure as the driven snow, and—well, I don't want no talk about Miss Laura. You can explain all you want and some of it sticks. It ain't no secret, I reckon, that I'm hoping to get her to marry me before long. I think my chances are good too. . . . You heard I was renominated?"

"Yes, I've heard that," I says. "I don't think you'll get Roscoe's vote and I never make no promises about mine, but I reckon your chances for election is fair to middling."

"I wouldn't be s'prised," he says. "Miss Laura thinks I ought to run for the legislature. It would be a joke if they sent me to Bismarck, wouldn't it—a couple of years from now?"

"And then maybe to Washington as delegate," I adds, "and maybe to the Senate in time, prelim'nary to the White House."

"Or to jail," he laughs. "One thing, if I'm lucky enough to get the woman I want there ain't no position that she wouldn't grace, and I'll see to it that it's something a heap better than anybody else in this section could give her in a million years."

He leaned back in his chair with one hand behind his head and blew a long thin stream of smoke, watching it curl and spread.

"I'll leave you to your dreams," I says, getting up. "Only just remember when you wake that Roscoe Glaub would just love to have your hide draped over his back fence, and he ain't going to leave no stone unturned to get it there."

They say that there's no rest for the wicked, and maybe that's so; but appearances is against it right often. On the other hand, there's right virtuous persons that don't seem to get a heap of time for relaxing and recuperating theirselves. Me, for instance. After nigh on to three months of leg work and a-straining of the vocal cords alongside of a procession of real dilatory bovines you'd think that I was entitled to a little rest. I thought so too; but here come a second thought, lickety-split on a flea-bit roan—Tobe Blackmore lying, (as usual) at the Gap, with a broken leg, his lead yoke and one of the wheelers foundered account of getting into Brooks and Brownsmith's corn patch, his wagons a considerable damaged in the overset and a big load of machinery for the Old Abe mine that they was holding their breath for—and wouldn't I come a-running with my outfit and name my own reasonable price?

Well, Tobe was the salt of the earth, excusing him being the biggest liar on it, and he was telling the truth about the trouble he was in. I went and yoked up right away, cussing my luck account of missing the term of court—which is the best show I know of—and the other interesting happenings around town. After I'd got the heavy shafts and castings loaded—which took time—it started raining on me just in time to wet up the gumbo the other side of the Gap; and what with having to part unload on some of the steepest pitches farther on, it took me the best part of a couple of weeks to make the trip up, and then a couple of days argument to collect my pay for the same.

While I was lingering around the mine I run acrost old Johnny Moore, who had come up from Minnekahta and got him a job as timekeeper, the first bit of luck he'd had in a blue moon. He told me that he calculated now to send for his fam'ly and let the ranch run itself until he got the capital to work it the way it ought to be worked—if his job lasted that long.

"One thing," says he, "I'll have enough pretty soon to pay off Harve Dixon the money him and Lon Duffy loaned me for my taxes. I'd have sure lost the place if it

Continued on Page 153.

International Speed Truck Model SL fitted for the grocer's delivery service.

For lighter loads, one of these–

THE Harvester Company is equipped and ready to help you make quick work of your hauling jobs. It offers the International Speed Truck, furnished in three distinct chassis designs.

Model S is a general-purpose truck for regular hauling and delivery. It is built to carry a ton and it comes equipped with any type of body you may need for the work you have to do.

Model SL—safe and low and easy to work with—is a ton-and-a-half underslung chassis with a wheelbase of 150 inches. The top of the frame is only 24 inches from the ground. It is furnished with about every kind of body imaginable, from the simple express type to a coach de luxe, and it is a favorite with owner and driver from every point of view.

Model SD is a handy, specially-built ton-and-a-half dump job with a wheelbase of 110 inches. Because of its sturdiness, speed and easy handling, it is ideal for general contracting, road building, and trailer work.

The International Speed Truck Chassis is a versatile and flexible unit. Use the right models for your business and you will get the same satisfaction that other users of International Trucks have been getting for more than twenty years.

The International line also includes Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 1½-ton to 5-ton maximum capacities, and Motor Coaches for all requirements.

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We are illustrating below some of the popular models of the Speed Truck, S, SL, SD. Write us today for complete descriptive literature on International Trucks and for the names of other firms in your line who are using them.

Model S, Panel Body

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America's First 7-PASSENGER *four-door* COACH!

CUSTOM-BUILT!—on the matchless SERIES 80 chassis, by Pierce-Arrow's own craftsmen in Pierce-Arrow shops! Body of hand-hammered aluminum over a long-lived framework of hand-joined northern white ash, *the vanadium of woods.*

INSIDE—luxurious cushioning, tailored with rich, soft-finish woolens.

OUTSIDE—your choice of six unusual color schemes—individuality!

And the price, $3350 at Buffalo, is the lowest for which a seven-passenger closed car of Pierce-Arrow quality has ever been offered.

Now being displayed and demonstrated by Pierce-Arrow representatives everywhere.

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Buffalo, N. Y.*

A complete line of COACHES

5 Passenger, 2-door $3150

5 Passenger, 4-door $3250

7 Passenger, 4-door $3350

7 Passenger, 4-door Limousine Coach $3450

At Buffalo, Tax extra

Custom-built Body by PIERCE-ARROW *Six Color Options*

PIERCE-ARROW

$3350

at Buffalo, Tax extra
Terms if desired

(Continued from Page 150)

hadn't been for Lon. Prob'ly been working on the poor farm."

"Was Harve in on that?" I asked him. "I thought Lon done the whole thing."

"Harve was a-going to pay the whole thing," says Johnny. "Lon butted in and told Harve he'd take a half and for Harve to charge it up to him, and then he puts his arm around me and he says, 'Come around to the sheriff's office with me and I'll fix you up, old sport,' he says. You know the big way he talks. So I went over with him and he wrote out a tax receipt and give it to Gaines, and I guess Gaines thought like you did—that he done the whole thing. But it was Harve's idee, and it was Harve staked me to the stage fare up here. Lon's all right, too, but he don't use no bushel baskets over his lights."

"In politics, a man has to use bright tin reflectors," I says.

Speaking of politics reminded me that I'd have to hustle if I got back in time for the election, and I sure did hustle; but, even so, I only got to Paul Miller's, at the mouth of Red Canyon, by sundown the day before.

I asked Paul how it was a-going.

"Well, the Republicans claim that we're going to have a new treasurer," he replies. "They're working this stink for all it's worth."

I asked him what odoriferous smell he was alluding to and he looked a heap surprised.

"Why, it's been in all the Hills papers," he says. "This thing about Lon Duffy misapplying and embezzling and otherwise misappropriating to his own use, behoof and benefit most and sundry of the county funds," says he. "A great note! Trying to make political capital of it! You know this Oscar Glaub?"

"Roscoe. Yes," says I.

"Roscoe—that's right. Runs the pool room in town. Well, Roscoe gets Ritchie Albright and Lou Green to get Halliday, the commissioner, to go with him to the courthouse and overhaul the books. There wasn't nobody in the office but Harvey Dixon, and they dug up a mess of truck and took it to the grand jury with a statement from the bank that Os—Roscoe had got, showing what funds there was on deposit. Albright told me there was a shortage of five or six thousand dollars—maybe more. I disremember. Anyway, there's been a big fuss and Lon lost his temper with Osca—Roscoe and jammed him up a whole lot and his bondsmen come in—Roy Bennington and Jim Lessing—and there was a powwow with the county commissioners and finally the grand jury quashed the bill or nolly prossed it or throwed it out. No thanks to this here Glaub though. Gosh! I hate to see things like that come up! No need of it. Everybody was satisfied with the way Lon run the office. Lon's a mighty fine man and always accommodating; but this here stir-strife comes along and makes all this trouble, Lon going around for days and not knowing any minute but he'd be arrested!"

"Who did they put on the ticket in his place?" I asked him

"What do you mean—in his place?" says Paul. "He ain't ever been off the ticket, as I've heard of. Nominated, wasn't he? Well!"

"That's so," I says. "Only thing is that there's some pernickety people that might think twicet about trusting a man who'd stole oncet. Of course, misapplying ain't exactly stealing, if you look at it thataway; but it ain't regarded favorable by them that takes the contrary view."

"I reckon that's true, too," Paul admits. "There's one or two in this precinct like that. But I'm one of the judges," he says, winking at me. "You can vote here, if you like. I doubt if you'd make it into town with them oxen of yours before the polls close."

"Not with the oxen," I says; "but if you don't care, I'll leave them here for a day or two and borrow a horse from you. With an early start, I'll make it by noon."

I made it an hour before noon, as it happened, and I found there wasn't so much excitement as I'd expected. More'n half the vote was polled and the gen'ral opinion was that Lon was running tol'able well and that now was the time for his friends to rally round the flag and show these sons of guns. Also that Lon hadn't got a mean hair in his head, and if you wanted a drink come along with me to the back door of the Eagle Bird. All the same, there was a considerable electioneering for Ben Seaver, who was the Republican nominee, and I noticed Harry Stinson and Will Davies and Ollie Parker, the blacksmith, who had always been good Democrats, was a-working for Seaver. I seen Lon every oncet in a while moving around, and wherever he went there was hollering and laughing. He acted like he was a-giving a picnic or a barbecue and was bound everybody should have a good time. For reasons, I sort of dodged him. I was looking for Harvey Dixon, and finally I asked where he was and somebody told me that he'd voted and was prob'ly fixing up his new office.

"Sometimes the rats that thinks it's a sinking ship get badly fooled when they leave it," says another feller, and the crowd that was around laughed and said that was right.

"He went back on Lon, the dirty what-d'ye-call-him," says another feller.

"About time he did," says Ollie Parker. "I'm another that has, and what have you got to say about that?"

"You're another of the same kind," says the feller, and Ollie hauled off and knocked him galley-west, and there was a kind of a mix-up, which was finally straightened and sorted out by Fred Schreckendgust, the marshal. I came out of it myself with nothing worse than skinned knuckles and sintoms of lumpy jaw, having lined up with the Seaver boys to make the thing more even and fair.

After that, Lon comes up a-smiling.

"Better keep your hand on your wallet, Sam," he sings out as he come. "They say you got to be careful when I'm around."

To save my neck I couldn't laugh at the joke, nor even crack a smile. I don't know what come over me. But he seen it, ten feet away, and turned back to holler at Mr. Pleydell, from Busterville, who had just rode up with a bunch of other Lazy S boys. I reckon I lost Lon's friendship right there and then, and I couldn't help but feel sorry. Hows'ever, I went in an' cast my vote, and after that me and Al Bodeen went and got us a bite to eat. In the next hour or so the Lazy S boys livened things up a considerable, and then the polls closed and the Eagle Bird opened and they got livelier yet. Finally I took a notion that I'd visit the sick and afflicted, and I left my bunch and went to Eklund's, where Roscoe Glaub was boarding, and climbed the stairs to his room.

He was a sorry sight, stretched out on the bed, with his face all plastered with stickum. The eye that wasn't bandaged was bunged up a considerable, but he made out to see me, and he soon showed he was able to talk.

"Now that sort of language ain't a-going to do you no good, Roscoe," I says. "You ain't got nobody to blame for your deplorable condition but yourself and your unfortunate cur'osity. Anyway, I didn't come up here to crow over you, and it don't give me no satisfaction to see you thisaway."

"You splay-footed lump of gumbo and alkali, what you come for was out of cur'osity," says he. "And I'll tell you this: They had to carry me in a chair the last time I went to the grand-jury room, and if I'd known it meant that they'd carry me out in a coffin I'd have went just the same. I fixed Mr. Lon Duffy's clock, all right, and all the packed juries they is won't unfix it. I'll get over this, but he won't get over what I done to him. Nobody can't shoot me like I was a rabbit without finding out that that's what I ain't. And if you want to know how I'm feeling, I'm feeling good."

I didn't like to take his only comfort from him by telling him how the election was likely to go.

"Well," I says, "I won't linger if I'm going to excite you. I just thought you might be lonesome, and ——"

"Yes, you did!" he sneers. "Well, I ain't. Since you've been here is the longest I been alone, thank you kindly. My friend, Harve Dixon, left me not five minutes ago."

"Harvey?" says I. "I've been looking for him."

"You'd have been looking for him in jail if it hadn't been for my unfortunate cur'osity a-prying into Mr. Duffy's desk and finding them faked bank-deposit slips that he had showed to Harve, telling him to enter 'em up on the books, which the poor trusting sucker done in his own handwrite," says Roscoe. "He figgered that he'd blame the shortage onto Harve if anything broke loose—which he wasn't expecting so soon. Then he tried to kill me to get the slips back, and prob'ly would have if Harve and some more hadn't come in. I couldn't talk then, account of my throat where he'd tried to strangle me, but you wait until I get around again! Harvey, the lunkhead, doesn't want to use 'em unless he has to, account of Lon having been his friend and the both of 'em after the same girl; but I'll see he has to."

"You don't mean Miss Laura Macy?" I says.

"That's who," says he. "He ain't never let on he was mashed on her, account of his friend; but I know it and I bet she knows it. She knows about them forged slips, because I told her. She's been up here, bringing me jelly and such, and I'm expecting her again soon; so, as two's comp'ny and three's none, I'll excuse you right now, and be damned to you," says he.

I got up. "If you think I can't be of no use nor service ——" I says. But he stopped me.

"You can tell your friend Lon that if he's any idee of making a call to coax them deposit slips off me some dark night, I'm ready for him," he says. "See this?"

His hand come out from under his pillow holding a long-barrel .45. I nodded, but I didn't linger. No telling what the crazy fool would do.

As I went down the street I heard a heap of hollering and some shots, and when I turned into Jeff Askin's café—which was jam-up—I heard that the tellers had got through the count and Minnekahta had give Duffy a hundred and twelve votes to Seaver's twenty-two.

"Red Canyon precinct'll be in by eight or nine o'clock," says Joe Harper, who was bolting a steak in a hurry to get back to the Eagle Bird. "Roy Bennington is having the returns from Witch Creek and Coffee Flat relayed in. Not the boxes, but the gen'ral results. I reckon that voting in Witch Creek was one of the unhealthiest things a Republican could have done today, and if Lon gets Red Canyon and Witch Creek, the scattering won't cut no ice. . . . I hope Juliana don't set up for me."

It was one wild night, with the bartenders busy and likewise the orators. In the Eagle Bird I counted three fountains of eloquence a-spouting from a poker table, a chair and the top of the bar, respective, at one and the same time. At Barney's Hole in the Wall there was a considerable holding forth. Some was holding their eighth or tenth and not holding it none too well, and at the Last Chance the overflow from the last two was mostly full, if it wasn't overflowing, but by no manner of means speechless; and when the returns from Red Canyon come in with a landslide for Duffy, a perade was organized, Eb Farnham at the head with his old cornet, and it made the rounds, beating on tin cans and singing As We Was Voting for Duffy to the tune of Georgia—generally speaking.

At a little after eleven a solitary horseman might have been seen riding lickety-split into town—the last of the relay from Witch, thirty-odd miles away. He reins his fiery steed to a setting posture before the Eagle Bird and lets out a yell that brought half the crowd to the door.

(Continued on Page 156)

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And they have found the simplicity and economy of making syrup with Mapleine. Again and again they have told us that it seems almost incredible that a syrup so good could be made so easily and so economically.

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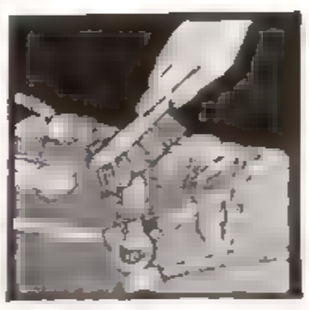

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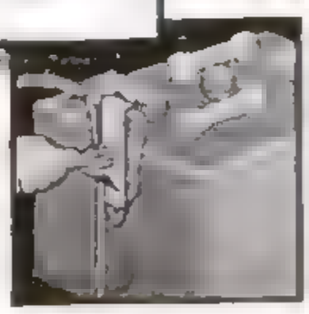

5. And finishes by tightening the hold-downs if they need it.

The little pictures show what a Willard Service Man does when he inspects your battery. This is Willard 5-Point Inspection.

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are EASY to prevent"

—*even the bill for reinsulation.* And let us tell you that saving reinsulation expense means a lot more than saving the cost of putting new separators in a battery.

The bill for new separators is bad enough, to say nothing of the annoying breakdown that precedes it—usually at a time when you can least afford the delay.

But worst of all is the damage done to plates—the loss of useful battery life which reinsulation does *not* replace.

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The great Pacific Coast Empire Tour of Washington, Oregon, California made financially available even to the "wayfaring man." On no trip—anywhere—can you *see* so much and *do* so much in so *short a time* and for so *little money!* It's a trip every American should plan on *now!*

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(Continued from Page 153)

"Witch solid for Lon Duffy!" he screeches. "Hunnerd 'n' forty-four straight Democratic votes polled and not no more. Where's Lon?"

The yell that went up then would have brought Lon from ten foot underground with the clods tumbling to either side; but he was right there. And he was all right. And he'd got the rider by the arm and was hauling him inside for needed refreshment, and if that feller's shoulder blades wasn't sore and his tongue wasn't wearing a fur coat the next morning it wasn't Lon's fault.

The festivities begun to pall on me pretty soon after that and Al Bodeen and I started for home; but we hadn't got far when we run into Mr. Pleydell, of Busterville, and Mr. Turk McGraw and half a dozen others. Pleydell stopped me.

"The em'nent Misht' Shtegg, ain't it?" says he. "Lon's right bower, and headed wrong way. Shay, you're on c'mittee, ain't you? Mush be. But you're headed wrong. Meeting plashe Early Bird, Lon said. Waysh'n means promp' 'n' vig'rous action 'gainst son 'v gun. Drag 'm out bed and spiflicate 'm, eh? Sure! C'mon with us!"

I nudged Al to stay with me and we trailed along with the bunch a ways until I'd about got the program, and then we ducked into a doorway and they went on and never missed us. Then we hotfooted to Eklund's and up the stairs. I knocked at the door, having Roscoe's .45 in mind, and somebody said "Come in," and I found myself staring at Miss Laura Macy, setting by Roscoe's bedside feeding him something with a spoon, and at Juliana Harper the other side of the bed, and at Harvey Dixon, who was peeling an orange.

"Why, if it ain't the dear wanderer returned at last!" says Miss Laura. "Excuse me if I don't get up and embrace you. They told me he was false, but I still believed him true. . . . Try another spoonful, Mr. Glaub. You're having quite a party tonight."

"Nothing to the party he's a-going to have pretty soon," I says as I shook hands with her. Then I went on to tell about what I thought was going to be the big event of the election celebration. Harvey was in favor of moving the patient right away while Al Bodeen escorted the ladies home. The objectors to this was Roscoe, who allowed he would be pleased to meet Mr. Duffy and his friends—which, being crazy, you could understand—and Miss Laura, who didn't seem to get it through her head that our expected visitors wasn't no perfectly sober District Number Six scholars. She told Juliana not to be a fool and sort of intimated that she'd be glad if me and Al and Harvey wouldn't be the same. Mr. Glaub wasn't in no condition to be moved.

"Not the way them boys will move him," says Al.

"Nobody will move him while I'm here," she says. "And here's this broth getting all cold!" Which it wasn't no cooler than she was. Then Harvey went up to her.

"We've wasted too much time now," he says to her. "You're going to leave here right now or you're going to be carried out." And you'd have swore he meant it.

"Dear me!" says she, tilting her chin at him, with the color coming up in her face. "Are you quite positive that you aren't mistaken, Mr. Dixon?"

Harvey looked her straight in the eye for quite a spell, and then he allowed he might be mistaken and sat down looking a heap less cheerful than he had been; and at that moment Juliana says, "Here they are a-comin', and all I hope for is that Joe's with them—for our sakes, not his."

Sure enough the wild stuttering strains of Eb's cornet and other sounds was borne on the still night air and come closer and closer while we listened, and louder and louder and more disturbing and disagreeable until all of a sudden they stopped, right under our window. Then came a buzz of talk.

"Sit down," says Miss Laura in a whisper. "Sit down, you men, and keep a-setting!" And we'd no sooner done so than there come a trampling of feet up the stairs and the door busted open.

I have to laugh now when I think of the faces of them fellers, though I didn't feel real mirthful then. Wolves one moment and silly sheep the next. They sure did look sheepish, and one or two backed out even before Miss Laura spoke. What she said was, "Well, I'm sure!" But I couldn't have done half as much with a neck yoke or a pick handle. They just naturally melted away before them bright eyeglasses. I wouldn't have b'lieved it! The last to go was Mr. Pleydell.

"Schkoosus," says he, and closed the door behind him.

But it wasn't all over. We heard a lot of muttering outside the door, and some laughing, which was a good sign. Then one voice says, low, so's we could hardly hear it, but savage, "Go in and make a quick grab, anyway." Nobody come, though, and there was more muttering and some stumbling downstairs. Then the same voice says, loud and clear, "What are you doing, boys? Say, I want you to let that man alone. I'm s'prised at you! Leave him to his guilty conscience, like I told you to. Let's go!"

There was a few choked snorts and more stumbling down the stairs, but Harvey jumped up and flung open the door.

"Duffy," he calls, "I heard your voice! Come up here and show your face!"

It was Lon, all right. Harvey admitted after, that he deserved kicking for calling him, but that bluff got him crazy mad for a moment.

Then here come Mr. Duffy, his collar a string, his hair every which way and his eyes a mite glassy, but smiling and with his head well up; and he walks right a-past Harvey, taking no notice of him nor the rest of us, and holds out his hand to Miss Laura. She took it, too, and I seen Harvey frown.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," says Mr. Duffy. "I just heard that some good but misguided friends of mine were making a demonstration here against slanderers and false witnesses, and I hurried to stop it and prevent mischief. I'm particular glad now that I was in time."

"Liar!" shouts Roscoe, from the bed. "Look a-here, liar!"

Miss Laura turned, quick as a flash.

"Give me that," she says, and Roscoe—just the same 's if it had been a top or marbles he'd been playing with—let her take the gun he'd throwed down on the liar. She laid it on the table the same way, almost without looking at it. "That's very nice and thoughtful and considerate of you, Mr. Duffy," she remarks.

"But you don't b'lieve it?" says he. "I thought you knew me better than to credit what evil-minded tongues have been falsely charging me with."

Lookout Point, Near Asheville, North Carolina

"Liar!" shouts Roscoe. "Liar, liar, liar!"

"Perhaps you don't know that I've been vindicated," Lon went on—"overwhelmingly vindicated by a practically unanimous vote of the people of this county. The people trust me. Can't you ——"

"Liar, liar, liar!" shouts Roscoe, like a parrot, and Lon turned on him.

"You're beginning to get on my nerves," he says, his eyes blazing up. Then he says, low and tender, "Can't you trust me a little, Laura? I thought you—you liked me."

"I did," says she. "Pretty well, that is. But when you tried to put the blame of your misdeeds on an innocent person, I didn't. As to trusting you —— Mr. Stegg, you know all about oxen. How far do you think I could throw a large fat one by the tail?"

For a moment Lon looked abs'lutely wilted, and I guess it was only Juliana snickering as he was going out that braced him, for he whirled and made the lady a low bow.

"Like the crackling of thorns under a pot," he says, with an ugly smile. Then he looks at Harvey and me in turn, fierce and bold. "Any more crackling?" he asks. "No? Just as well, perhaps, patient and good-tempered as I am."

"Wait a minute," says Harvey. "I called you in here to tell you that Roscoe hasn't got those documents you came after. I've got 'em. I hate to say this, remembering what I always thought you were, but this town and county are too small for you and me, and I propose to stay. You fix to clear out inside of forty-eight hours is my advice. I'll see you tomorrow, but that's all I've got to say to you now."

Lon laughed—one of his hearty, wholesouled laughs that it done you good to hear.

"It amuses me, Judas, to think how I'm going to smash you," he says. "To hell with all of you!" he says, still laughing, and snapped his fingers and went out.

For the second time that evening, Harvey Dixon acted foolishly—or would have, following a man into the dark with the light behind him. All that prevented that suicide was Miss Laura Macy getting in between him and the door—the quickest three-yard dash on record, because Harvey wasn't slow.

"I dare you to lay a hand on me!" she says, with her chin up, and they looked at each other steady.

Then an astonishing thing happened. Harvey laid a hand on her, and then another, and she, right off, laid both of hers on him. They didn't quite reach around his neck, but, for a small woman, she done the best she could. Something fell on the floor and broke. It was her eyeglasses, but I doubt that she noticed or gave it a thought. Neither of 'em seemed to be doing much thinking or they'd have realized that they wasn't exactly alone. Anyway, it kept Harvey the right side of the door, and as Lon must have skipped the town inside of three or four hours—without smashing a thing—him and Lon never met again.

"Huh!" commented the storekeeper. "Did they ever catch Duffy?"

"I don't know as they ever tried," the old bullwhacker answered. "Roy Bennington was the only one out any money on him, and they say Roy helped him off. He was rich enough to afford it if he wanted to. Nothing like having friends, and Lon left a-plenty of 'em behind him. Harvey Dixon got to be tol'able well liked, but there was some that never forgave him and his wife for running Lon off. Times I think that I'm one of 'em. As for Roscoe, he'd have starved to death if he'd have stayed in Minnekahta. After all, it was him and his dog-gone cur'osity that was to blame for the whole thing. Whether or no, Lon stepped high, wide and handsome to the last, and he was always mighty accommodating and good company."

"And *sox populi, vox Dei*," said the erudite Selby. "The people vindicated him, *ergo* curiosity killed a catamount."

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FOR YOUR OLD HOME

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Stop Wasting Tea USE TAO TEA BALLS

VIDA'S ROOM

(Continued from Page 24)

And she went away as though the date were a banner over her shoulder.

Vida carried a sick and fainting heart up to her room, but after one terrible night she had it dominated, and she came down in the morning with the banner of 1925 again flying. She could have stayed on that high plane forever if Preston had played up; but he showed himself hopelessly old-fashioned. He shrank at sight of her, slipped out when he heard her coming, went red and miserable at any least reference to what had passed. Narcissa had gone to Virginia to visit her Jimmy's family, and the two might have had the old delightful evenings uninterrupted; but Preston even descended to turning off the lights at her step and pretending he was out. His stubborn male shame, implying that she must be ashamed herself, ended by putting Vida into a rage. She grew so angry that she lost all sense of his charm, all indulgence for his foibles, and saw him as he was, a limited, reactionary, hidebound obstructionist, on whom the best years of her life had been thrown away. And one night, catching him squarely in the upstairs hall and seeing through his uneasy friendliness the acute desire to duck, she let him have it.

"There is nothing for you to worry about," she interrupted his banalities. "The whole thing is over."

He did not understand that and he did not want to understand anything.

"Oh, quite so—nothing whatever," he repeated vacantly.

Vida went on as though addressing one both deaf and dull: "I mean, I don't care for you at all. What I loved was what I thought you were. Well, you are not that. This scared-rabbit business has finished you for me. I couldn't care for such a hopeless back number. You have nothing more to fear. Now do you understand?"

The fog of his distress was still over his eyes. "I've been so sorry, so upset——"

"You need not be sorry or upset any longer," she cut him short. "If anything, I dislike you."

That did seem to reach him. He looked at her more directly than he had yet.

"Oh, I hope not," he said with a gentleness that she found maddening.

"It's true. I hate a coward. Ancient history—that is where you belong! I am of today and tomorrow."

He would insist on being kind. "You're very wonderful, Vida. Of course I'm a—as you say—a back number. I will buy your room as soon as I can manage——"

"It is not for sale," her wrath made her say, and, seeing his dismay, she stuck to it, piled it up. "Why should I sell my home? I can't afford to rent anything half so comfortable. I have no intention of moving away."

He thought that she did not understand the necessity. "My dear girl, in a gossipy town like this, with only the two of us left, I'm afraid——"

"How Long are You Going to Keep This Up?" He Thundered. "Making a Nuisance of Yourself!"

"They might gossip about me, but they wouldn't about you," she broke in. "No one could possibly suspect you of doing anything with a spark of life in it. You are up for sale, and I don't care. It's my room and I mean to keep it."

He could show spirit. "You will have to pass through my home to get to your room," he pointed out. "And if we are in a state of war, won't that be uncomfortable?"

"I'll manage it," she said, and left him.

How she could manage it was patent the next morning, when she went lightly and strongly down a rope ladder provided against fire. He had himself put the hooks into her balcony. A passing neighbor paused, gaping. Preston, really angry, went up to her room to draw in the ladder; but the door was locked, and the thing dangled there all day. At his classes at least twenty-five students told him of it, hopeful of porch climbers and excitement. Preston came home exasperated with a day of futile evasions and, catching the end of the ladder, flung it up on the balcony, then went in to await results. He'd show that woman if she could make his home ridiculous! In the language of Jimmy, she would see where she got off. He sat down to work at his desk, but he had an ear cocked and a glance that strayed. When it came time for Vida's return, he could not keep away from the window.

She swung down the street, smartly tailor-made, chin up, hater of cowards in every line. Preston, hidden by the curtain, had a thickly beating heart and a buzz of angry distress in his head. The desire to shake her was met by a sickly longing to apologize to her and beg her to use his stairs. He hated to get ahead of her like this, to coerce that proud spirit. It shamed him as it had once shamed him fifteen years ago when he had slapped Narcissa's soft little hands. He had kissed them ever since, to atone.

Vida stood, gravely militant, taking in the situation. The ladder, a stout one with wooden rungs, hung in a loop high above her head. Preston could see her measuring its distance, then looking about in hope of a rake or something. She did not so much as glance toward the front door.

"But you've got to come to it, my poor child," he grieved for her.

Vida laid down an armful of books and packages on the grass and put her coat beside them. Then, to his horror, she stepped out of her neat tweed skirt. Her blouse came to her hips and her black bloomers were entirely decorous in a knickerbockered age, but Preston went a shocked pink and jerked away from the window. When he came miserably back to it Vida was halfway up the big maple, climbing swiftly and easily and looking about sixteen.

This was dangerous; it was idiotic and it was conspicuous. Preston charged out.

"Vida, come down out of that tree at once!" he commanded. "Do you hear me? Come down!"

Vida climbed steadily on, eyes wary and feet sure, making toward her balcony. The tree did not go within five feet of it. Was the girl crazy?

(Continued on Page 160)

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KOHLER OF KOHLER

Plumbing Fixtures

(Continued from Page 158

"You can't do it!" Preston turned about under her in a transport of rage and fear. "You are being a perfect fool! Come down out of that this minute! I won't have you breaking your neck on my lawn!"

Not a flicker of an eyelid indicated that she heard. She was edging out on a smaller branch, several feet below her balcony rail. It looked like deliberate suicide.

"Vida, won't you please come down?" Preston was wiping a wet forehead. "I didn't mean that—the way it sounded. I want you to use my stairs. There's a bunch of students coming—you'll be killed. Ding it, haven't you any sense of decency?"

Still no answer, no notice. He saw then what she was planning to do and his feet froze to the earth, his jaw fell open, while some old habit deep in his being mumbled prayers. Vida, hanging from a slender bough, swung herself lightly back and forth three times, then let go and caught a round of the ladder. It was no harder than feats she did any day in the gymnasium, but Preston could not know that. He seemed to live ten groaning years in that short moment.

A long "Ah!" came from the sidewalk, and a students' yell of applause. As Vida went over the balcony rail there was undeniably a gesture, a movement of the hand, subtly mocking or insulting, and Preston had a sudden consciousness that he had looked foolish, dancing about on the lawn. He had not considered how he appeared for twenty years of scholarly contented living and he went in smarting. Old Catherine, who had known his home life intimately all those twenty years, drew back from the doorway, a gingham apron lifted away from the decorous white apron beneath, and shook a mildly reproachful head.

"Now, doctor, why don't you let the poor lady come through the house?" she argued.

Preston blew up. He was both incoherent and profane as he banged the library door on a driveling world.

"This can't go on!" he announced loudly. "I won't stand any more! The woman's a—a terror," he finished in helpless anticlimax. All that sleepless night she was printed under his eyelids, so suddenly a girl in outline, risking death to defy him. "A holy terror," he upbraided her in the dawn. "A nuisance! An outrage! Confound her, what am I going to do?"

After that the rope ladder swung unmolested. Preston met the neighbors' questions with foolish lies designed to protect the lady, who promptly kicked them over. He heard her one night making clear-voiced explanation.

"I own that room, but I have no right of way to it, and I prefer not to go through the house," she said, and so started queer talk. People looked at Preston with a new speculation in their eyes and betrayed a coolness in their voices. Good heavens, did they think he was waylaying the woman, pestering her with attentions?

The idea that Vida could be considered in peril from anyone ought to have made him laugh, but he had no vision left for humor. He sweated off pounds in those miserable days.

Vida's light housekeeping had always been scrupulously inoffensive; it was no accident that, the night Preston had the members of his department there in conference, a strong breath of fried onions came pouring under her door to pollute the whole house. Vida had washed her own sensible underwear, but never before had she dried it along the balcony railing. One afternoon Preston found the board of health at his door, asking the meaning of what looked like a yellow flag at a second-story window. Vida, arriving just then, explained pleasantly that she was trying out some stuff for curtains to see if it would fade.

When the board had gone, leaving the two facing each other under a glory of autumn leaves, Preston swelled with a violence new to his experience. He suddenly understood how men can strike women. In every line of her straight light body and cool clear face she dared and insulted him and told him where he got off

"How long are you going to keep this up?" he thundered. "Making a nuisance of yourself! Is that your idea of a—a nice woman?" He always blundered into anticlimax with Vida. The faint curl of her smile put nice women back where he belonged—about 1870.

"I deny your right to question what I do in my own home," she said judicially.

He did not actually shake his fist in her face, but he went closer to her and his hand was a clenched menace.

"There are injunctions! Even in your own home you can't violate the peace and comfort of your neighbors!"

She was as calm as he was agitated. "In what way have I violated the law?"

"In every way!" he shouted. "Onions and—and underwear and ——"

"Oh, nonsense!" she cut him short. "Everyone cooks and washes. If I kept chickens now ——" She actually seemed to be considering it. A slow smile of an appalling wickedness was stealing over her face. "I've been offered a puppy," she added.

Preston's hands had dropped, helpless.

"Vida, I'm ashamed of you," he muttered, turning to go in.

"Yes, you would be," Vida admitted.

That evening she rocked on the creaking board that she had been avoiding for ten years, until he had to carry his work to the dining room. He could not hear the creak there, and yet he had not got away from her. Between him and every page she thrust her outrageous person, and he wasted precious hours telling her just what he thought of her. He was not comfortable in the dining room, but when he tiptoed back to see if the creaking had stopped, Vida was evidently doing gymnastic exercises. The chandelier trembled and leaped.

"All right, I'll sell the place!" Preston hurled at the ceiling, and in the morning he sought an agent; but selling presented difficulties. No one would buy the house with Vida in it, and, consulted by the agent as to what price she would take, she named so many thousand that sale was impossible.

"I don't want to sell my home," she explained, looking so fine and direct and handsome that she put Preston wholly in the wrong. "Of course, if I went away, I would lend it—there is an Italian family that I am interested in, and I might lend it to them; but I would rather not rent or sell."

The agent repeated this to Preston, who after that came home in daily dread of a row of little Italian heads along the balcony. His nerves got in such a state that he tried going away over Saturday and Sunday; but he was bored and miserable, as though the fight had become a dreadful necessity, and also he was haunted by a fear that she might have had a fall from her idiotic ladder. She might go out in the evening, slip, and lie there all night. The fear became an anguish that drove him home in the early dawn of Monday, and finding no casualty on the lawn, he was angrier than ever. As he turned in, a roughened head came up over the balcony rail, followed by shoulders in what was unmistakably a night garment. Vida yawned comfortably toward heaven, thrust her arms into kimono sleeves and went in. She was actually sleeping out there, in full view of neighbors, not fifty feet from the street.

"All right, I'll burn this house up!" Preston declared aloud from his front steps. Her window was shut with a derisive bang.

He did actually consider arson, this student of dead civilizations and guide to modern youth. Pajamas! Rosemary had never worn pajamas! Flaunting them up there, and giving again that disturbing effect of youngness. Nobody wants to fight a girl! Tired out, upset, bewildered by clashing and conflicting feelings let loose through all the peaceful avenues of his being, he fell from wrath to a homesick need of peace at any price. She could stay there if she wanted. She could do anything on God's earth if she would only stop hating him. In all his pleasant easy life no one had ever before hated and scorned and reviled Preston Clark, and the mark of it was deep on his broad kindly face as he went to his classes. He thought of making some overture that afternoon, but the ladder had been pulled in early and he dared not go to her door. It would have to be casual, coming out of accidental meeting.

Something seemed to have come over Vida's spirit too. For three days he was neither shamed nor disturbed and, though he could not catch her coming in or going out, the ladder was not in use. She was so quiet up there that he braced himself for fresh deviltry and entered his home with every sense alert, but there was no enemy sight or smell or sound. The truce began to trouble him. It was not like Vida to give up without a decisive victory. By Thursday evening he had come to listening up toward her room, longing to hear even the hostile creak of the rocker. He was so nervous and unhappy that a foot on the front steps made him jump like a criminal.

Vida's chief stood in the doorway and would not come in.

"I just wanted to know how Miss Throckmorton is getting on," he said.

Preston, bewildered but cautious, answered, "All right."

The chief was relieved. "Her cold was so bad Monday that I told her to stay in bed for a day or two," he explained, turning to go. "Tell her to take as long as she likes and not to try any more sleeping out of doors. I'm glad she is better." And then he was gone.

Monday—and this was Thursday. Preston alarmed old Catherine by plunging in on her with fierce questions. She had not seen Miss Vida that week at all.

"Then she's been up there sick—perhaps dying, all alone," he said with passion. "Call up the doctor. For God's sake, can't you hurry?"

He went up the stairs with a sick sense that the door would be locked and that he would beat on it in vain, but it opened under his shaking hand. The room was dark, and though he spoke and listened, there was no stir, no word or sigh. Years of upheaving experience and blighting self-knowledge seemed to crawl over him before he found the switch and the light sprang up.

Vida lay in the disordered bed as though life had left her body; the very fingers were inert, the head was deep in the pillow. Only her eyes showed life. They were half open, and bending down, Preston found in their depths the flicker of a smile. It was distinctly mocking. It said that she had nearly played the supreme trick on him, a trick that would have made the others look like child's play. Vida's body was near death, but her soul was marching on.

The doctor was already at the door. He scolded amazedly that he had not been called in sooner, but with two nurses he pulled her through. For weeks Preston hovered about in the hall, gathering crumbs of news. When at last Vida was promoted to a chair by the window, and one of the nurses had gone, he began sending in quaint offerings, such as three huge tomes on comparative religions—for hands that as yet could scarcely lift a flower. Vida smiled deeply over the books and liked to have them there beside her. There were also overgrown fruits that the nurse had to eat up, and stubby bouquets of chrysanthemums from the side of the house. She wrote him at last a line of thanks, with apologies for all the trouble she had made in his house. His return note stammered: "My dear girl, don't, don't! If you knew! When may I see you?"

It was a day of soft Indian summer and the air was a smoky incense. Vida's chair was put on the balcony and she was settled there with rugs and pillows, looking at the world with the gaze of a homesick traveler who had come back. Even church bells could bring tenderness to her eyes. Her knees had a longing ache, as though it might be good to get down on them. As she placed her elbows on the balustrade, she saw Preston going laboriously about below, gathering the last of the salvia into an ugly little red bunch. He was as thin as she, worn, sorrowful, earnest. He might have been a penitent going up stone steps on his knees as he grubbed about in the salvia.

"Good morning," said Vida pleasantly.

He started up, dropped the flowers and stepped on them, his whole being lifted obliviously to the face looking down.

"How are you?" he asked, foolish with happiness.

Vida was again demure. "Pretty well, I thank you."

He saw it this time and came nearer. "Vida, I've just found out something."

"And high time," she observed.

"Ah, my dear, I've known that for weeks! Was there ever such a blind fool?"

"Never!" said Vida. "What is the new thing you have learned?"

"It is about your name." His rich voice was again speaking through a laugh, the way she loved to hear it. "Did you know that Vida is feminine for David?"

She was in impish mood. "As I was named for my father, I guessed it."

"David was death on bungling old giants," he went on; "gamest little fighter with a sling in all history. You win, Davida—you would always win."

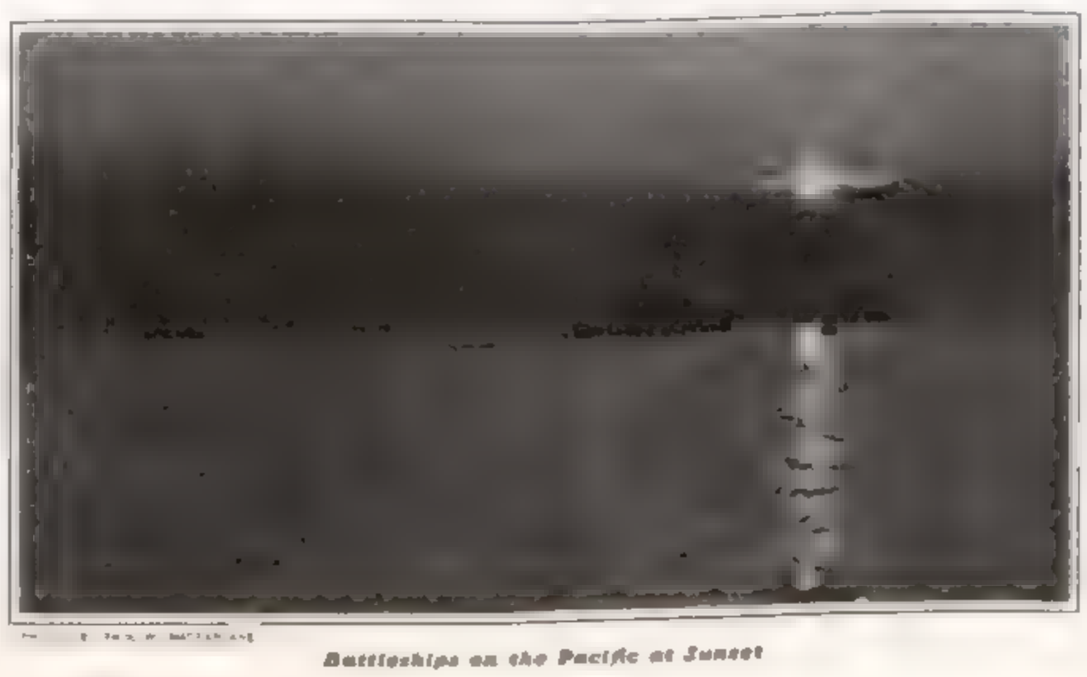
The lavish surrender troubled her. "But David was a sweet singer too," she pleaded; "he wasn't always fighting, Preston." Her face had drooped to the clasped hands on the railing, and their eyes, meeting, begged forgiveness of each other.

"May I come up?" he asked huskily.

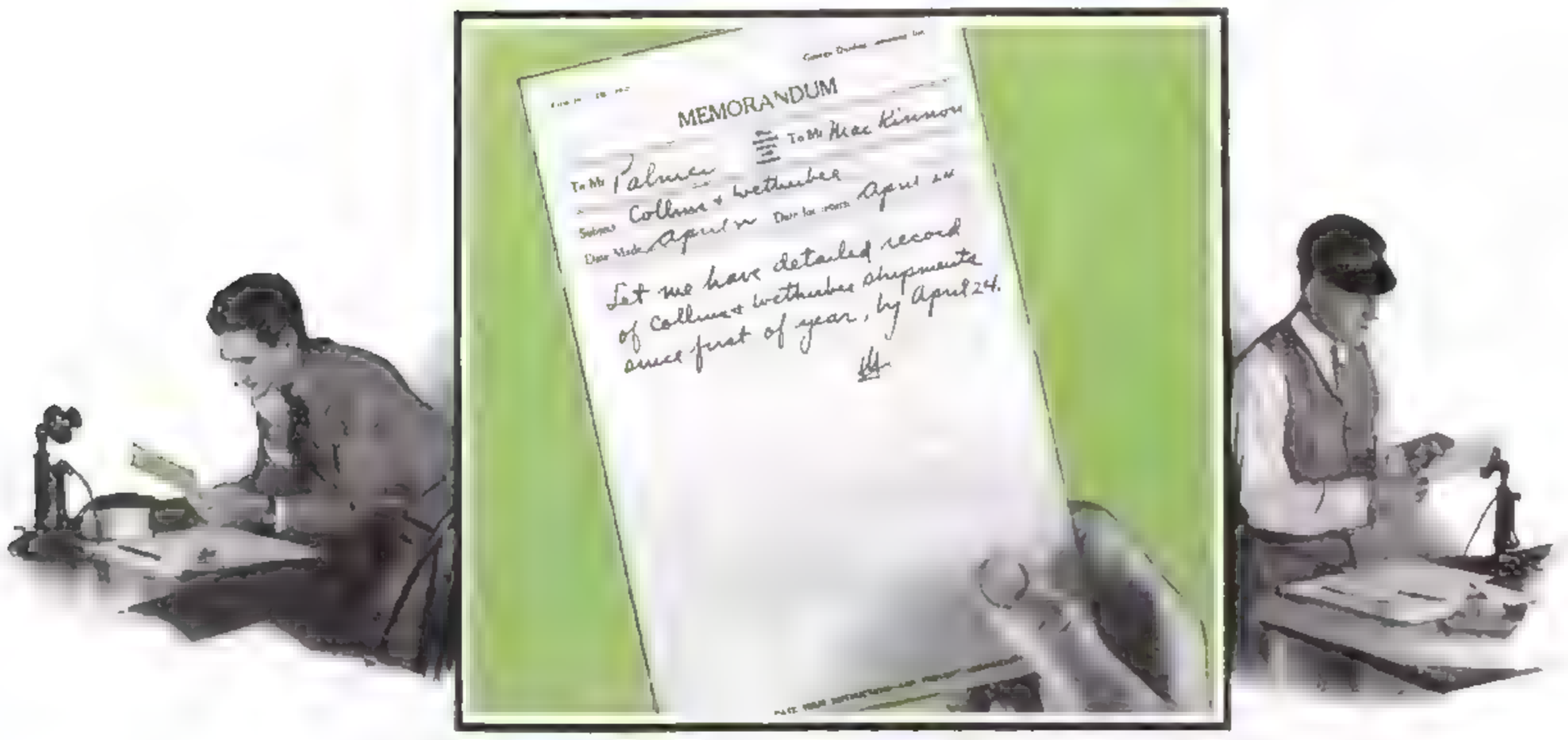
Her smile was stealing back; again she was up to something. Her hand groped, and then over the balcony rail came slithering a stout rope ladder.

"Do come up," she said.

The bells had ceased and the decorous congregations were filing past, faculty and students walking among them, but Preston saw only that to him, languishing in the pit, a rope had been thrown. In the face of staring Brewster, the professor of ancient history went up the ladder hand over hand, swaying wildly, to the balcony where the assistant to the curator of the museum leaned down to cheer him on.



Battleships on the Pacific at Sunset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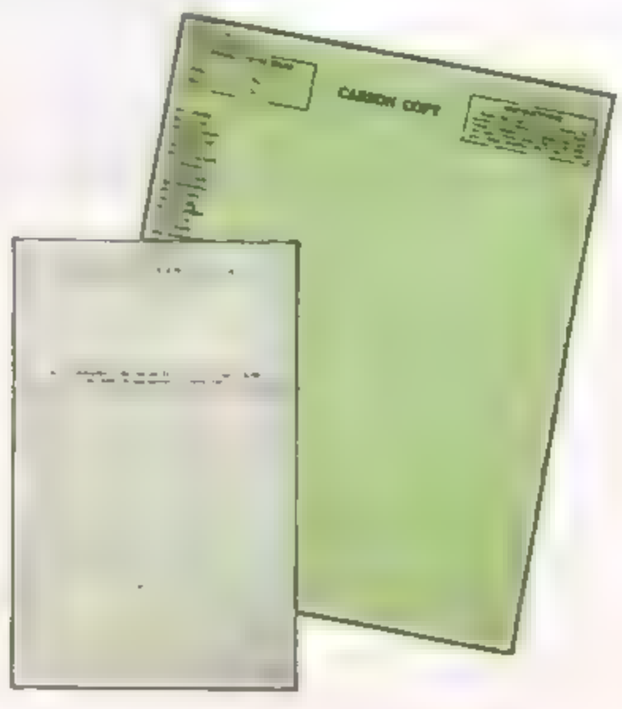

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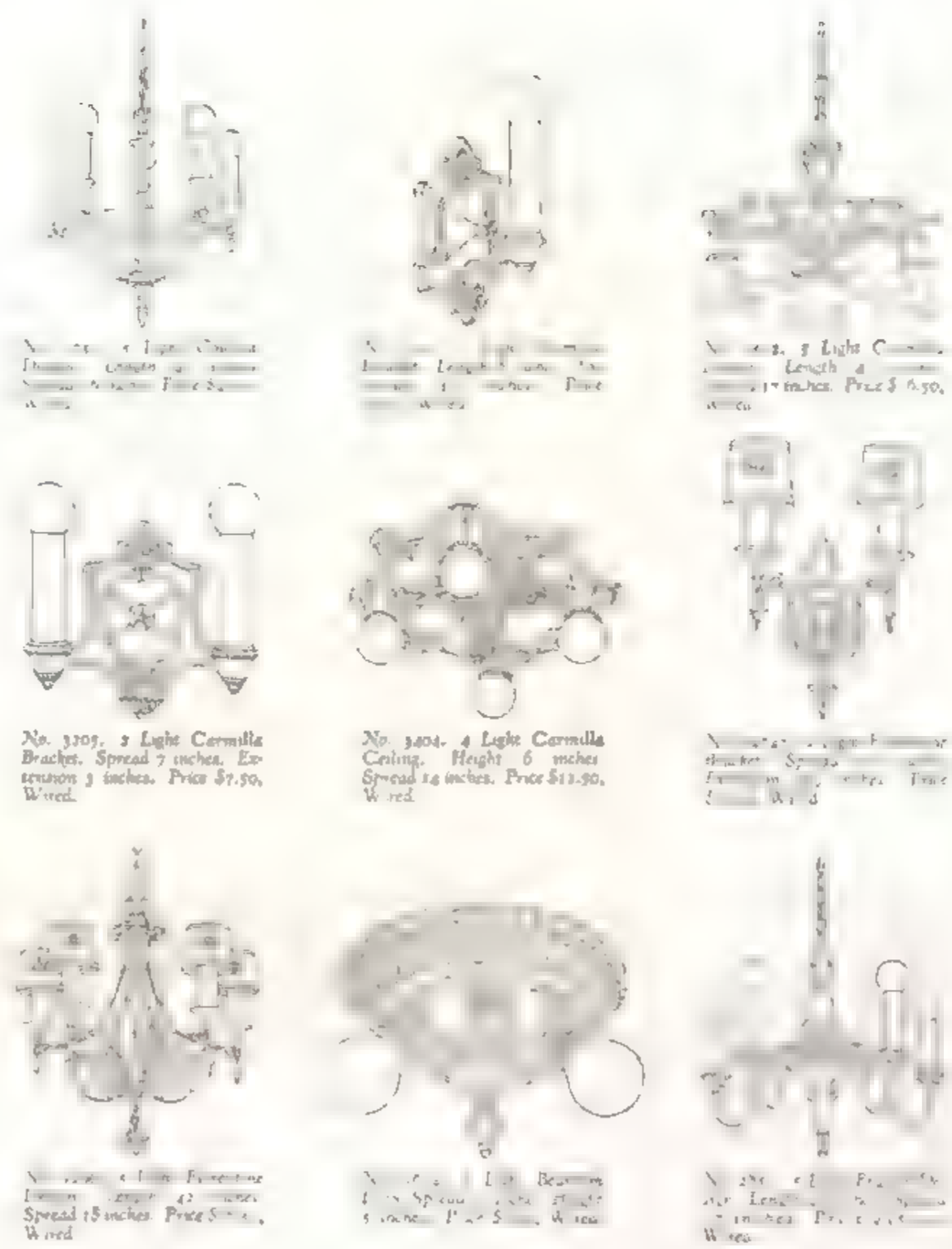
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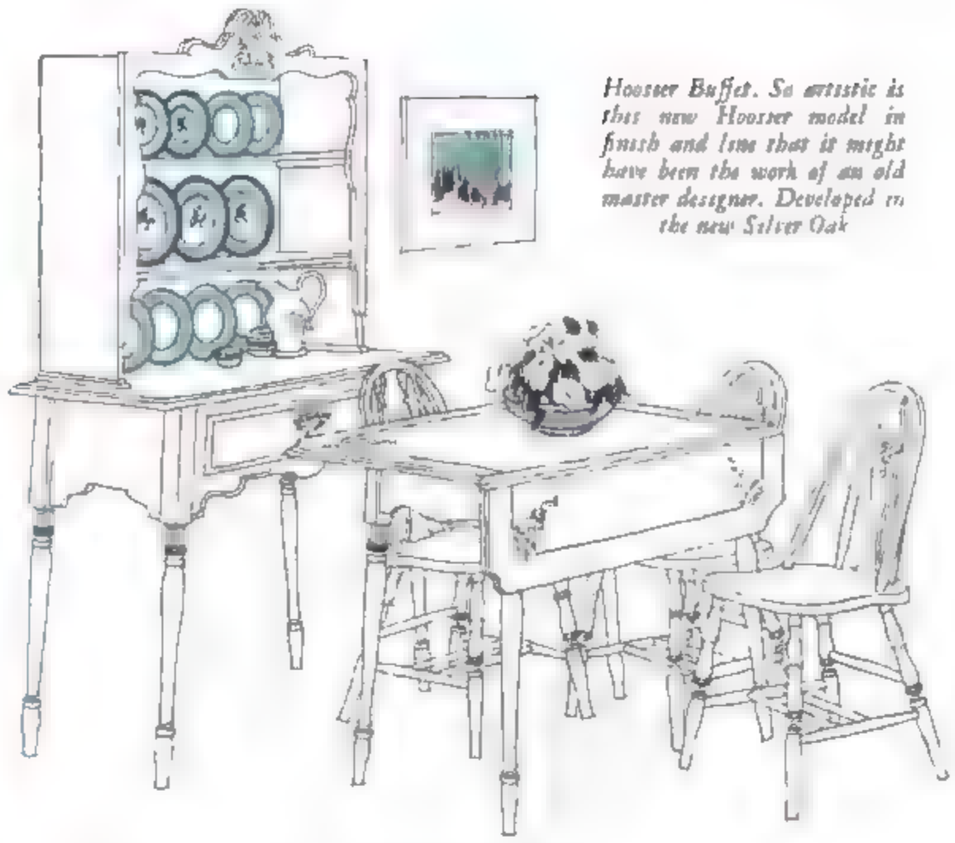

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SQUASHES

(Continued from Page 13)

"There is luck for you! Here I am on my way to Libbeyville and I go right past what all day yesterday I am hunting for in the Pittland market. How much for what you got on the porch?"

"I wasn't figurin' on sellin'," said the other slowly. "Thought I'd keep 'em for winter—what's left."

"I wouldn't blame you." Perlman grinned. "It makes elegant eating—squash. But I guess if I pay what is right you would sell all the same. Not? For fancy squashes like you got I would maybe go above the market, if you would deliver today, quick."

The farmer considered, "Where to?"

"Only to my place in Pittland. You got here a truck so you could easy do it." Perlman grinned again. "I guess the firewood could wait a day." He brought out a wallet and exhibited the edges of clean bills. "How much, cash down?"

"Don't know. Ain't weighed 'em."

Perlman spread his hands impatiently. "Look. I couldn't stand here arguing. Right now I should be in Libbeyville. You should make a price by the pound and I would pay the cash to cover what you got, at a guess. Then when you get to my place you could weigh the load and we settle the difference, whichever way it is. I guess that would be fair—not?" He pulled money from the wallet as the farmer still hesitated. "Look. Here is forty dollars anyhow. The rest we could settle later; only right now I got to hurry or it would lose me regular money." He pushed the bills quickly into the big hand that reached out mechanically to take them. "All I want is that you should positively deliver this afternoon yet; so you should be starting right away to load up your truck."

"Where to?" The farmer's indecision seemed to yield to the actual possession of cash. He stuffed the bills clumsily into his pocket. Perlman's eyes flickered; there was an instant's pause before he answered.

"Forty-five Canal Street. You could easy find it."

"Guess so." The farmer stooped and lifted a chip from the litter about his feet. "Got a pencil? I better write it down."

Perlman's lips twitched as he watched the process. The man made hard work of it. He looked up. "What name did you say?"

"Luddy," said Perlman. "L-u-double d-y—Peter J. Luddy, Pies, Wholesale and Retail, 45 Canal."

The farmer scrawled doggedly, pocketed the chip and stooped for another. "Give you a receipt," he said. Again Perlman's lips twitched, and he risked a swift, sidelong glance at Lefty. He accepted the scribbled chip gravely enough, glancing at the signature, Adam Gibson.

"All right, Mr. Gibson. Pleased to meetcha. And now I am counting on you that you would positively deliver today, so you should hurry up and get started."

Gibson nodded. He threw his ax in the bed of the truck and bent over the starting crank, spinning it with stubborn patience till the engine yapped. Perlman waved to him as he backed out of the woods, turned toward the farm.

"Easy enough, Lefty, if you use your head." He climbed to his seat, grinning. For once Lefty responded, snickering as he pressed the starter.

"You're good, Moe! Handing that yap Gyp's address!"

Perlman shrugged. "Why not? Even with a hick like that I can't stop to think where I live, can I? I had to come back fast or it was all off." He chuckled. "It's too bad we can't be there when he tries to tell Gyp he owns a truckload of winter squashes!"

"I thought you did it on purpose," said Monahan. "I got to hand it to you, Moe! You framed that play right off the bat, and it went over like grease." He snickered again. "What was that trick monniker you handed him?"

Perlman pulled the chip from his pocket. "Luddy," he said, "Peter J. Luddy. Considering I made it up so quick it's pretty good, if I do say it." He giggled. "If a man would tell me he had a name like that I would believe him too. Slow up a little, Lefty. We're close to the place."

He surveyed the scene with something like affection as Monahan, turning the sharp corner, stopped the car short of the flimsy wooden bridge that crossed a narrow brook a few yards beyond the bend. Toward Libbeyville the road ran straight for half a mile or more, shut in on each side by a thick growth of scrub; the bridge was nothing but a few planks spiked to wooden stringers, with a rickety guard rail at each side. Perlman moistened his lips.

"It's going to be soft, Lefty. I bet you wouldn't even have to pull a gun. Drive ahead a ways, though, till we make sure there's nobody else cutting wood anywheres close. I guess you can see by now why I like to play safe."

Monahan shrugged his thin shoulders carelessly. He drove on to the first bend, where Perlman signaled for a halt. The little car was easy to turn in spite of the narrowness of the macadam, and they came back to the neck of woods where Gibson had been at work. Here, following the course of his truck, Monahan steered the flivver well back from the road, turned so that it was headed outward and stopped his motor. Perlman climbed down and lifted tools from the tonneau—a wrecking bar, a short-handled ax.

"You know what to do, Lefty. Watch the road your way and listen for a whistle if I see anything coming from the Junction. Only one plank at a time, remember, so you can put it back quick if somebody comes."

Monahan slouched away between the trees, the tools under his arm. Perlman went out to the edge of the woods at the angle, where, without being seen, he could watch the road in both directions. At the bridge Monahan worried a plank loose with the wrecking bar, overturned it and knocked out the spikes, replaced it and repeated the performance with another. Twice, at Perlman's whistle, he carried his tools into the bushes and waited for a car to pass. When he had finished he came to the angle and stood watch while Perlman inspected the bridge. When he came back to the bend Monahan's thin shoulders were shaking and he pointed up the road. Perlman's glance followed the gesture in time to see Gibson's truck lumber into the lane by which they had come.

"He fell for it, all right," snickered Monahan. "Say, can you see him down at Gyp's? I got to hand it to you, Moe! You certainly made a sucker out of him!"

Perlman's grin faded. "How do you mean—sucker? Don't he get forty dollars to drive down to Pittland and back? He would keep the squashes, wouldn't he, when he gets thrown out from Gyp's? All winter he would be living high off me, and he gets, besides, forty dollars! Elegant pies it makes—a good squash." He wagged his head. "When we go back to meet Tony in that restaurant you should try it, Lefty." He smacked his lips reminiscently. Monahan scowled.

"Cut it out, will you? I'm hungry enough without having it rubbed in on me. Three hours to wait too!"

Perlman lifted his shoulders. "It goes to show, Lefty. Always there is something gets forgotten, no matter how you figure out ahead. We are lucky it is only eats this time. When we are back in that joint where Tony meets we could easy make up for that, not?"

"Aw, cut it out," said Monahan again. He huddled in the shoddy overcoat and moved sullenly toward the car. Perlman followed him. They waited in silence. It was a long time before, snapping his watch for the fiftieth time, Perlman led the way out to the edge of the woods. Ten minutes afterward a mud-splashed touring car whisked past them, skidding on the curve, and Perlman twitched at Monahan's sleeve.

"He wouldn't have time to stop, driving like that, Lefty. I bet you don't need to pull your gun, even, after they go through the bridge!"

Monahan's lips drew back from his teeth. He nodded. Perlman whispered.

"Hide in the bushes till you hear me whistle; then, if nobody is coming down the road where you can see it, slide off all the planks from the bridge and get back out of sight. If you see somebody coming you got to take a chance and wait till they get past and then get off anyhow one plank. That is the only chance we lose. If it happens that two cars should meet right near the bridge it is all off till next week."

Monahan moved away and Perlman watched him take cover in the overgrowth at the stream; turning so that he commanded a view of the road from the Junction, he took off his glasses and polished them carefully, removed a flat gun from his hip and stowed it in the right-hand pocket of his overcoat, experimented delicately with low-toned whistles between two fingers. Time dragged. It was twenty minutes before the pay car flashed into sight at the far corner. Perlman leaned forward, his eyes straining through the glasses; he whirled suddenly and whistled twice; an answer shrilled back. He moved without haste toward the sound, keeping well under cover of the woods, slipping over his head a silk handkerchief already knotted so that the loop of it stayed in place, supported by his ears and the bridge of his nose, the triangular double fold completely masking the lower part of his face. The eyeglasses he stowed carefully in a pocket case; again he made sure that the gun was free in his pocket.

He stopped a few paces short of the edge of the woods, abreast of the bridge. The planks were gone, the stringers showing like bare bones above the black water. Monahan was not in sight. The car whisked about the bend; there was a sharp scream of brakes and the rasp of locked tires sliding on the macadam. Perlman chuckled softly as he saw the front wheels drop; the driver had nearly managed to stop in time, and the car stayed upright, but there was jar enough to upset the man who had tried to scramble out. He sprawled in the weeds beside the road, a gun exploding as it spun out of his hand.

Perlman sprang at it like a cat. He was on the man's shoulders before he had even tried to rise.

"Better stay right there," he said affably. His own gun pointed the advice with a gentle prod of the red neck. Monahan, his face masked like Perlman's, had covered the driver sitting stupidly behind the wheel, his hands in the air. Perlman called to him as he lifted a black leather bag out of the car.

"Look inside. Make sure you got the right one."

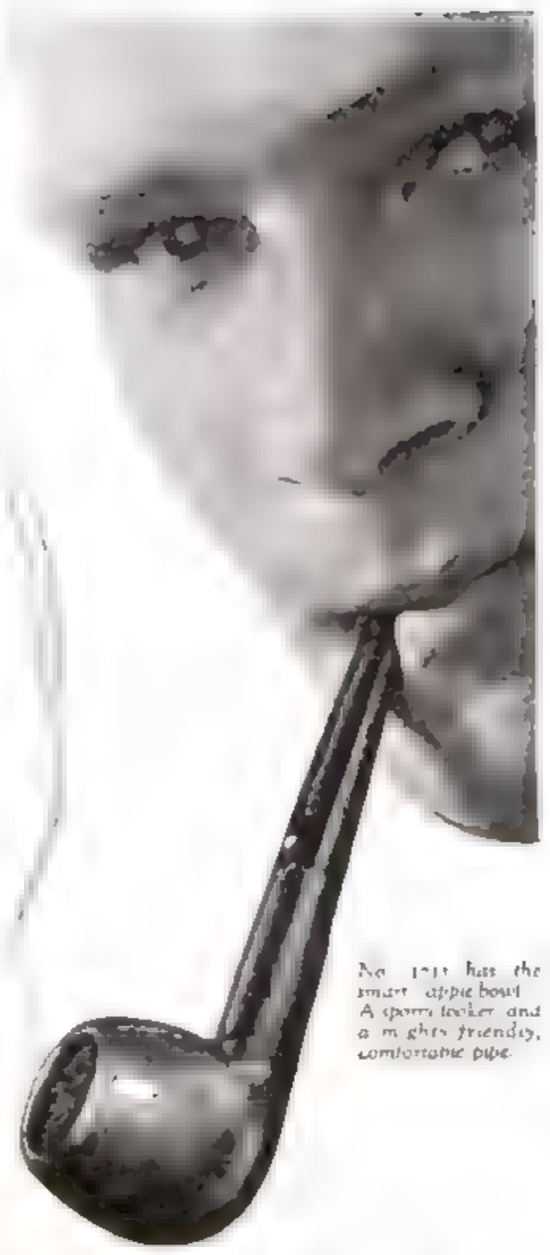
Monahan tossed the bag to him, backing away from the car until he could cover both men. Perlman, with a warning to the prostrate guard, straightened, fumbled for a penknife and slashed through the leather. A glance reassured him, but he cut the stout, wax-sealed cords of the package the bag had contained. Neat, taped sheaves of bills rewarded him.

"All right," he said. "You get back in the car." He nodded at the man on the ground. "And get out again when you feel like taking a chance."

The man got unsteadily to his feet. Perlman, keeping carefully out of Monahan's line of fire, made a swift search for another weapon; the driver, protesting plaintively that he had no gun, was similarly treated. Perlman repeated his warning.

"Climb out when you feel like getting drilled."

(Continued on Page 167)



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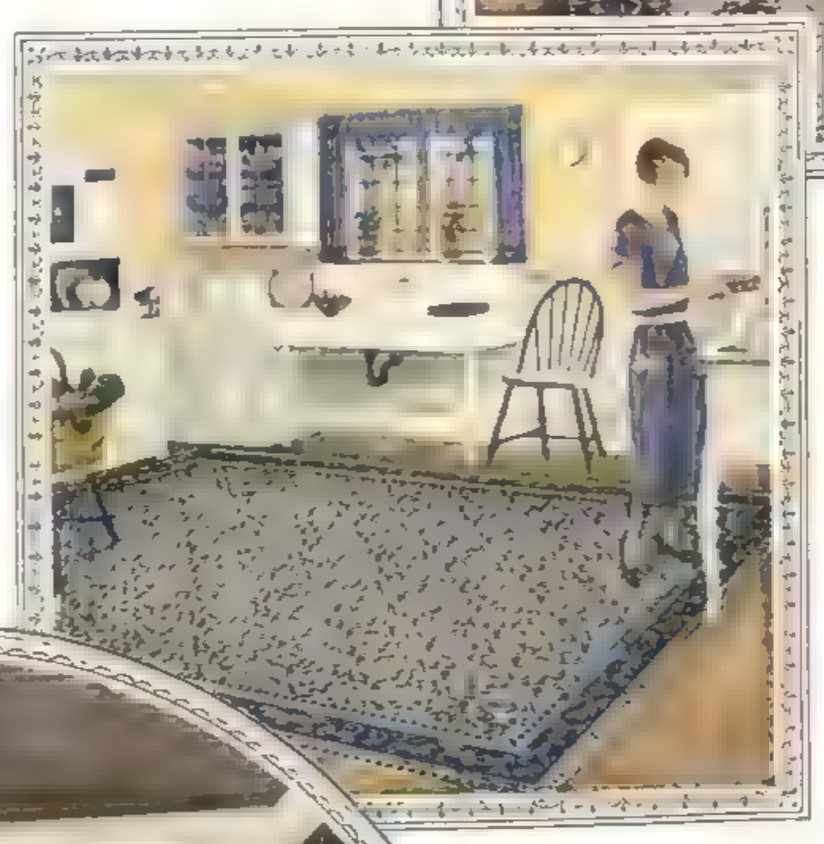

Three Charming Rooms

That delightful breakfast room at the upper right! A typical instance of how the "Shantung" Design banishes monotony from rooms with plain walls and furniture. This handsome pattern in smoke gray, ruby, and porcelain blue is *Gold Seal* Rug No. 566

Why not colorful, variegated kitchen floor-covering? Note how the charming "Mayflower" Design—*Gold Seal* Rug No. 379—blends with the curtains and really "decorates" this kitchen

In the sun porch, the heavily figured, richly colored "Wiltshire" Design in old rose, watered blue, and black, softens the bareness produced by cold-looking walls of wood and glass. It is *Gold Seal* Rug No. 574

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Here is a handbook offering many practical suggestions about color-contrasts. "Color Magic in the Home" by Anne Lewis Pierce. With this as a guide, any woman can secure attractive interior effects with inexpensive materials. Charming color schemes that can be worked out with Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs are also described. Write for free copy.

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ART-RUGS

(Continued from Page 165)

He and Monahan backed away along the road, Perlman carrying the plunder, Monahan covering the back of the car. At Perlman's word both turned, sprang into the woods and raced for their car. When its engine chattered in low speed there was no sign of pursuit. The masks came off. They jolted over outjutting roots; low branches lashed at the windshield; twisting to look back as they emerged on the paved road, Perlman chuckled softly.

"Nobody in sight, Lefty, but let her out anyhow. It wouldn't hurt if we would be off this road before they got enough nerve to peek around the corner." He sighed contentedly and opened the package on his knees, lifting out the flat bundles of bills and stowing them on the seat beside him.

As they swerved into the side road he glanced back again, and again he laughed.

"Take it easy over this bad stretch. Nobody saw us and it wouldn't matter anyhow, with the start we got. So it goes in this business, Lefty, when you got brains. Twelve grand, all in small bills, and all we are out is Tony's cut and the forty dollars I pay for squashes for Peter J. Luddy!"

Monahan's spirits had risen with success. He twisted the car skillfully between the ruts, snickering, his uneven teeth showing.

"I got to hand it to you, all right. Talk about thinking in the pinches!" He wagged his head admiringly. "Where you dug up that squash notion ——"

Perlman shrugged modestly. "It is easy if you make it a regular habit, Lefty, so you are noticing what you see and remembering and thinking all the time. Then, when the pinch comes, you think before you even know you got to do it. Yesterday I eat squash pie; today we see squashes on the porch when we go by that house; when we got to make that sucker move out of the woods, right away in my head I put things together, while all you can think is to croak somebody! A fine business!"

"I got to hand it to you," said Monahan again. "You sure framed it fast. And that monniker ——"

"That is another thing. Always, Lefty, I am noticing names and remembering them, so when the time comes there would always be a good one to pop right in my head."

"You win, Moe." Monahan turned into the woods. They left the flivver deep in the underbrush and packed the money in the neat brief case that Perlman had left in the Randall. The wax-splashed wrappings and cords of the original package were hidden in a hollow stump. Ten minutes later the Randall boomed cheerfully over the concrete toward Pittland.

Dusk was gathering as they approached the city, a sprinkle of yellow points of light in the smoke haze beyond the river. Perlman touched Monahan's sleeve.

"Give me your gun, Lefty."

Monahan's distrustful eye slanted toward him.

"What's the big idea? Think you can save my cut?"

"If I would want to cross you, Lefty, I would easy do it, gun or not." Perlman drew in a sibilant breath. "Look. While we are doing the job a gun is a tool. Now we are done with it, a gun is only evidence." He patted the two that lay in his lap, his own and the one he had taken from the messenger. "I throw these in the river as we cross the bridge, and yours, too, Lefty. Then if anything happens we are anyhow in better shape when it comes to court."

Reluctantly Monahan gave up his weapon. As the car trundled over the bridge Perlman tossed all three, one after another, over the rail. Monahan wagged his head.

"We'll be suckers if anybody tries to hold us up," he grumbled. "All that coin ——"

"Lefty, if you would use your head once in a while!" Perlman repeated the sibilant inhalation. "Anybody with coin is a sucker for a holdup, gun or no gun. What good did it do that messenger that he had one? And see how we are fixed? If the messenger shoots us while we are trying to do him, that is one thing, but if we shoot somebody who would go to do us, that is something else again, not? And anyhow it would be a safe bet that if anybody gets shot it would be us."

Monahan said nothing, but he wagged his head obstinately as he turned the car into River Street. Perlman opened the brief case and, bending forward into the light of the dash lamp, took out several of the taped packets, stowing them carefully in his overcoat pocket.

"Tony's cut," he explained. "I take out yours, too, Lefty, so you got it in case anything happens we should get separated."

Monahan nodded. He drew in to the curb before the dingy little restaurant and took the money that Perlman handed him, glancing at the figures on the tapes before he stuffed the bills into his inner pockets. Perlman, carrying the brief case, climbed out and scuttled into the eating house. Monahan, removing the ignition key, followed.

Tony was waiting at the rear table, his chair tilted against the wall, a mug of coffee before him, a pink newspaper engrossing him. Perlman, grinning, slid into the chair beside him and Monahan took the one opposite.

"Smooth like milk!" said Perlman. "Absolutely no rough stuff, Tony, and a get-away so clean it would be a thousand years before they are catching up with us."

Tony nodded.

"So you got by with it?" he said. "Where's the car?"

"Right out front, and your cut is in my pocket." Perlman spoke without moving his lips as the proprietor approached, his professional affability slightly overcast.

"Two steaks, medium, with French fried," Perlman ordered briskly, "and right away two cups coffee while we are waiting." He grinned. "And for my friend here a piece of squash pie, so he finds out for himself I am right when I say it is elegant."

The proprietor's face did not brighten under the tribute. He nodded almost sulkily and shuffled away. Perlman slipped the bills from his pocket and slid them, under the table, into Tony's hand. Screened by the newspaper Tony verified the total and, buttoning his overcoat over the bulging pocket, pushed back his chair. Perlman's eloquent gesture protested.

"Wait, Tony. You should have also a good laugh at how it worked out. And there is besides a piece of squash pie, Tony, which positively you got to eat, because you are owing it two grand." He grinned at Monahan. "Not, Lefty?"

Monahan showed his crooked teeth. "That's right. Stick around, Tony. You'll get a kick out of that pie."

Tony shrugged. "Shoot," he said, "only make it snappy. I get nervous with soft money on me."

Perlman giggled. "Here, Tony, you are safe as churches, and you could thank squashes for it."

He waited while the proprietor set coffee before him and Monahan and, a shade more gloomily, provided Tony with a wedge of pie. When the man had withdrawn to the desk at the door he sucked in a greedy draft of the muddy liquid in the mug and, smacking his lips, plunged joyously into the tale.

He was too intent upon it to notice the sound of the opening door and it had closed again before the angry outburst at the desk lifted his glance. He stiffened, paralyzed and fascinated, at the sight of the huge policeman whose broad back blocked the doorway, at the unmistakable face of Adam Gibson, turned with dogged purpose toward the wrathful gesticulations of the proprietor.

"You get out and stay out!" The voice had risen to shrill exasperation. "I've told you fifty times I never ordered no squashes and I ain't going to take none, neither, no matter if you bring in all the cops in Pittland!"

Monahan twisted in his chair and the movement, slight and furtive as it was, drew Adam Gibson's slow glance. He leveled a gnarled forefinger at Perlman.

"That's him! I knew there was something wrong somewhere." He plodded down between the tables to Perlman's side. "Here's Mr. Luddy, right now! I had a lot of trouble finding the right place, Mr. Luddy. I got the address wrong, some way, and had to hunt it up in the direct'ry and then this man here claimed it was his name and wouldn't leave me unload them squashes."

He fumbled in the pocket of his sheepskin jacket and brought out a bed-ticking money bag.

"I weighed them squashes on the way down and I figure I owe you two-sixty, charging for my time and the truck. Where'll I unload? I'd ought to be halfway back home by now."

"I ——" Perlman fingered his collar. "I guess you got me mixed up with somebody, mister. I never saw you ——"

Gibson shook his head. "Mean to tell me you wasn't up to my place at Tilton Junction this morning—you and him both?" He stabbed his knotted finger at Monahan. "Mean to claim you didn't pay me forty dollars to bring down a load of squash ——"

"It's a mistake," said Perlman. "I never was near the place in my life, mister. You could ask my friends here—they would tell you I been all day right here in Pittland. Squashes—I don't know what you would be talking about even."

Gibson's lower jaw projected a little farther than ever. He turned slowly to the policeman.

"I don't know why he'd want to lie about it, but he's lyin', all right. The both of 'em stopped in at my place this morning and ——"

Monahan's shoulders narrowed and his arm moved quickly. The hand slid like a snake into the pocket of his coat. For his bulk the policeman was even swifter. He stepped back and the ugly muzzle of his gun covered the three men at the table.

"Keep 'em up, all of you!" He nodded. "That's sensible. Tilton Junction, eh?" He chuckled fatly. "You, there—what's your name—Luddy? You call up the station and tell 'em to send around the wagon for me—O'Leary. Tell 'em I've got the birds that pulled off the job we just got the report on, up at Tilton Junction. The number's River 2-0-4. Hold on. Gibson, open that case on the table, will you?"

He grinned at the sight of bundled bills. "Tell 'em I've got the coin too."

Perlman's miserable gaze encountered Lefty Monahan's venomous glower. It led his eyes down to the grease-spotted bill of fare between them—the very pencil markings he had made yesterday for Tony's enlightenment still visible along its margin. Slowly the legend at its head spelled itself, upside down, into Perlman's understanding.

"The Bon Ton Chop House," he read. "Peter J. Luddy, Proprietor!"

"Yanh!" said Monahan in a grating whisper. "You made it up! You ——"

Gibson found his tongue after a period of daze.

"What about them squashes?" he demanded doggedly. "I been paid f'r 'em. Where do I deliver 'em?"

Perlman did not hesitate. "At the jail," he said with decision. "We would get anyhow, Lefty, elegant eating!"

CHATTANOOGA

THE DYNAMO OF DIXIE

What is the population within the trading area of which Chattanooga is the center, is a question so frequently asked that we answer it to the world in this way:

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
Bureau of the Census
WASHINGTON, D. C.

"I take pleasure in supplying you with approximate population on Jan. 1, 1920, within 100, 200, 300, 400 and 500 miles of Chattanooga, Tennessee.

"As the population within 25, 50 and 60 miles of Chattanooga has also been computed, I am including these figures."

Radius (Miles)	Population
25	173,000
50	382,000
60	513,000
100	1,446,000
200	6,536,300
300	15,478,000
400	25,604,000
500	41,214,000

(Signed)
W. M. STEUART,
Director.

Dec. 22, 1925.

In short, one-third of the population and purchasing power of the United States lives within twenty-four hours of Chattanooga.

No longer content to be known as a city of scenic wonders and historic attractions, Chattanooga points to the significance of its eminence in textiles, wood and furniture making, clay products, leather tanning and manufacture, iron foundries, chemical and general machinery manufacture.

With the greatest diversity of manufacture of any city of 100,000 in the country, the present extent and diversity denote the availability and peculiar adaptability of its sturdy Anglo-Saxon labor to any line of manufacture.

Hydro-electric center of the South. Cheap power from 260,000 horsepower already developed. Applications pending before Federal Power commission covering 592,000 additional horsepower. Good coal is cheap.

An equally attractive tourist and convention city. Here is located one of the three great auditoriums of America, in which is installed the great Austin organ, on which the foremost American composer and organist, Edwin H. Lemare, municipal organist, may be heard every Sunday.

Fine, modern commercial hotels in the city, excellent resort hotels on both Signal and Lookout mountains. Sunstroke and tornadoes unknown. Average yearly temperature 61 degrees.

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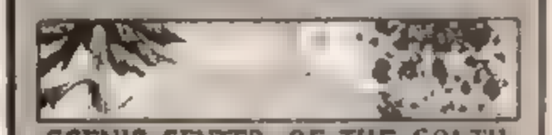
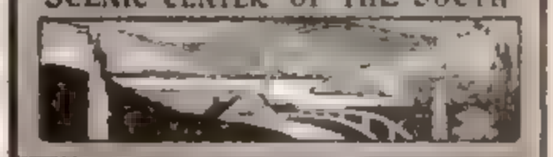
Chattanooga, Tennessee



SCENIC CENTER OF THE SOUTH



FILL YOUR HAND

(Continued from Page 15)

selected single-action six-shooters, generally of .45 caliber, and the first thing they did with them was to put the triggers out of commission. The gunman took the gun apart and filed off the dog—that part of the mechanism by which the hammer was held cocked and was released when the trigger was pulled. When the parts were put together again, the trigger was dead, and the hammer, when pulled back by the thumb, would fall as soon as released.

At my home I have a collection of guns, rifles, six-shooters and bowie knives, each with a history of tragedy and sudden death. Among them are the six-shooters used by the most noted gunmen of the West, and in the majority of them the mechanism has been filed to make the trigger useless.

I have seen many a movie actor pull the hammer of a six-shooter back with the ball of the thumb, but the gun fighter never did that. As his hand closed around the stock of his six-shooter, his thumb shut down upon the hammer—not the ball of his thumb, but the second joint—and as the gun was drawn free of belt or holster, the thumb pressed down and cocked it, another motion swung the muzzle forward, the thumb was lifted and the hammer fell.

Fanning for Your Life

The gun was never lifted to the level of the eyes, nor sighted, when quick action was necessary. That would have been lost motion that might mean death to the one foolishly wasting so much time. If pulled from the belt, the gun was fired from the hip. If pulled from a holster beneath the arm, it was fired from that level. And six shots were never fired, for the reason that no experienced gunman ever had six loaded cartridges in his gun. There was always one empty chamber for the hammer to rest upon, for safety.

Most of them were two-gun men; they carried two six-shooters, and the best of them could use a gun in each hand with equal dexterity. That gave a man ten cartridges to shoot if he was facing a crowd. If it was a man-to-man encounter, only one gun was drawn, and generally one cartridge was enough. If a man did not hit his mark with the first shot, the chances were he would not live to shoot the second.

An adroit gunman could raise the hammer and release it with his thumb so rapidly that the five shots would follow one another without a discernible break in the continuous b-r-r-r-r-r of the reports. That was called fanning. All the fastest shooters in the old days were fanners. They had to be to survive.

I saw Al Jennings, the former Oklahoma outlaw, lay an empty tomato can on its side in the road and, with a single-action filed-off six-shooter in each hand, fan bullets so fast upon it that the can went rolling and bouncing along and did not stop moving until after the tenth bullet had pierced it, and not one of the ten shots missed.

When I last heard from Jennings he was an evangelist out in California, and was shooting sermons as effectively as he formerly shot lead.

I believe the most dexterous gunmen were born with a knack for hitting a mark, just as some men are born with a gift for pitching curved balls or juggling eight bottles in the air at once. I saw a woman in a circus stand up against a board and a man threw an armful of knives, and each one struck the board with a vicious "Spang!" within an inch of her flesh, until she was corralled with knives. Not one man in a thousand could ever learn to do that, even with no end of practice.

It is just so with offhand shooting. Some men could never learn to do it well. Others, through a natural aptness for it, and through years of almost constant practice, excelled at it.

I have seen Bill Tilghman, in his home, stand for an hour at a time practicing the draw and the shoot with two empty six-shooters. His life depended upon his quickness in those movements and he could not afford to become stale. I knew a cattleman in No Man's Land, in Western Oklahoma, who kept in practice by standing before a full-length mirror for an hour each day, drawing and swinging his guns into position to shoot. His wife used to try to persuade him to stop what she called his foolishness, but one day he demonstrated the value of it when he turned a corner in town and faced a cattle rustler who had threatened to kill him on sight. Before the outlaw could even make a motion to pull a gun, my friend had planted five bullets above his heart and all within a circle no larger than a silver dollar.

A gang of cowboys went on a riot in a Texas town, shot out the lights and windows, killed a few and terrorized the rest, and the citizens sent a call to Austin for the Rangers to come and quell the outbreak. Pat Dooling was sent alone. When he got off the train the citizens were there to meet the Rangers and asked where they were.

"I'm the Ranger," said Dooling.

"Did they send only one Ranger?"

"You've got only one riot, haven't you?" asked Dooling, and he quieted it, alone, in short order.

Dooling was a famous shot with a six-shooter. Some fifteen years ago he killed an outlaw who had many friends in the Texas Panhandle, and Dooling was arrested and charged with murder. He was tried in the camp of his enemies. I went up there just to sit with him through the trial, as a comfort to him. The prosecuting attorney, not knowing him very well, bullied him a good deal, and the old fellow got restless and his hand wandered toward his hip several times, but he controlled himself. The prosecutor tried to get him to admit that he had shot the man, but Dooling was unused to courts; he knew he was among enemies and that there was a plot to convict him, and he would admit nothing.

Finally the judge, seeing which way the wind lay, said, "I will examine this man myself," and he asked him, "Pat, did you kill this man?"

"I don't know, sir."

"What—you don't know whether you killed him?"

"No, sir, I do not."

"Did you shoot at him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you hit him?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Come now, Pat, I am your friend. I will see that you get fair treatment here. Did you hit him?"

"Well, sir, if there was one bullet hole in his left nipple and another about an inch below it, both made with a .45, I expect I hit him."

There were just those two bullet holes, exactly where Pat had said they were. He was such a dead-sure shot he knew where his two bullets ought to have hit, even though he was 100 feet away when he fired. The jury acquitted him.

Just Like Stringin' Fish

During that trial Pat and I used to sit together in the hotel lobby in the evening. I asked him if he was ever nervous or scared in the face of danger.

"Yes," he answered. "When I was scouting ahead of some railway surveyors in Western Texas, I crossed a bunch of outlaws and they sent me word that they'd kill me on sight. That scared me, for it was a bad bunch, all man-killers, and I knowed they meant it, and I kept my eyes open for them. One day I rode into a new town and stopped to water my horse. Seeing a saloon, I lit and went in for a drink. The saloon had a long bar, with a short end bar at right angles to it. I stepped up to this short bar and asked for my drink. Just then I looked down along the long bar, and there stood that outlaw bunch, five of them, and I looking right into their faces and they looking into mine. From where I stood at the end bar, the five were all in range in a straight line ahead of me, and by good luck I got my six-shooter out a leetle ahead of any of them."

He ended his narrative there. I waited a while and asked, "Well, Pat, what happened?"

"Fred, it was just like stringin' fish." And that was all he said.

Wild Bill Hickok unquestionably was the fastest and surest man with a six-shooter that the West ever knew. This was undisputed among his own generation. His hands were small and shapely, his fingers long and tapering like a woman's, and with all the dexterity of a sleight-of-hand performer. To a deadly sureness of eye and judgment of distance, he added a skill that came from long use of firearms under frontier conditions. He had been buffalo hunter, stage driver and government scout before he became a peace officer, and he practiced at his trade as assiduously as a concert pianist.

When Two of a Kind Beat a Pair

Tom Speers, once chief of police in Kansas City, was a close friend of Hickok. Speers told me that he and Bill were sitting on a bench in front of the old police station on Market Square.

"Are you as good a shot as they say you are?" the chief asked Bill.

Across the street was a saloon kept by Billy Mensing, a whimsical character who had this legend painted large on the outer walls:

BILLY MENSING SAYS: IF DRINKING HURTS YOUR BUSINESS, QUIT YOUR BUSINESS.

It was a two-story frame building, and up under the eaves was a wide board with a knot hole in it. Wild Bill drew his six-shooters, one in each hand, and said, "See that knot hole? I'll stitch a buttonhole around it." And he fanned ten shots, the ten leads making a perfect circle around the hole.

Nor was Hickok content to rest on his natural gifts and the perfection of practice. He had invented a holster clip of spring steel which he kept secret from all but his nearest friends. I was present in Bat Masterson's room in Dodge City once when he showed Bat how it worked. They talked long of their methods, while I watched with the wide eyes of youth.

He made us both promise not to reveal the secret of his trick holsters, which he carried beneath his coat, one under each arm, held there by straps over his shoulders. The front edge of the holster was open and the gun was held in place within it by a steel clip, elastic as a watch spring, which gripped the barrel securely and yet so lightly that the least pull would fetch it free. Bill stood with his hands down, his coat unbuttoned and no weapon in sight.

"Suppose you are reaching for your guns, Bat, and I sight you at it"—and Bill gave an illustration of how he would act.

His two hands moved so quickly my eyes could scarcely follow them. His left hand caught the front of his coat at the bottom edge of the lapel and jerked it outward. At the same instant his right hand darted in under his left arm, his hand closed over the stock of the six-shooter hanging there, his thumb shut down on the hammer, and he yanked the gun out. He did not pull it up out of the holster, but jerked it out sidewise from the open spring that held it, and its muzzle swung forward.

There were just those two motions of his right hand—a swift throwing of the hand in and a throwing of it out again. His thumb automatically raised the hammer as it moved out, and the instant the muzzle pointed frontward the thumb would let go and the ball would speed to its mark. He never took aim. Some sixth sense told him the exact instant the muzzle was in line with the mark. Bat shook his head in amazement at the swiftness of Bill's motions.

"It beats anything I ever saw," he said.

"There isn't any luck about it," Bill remarked. "I just simply outshade the other fellow on the draw and shoot. I figured that if we both started at exactly the same time to reach for our guns, and he had to draw from the ordinary holster at his belt, while I could grab mine sidewise out of a steel spring under my arm, I could shade him on the shoot maybe the hundredth part of a second, and that much time is as good as a whole minute."

But he and all other gunmen on the side of law and order depended much upon their cool judgment and strategy in a crisis. When I was a cowboy on the Triangle-Bar Ranch, near Dodge City, a desperado from Texas went on a rampage in Hays City and was shooting out windows right and left and yelling like a Comanche, when Wild Bill came around a corner and met him. The desperado knew Wild Bill and hated him because of a past arrest, and now, with a gun in each hand, he had the crawl on Bill.

"I hold the winning hand this time!" he shouted.

"That's so. I can't beat that pair," replied Bill.

"No, not by a jugful you can't, and here's where I shoot you as full of holes as a tin pepperbox and hang you up to dry."

Bill made a motion with his eyes as if looking beyond the fellow's shoulder at someone behind him, raised his left hand and said coaxingly, "Don't cut him, boys! He's only in fun."

The desperado turned his head slightly to see who was about to attack him from the rear, and that was his last look, for quick as a flash Bill drew and shot him dead.

Wild Bill came to his end in Deadwood. He was sitting at a card table in a saloon, with his back to the door, a thing he never in his life had done before, when a tin-horn gambler whom he had arrested a day or two before sneaked in behind him and shot him in the back of the head. Bill's instinctive and almost marvelous quickness on the draw was shown in his last wink of life, after the .45 bullet had crashed into his skull. The occurrence seems incredible, but I had the account of it direct from Bat Masterson, Bill's best friend, who went to Deadwood at once after the shooting.

The Passing of Wild Bill

The bullet passed clear through the brain of Wild Bill, came out near an eye and buried itself in the arm of a man sitting on the opposite side of the table. Bill had no warning of it. The gambler had entered silently. When the bullet struck, Bill's hands were empty upon the table, and the instant he was hit he fell forward dead, and yet when they raised him his two six-shooters were clutched in his hands. In that split second of life left to him while the bullet was plowing through his brain, he had drawn both guns, as intuitively as he drew his last gasp of breath.

The gun that was in his right hand then is in my collection. He had carried it only two years before his death, but there are fourteen notches cut by him in its stock. Pat Garrett, a famous United States marshal, fell heir to this gun. He carried it for several years and filed three more notches in its stock, one of which was for Billy the Kid, who was killed by Garrett with this gun. Garrett gave the gun to me two years before he was killed by Wayne Brazile.

Bill Tilghman was the most gentlemanly, quiet mannered, fair and loyal man I have ever known. He neither swore, used

(Continued on Page 173)

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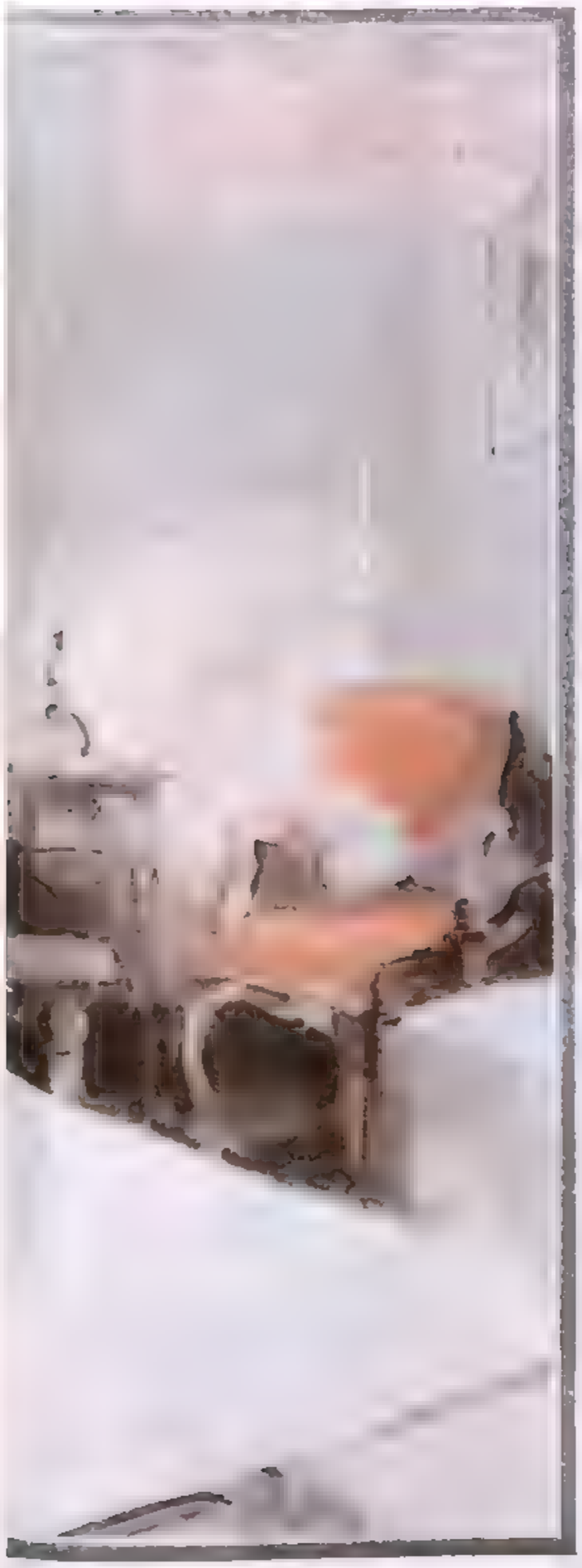

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IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS — 7 MILLION A DAY

(Continued from Page 168)

tobacco nor drank. I heard him say that in his seventy years he had declined a million drinks. Virtually everyone on the frontier drank and it was remarkable that Tilghman did not. I think that was one reason why he lived through so many gun fights. Even Masterson, born and reared on the border in its wildest days, with more experience than the average man of that time and place in rough-and-ready gun fighting, marveled that Tilghman was not shot down sooner than he was. After Bat went to New York and became a newspaper man he wrote of Tilghman:

"His life has been spent on the firing line along civilization's lurid edge, and after being shot at hundreds of different times by the most desperate outlaws in the land, men whose unerring aim seldom failed to bring down victory, Tilghman comes through it all. He is the only frontiersman who has been constantly on the job for a generation and still lives."

Tilghman and I were boys together in Atchison, Kansas. I boarded for a time at the home of his father, Squire Tilghman. Bill was older than I and went to Dodge City several years ahead of me, and was marshal when I arrived there. He took me under his wing at once and introduced me to Masterson, Luke Short, Wyatt Earp, Chalk Beeson, Robert M. Wright, Mysterious Dave and others, who were trying to keep some semblance of order in that rough town.

One night soon after my arrival I went into Rowdy Kate's dance hall. One of the women came up to me and put her arms around my neck, and I was considerably embarrassed. Rowdy Kate saw it and she jerked the woman away with such force that she fell sprawling on the floor.

"Don't you ever speak to a boy in this place unless he speaks to you first," Kate warned her.

The woman had a champion in one of the worst and most cowardly desperadoes in Dodge City. He had murdered two men—shot them in the back. That night, as I was going to my lodging, I met him. He was drunk. He drew a six-shooter, put its muzzle against my stomach and profanely told me that he was going to kill me. I was unarmed and I was scared, but I knew my only hope was in making a bluff.

"You daren't shoot me!" I sneered. "You shoot men in the back!"

He went on his way, swearing that he would shoot me the next time he saw me, and I sat down on the sidewalk and shook.

I related the circumstance to Tilghman the next morning, and he said, "You have never packed a gun, have you? Well, you will have to get one and carry it. Everyone must go armed here."

Every Man's Broadest Target

Then he hunted up the desperado and inquired, "What have you got against Fred Sutton?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing, Bill. I was just kidding him a little, that's all."

"Well, you pack up your duds and kid yourself out of this town before night, and don't come back," Tilghman warned him, and the fellow disappeared.

So I bought a man-size six-shooter and strapped it on. Later, when the Kansas county-seat wars broke out, I received a letter which read:

"We are looking for twenty-five quiet gunmen to help us in our county-seat fight. I am told you are a graduate of Bat Masterson's six-shooter school up in Dodge City, and we would like to have your services for a few weeks, wages twenty-five dollars a day and found."

I did not answer it. I have never had yearnings to be a gunman, and I lay no claim to that title; but Bill Tilghman and Bat Masterson both taught me how to handle a six-shooter so as to protect myself, and they were good teachers. One of the first bits of instruction Bat gave me was good.

"Never try to shoot a man in the head. If you have to stop a man with a gun, grab the stock of your six-shooter with a death grip that won't let it wabble, and try to hit him just above the belt. That's the broadest target from head to heel."

Nearly all those peace officers of the old frontier were likable men, but there was nothing maudlin or irresolute about them. They knew that death was the only penalty that would curb those wild men of the border, and when it was necessary to inflict it they did not hesitate.

Where a Soft Heart Was Fatal

I have seen the statement that Wild Bill, Masterson and others suffered from remorse. I don't believe that is true. When they had to shoot a man, they did it deliberately as a man brings down a sheep-killing dog. They might regret that their business had in it such unpleasant work, but I have never known that type to be remorseful. Bat had killed aplenty. I have his best six-shooter in my collection, and it is pretty well covered with notches; but I am sure he never shed a tear over any of them; and yet he was inclined to be emotional and had a warm spot in his heart toward those he loved and liked.

While Bat was sheriff, his younger brother, Ed, was appointed marshal of Dodge City. Bat made vigorous protest.

"Ed is too talkative and soft-hearted," he said. "Instead of shooting a man who deserves to be killed, and having it over with, Ed will want to powwow with him about it, and save him, and some ornery skunk will shoot his light out before he has been in office a year."

Sure enough, it was not long until a Texas killer from off the Jones and Plummer cattle trail started to shoot up a dance hall. Ed tried to quiet him by argument. The stranger shot Ed in the shoulder and Ed stopped him with a bullet. Just then Bat, drawn by the shooting, came into the hall, and when he learned what had happened he was wroth.

"Why did you enter into conversation with this outlaw?" he demanded.

"Well," said Ed, "he looked like a decent sort of a fellow, and I thought if I'd explain to him that he couldn't pull that rough stuff here he might quiet down and go out peacefully."

"Explain nothing!" Bat retorted. "What's the use of picking up a snake to see if he has rattles on his tail? That fellow had a gun in his hand with three shots left in it."

Not long after that a couple of cowboys, Wagner and Walker, came in over the long trail, and Wagner roped the fiddler in the Bird Cage dance hall and dragged him into the street. Ed tried to arrest him and Wagner pulled a six-shooter. Instead of shooting Wagner, as he should have done, Ed tried to take his gun away. While they were struggling over it Walker came out and drew his gun to kill Ed. Just then Bat came in sight around a corner. He saw what was happening and fired. Walker, shot through the heart, sprang a foot or so into the air, with upthrown arms, his revolver dropped to the sidewalk and he fell across it. Bat did not dare to fire at Wagner; he and Ed were too close against each other, struggling for the six-shooter. Bat started on a run toward them, but before he reached them, Wagner, with a desperate wrench, got the muzzle of the weapon against Ed's side, pulled the trigger and Ed fell. Wagner would have run, but a shot from Bat's gun dropped him.

Attracted by the sound of shots, I had come up in time to see the last of the tragedy. I sat down upon the edge of the board walk and took Ed's head upon my knees. Bat sat down beside me and I said, "Bat, Ed's gone."

He put his face down into his two hands, this man who had killed twenty or thirty men up to that time, and his shoulders heaved with sobs, and tears dropped from between his fingers. Luke Short, a gambler who had killed at least a dozen men, sat down with us, and he wept too. He and the Masterson boys had grown up together.

I put my arm around Bat's shoulders to try to comfort him, and said, "Bat, you mustn't take it that way; brace up." But he did not look up or take his hands from before his face.

He said between his sobs, "What will mother say?"

Ed, the slain town marshal, did not want for courage or skill with the six-shooter, but he did lack other qualities necessary to survive for long as a peace officer on the frontier.

A business man from the East, visiting me in Oklahoma City, was looking at a photograph of myself, taken when I was a young cowboy on the Crooked-S Ranch. I wore the usual four-gallon hat with eaves a foot wide, hairy chaps, high-heeled boots, with a dancing girl and a royal flush embroidered on the patent-leather tops of each, and the butts of two heavy six-shooters loomed from the holsters at my waist.

"I never could understand why you Westerners rigged yourselves up in such outlandish style," he said. "Look at those furry leggings and the exaggerated hat brim and big handkerchief draped over your chest."

I explained that those were not worn for embellishment but for utility. The work of the cowboy was done in the open, in all kinds of weather. The wide hat brim shaded the face and kept rain and snow from dripping and sifting down the back of the neck. Cutting out and roping broncs, branding, riding herd and rounding up in summer were hot and dusty work. Sweat ran into our eyes enough to blind us. There was no time to fool with taking a handkerchief out of a pocket and replacing it; so the cowboy knotted his handkerchief at the back of his neck, with the wide folds of it hanging loosely in front, where he could quickly grasp it to wipe his face and eyes, and when he let go, it was still there, open, to dry in the wind. When the herd was kicking up a choking dust he pushed the handkerchief up over his mouth and nose as a respirator, and in blizzardly weather the handkerchief often protected his chin and nose from frostbite.

Toting Your Own Life-Saver

A cowboy was often out in the rain and snow, on horseback, for days and nights at a stretch. He could protect his body with a slicker or a sheepskin coat, but his legs would be uncovered; so he wore chaps of leather or skin, with the hair out. Another use of chaps was to protect his legs from chaparral thorns and the spines of cactus that otherwise would have torn his trousers to shreds and lacerated his flesh as he rode.

"All right; but what about those boot heels, two or three inches high, tapering off to the size of a silver half dollar and sloping inward toward the instep?" said my friend.

"Couldn't have got along without them," I replied. "The first reason was that the cowboy had to stand with the weight of his whole body on his feet in the stirrups while doing much of his work, and the long heels prevented his feet from slipping through the stirrups. Another need of a long sharp heel, sloping forward, was that he might sink it into the tough sod of the prairie and anchor himself when leaning back on his lariat after roping a plunging steer or bronc. With an ordinary broad flat heel he would be dragged over the hard, smooth surface of the ground."

"But why was the Wild West wild?" persisted my friend. "Why did it harness itself in a cartridge-studded belt, with a heavy six-shooter sagging at each hip? That must have been largely swagger and bluster, an incitement to mortal combat in every quarrel."

"The six-shooter was no ornament," I told him. "The cowman packed a gun to save his skin. When the Indians had been pretty well driven onto reservations and the buffalo had been slaughtered by the

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hide hunters, the cattle moved in. Land and grass were free to the one bold enough and strong enough to hold it. There was no rent or taxes to pay, but neither was there a court of record in all that stretch from Nebraska to the Staked Plains. Old Judge Colt was the final arbiter of all disputes. And wearing firearms promiscuously, the owner did not always limit their use to defending his just rights. Often all that was mean and wolfish in a man came to the surface when he was beyond restraint of law and civilized convention, and men who become accustomed to taking the law in their own hands are apt to grow arbitrary."

There were no fences. The lines of the great ranches were approximate and overlapped. The grazing herds of different owners intermingled. There were disputes and feuds over ownership, boundaries and water rights. The Indians still were in the habit of quitting their reservations for more beef than the government ration allotted them, and there always was the temptation before the white man of a short cut to herd ownership by way of a branding iron. The first outlaw bands of the plains began as cattle rustlers. Every ranchman and trail driver armed his hands and expected them to shoot to protect his interests.

The cowboy inevitably was a reckless, lawless, unschooled youngster by force of his calling and his environment, and his was a free interpretation of the moral code. When he went to town with three to nine months' pay jingling in his pockets, beyond the gentling influence of women, he was like a sailor in from a long cruise.

In the days of which I write, Dodge City was the capital of the cattle trade and the outfitting place of a vast territory. Long trains of wagons, loaded with supplies, came and went daily. All around the town were the camps of freighters, bullwhackers, mule skinners, hunters and cowboys. I have seen 75,000 cattle there at one time, awaiting shipment to the East. Money was plentiful. The smallest coin was a quarter—two bits. A cigar was two bits, a drink of whisky two bits, a newspaper two bits. I remember the first nickels and dimes that came to Dodge City. A druggist introduced them, expecting to draw trade by pricing certain articles at five and ten cents and giving change; but no one wanted his chicken feed.

Prairie Justice

Easy money on the border brought into its towns an invasion of gamblers and sharpers of every stripe, and between them and the men of the open was a fierce enmity. The frontiersman used his revolvers not only for offense and defense but as a safety valve, to blow off the excess steam of his hot emotions, as an expression of his pleasure as well as his anger and resentment. When excited or drunk, instead of swinging his hat aloft and hurrahing, he split the air with a salvo of shots from his artillery. When the British Blondes gave a show in Dodge City's largest dance hall, Prairie Dog Dave, unable to restrain himself, drew both his guns and belched ten exuberant shots into the ceiling, and no one objected. I saw a cowboy puncture a piano with five vicious bullets because he could not keep step to its music. When a fresh traveling salesman from Kansas City came to our hotel and grew sarcastic over the plain food set before him by hard-working Mrs. Kelly, String-finger Jack expressed the popular disgust and won the approval of the public by shooting under the table at the stranger's feet.

If a man killed another there was no coroner to hold an inquest and no court in which a man might be tried, but there was a court of public opinion. To kill a man who was unarmed was murder, and the fellow who did it was usually shot to death or run out of the country. It was murder to shoot a man in the back or to shoot him unawares

In a freighters' camp at Wagon-bed Springs two men quarreled, and after they were separated, and all of us thought the fuss was over, one of them, Arizona Jack, shot and killed the other without warning. We formed what was called a jack-rabbit court, Arizona was put on trial for his life and found guilty. He begged for his life, but the executioner, just before he pulled the trigger, rebuked him with:

"You're not as decent, even, as a rattlesnake, for it warns before it strikes."

In every killing there must be an element of self-defense or of punishment for an unforgivable wrong, such as cheating at cards. After a justice of the peace had established a court in Hays City, a man killed another in a game of poker. The slayer was taken to the justice, who asked, "Are you guilty or not guilty of downing this man?"

"Guilty."

"What did you kill him for?"

"He started to count the cards in the deck."

"Suspected you of cheating, hey?"

"Sure. He might just as well have come right out and accused me of cheating."

"That's so. Who saw you down this man?"

"No one. We was playing alone."

"Then go on about your business and keep your mouth shet. Prisoner is discharged for lack of evidence."

Billy the Kid's Gratitude

The code against shooting a man without giving him a chance was so rigid it was extended even to the protection of outlaws. At a dance in Hays City one night I saved the life of Billy the Kid, not solely for the reason that I knew him well but simply that I could not see any man murdered from behind. He was probably the most pitiless killer of that period. He was mounting his horse in front of the dance hall, his back to the open door, when a man, greedy for the price on the outlaw's head, alive or dead, would have shot him in the back, but I threw his six-shooter up and exclaimed, "Don't shoot him in the back!"

The outlaw heard the commotion, turned and saw what was happening, leaped into his saddle and faded into the night.

A few days later a stranger came riding to our ranch, inquired for me and gave me this message:

"Billy the Kid sent me to tell you he won't forget that you saved his life."

Not long after that, Pat Garrett, Federal deputy marshal, and a posse went after Billy the Kid. My brother, Clyde Sutton, was one of the posse. They cornered the Kid and his gang in a cabin in the Panhandle and smoked them out after a bloody all-night-and-day siege during which Clyde saved the Kid from being shot down as he surrendered. But the Kid escaped from jail at Santa Fé before long and returned to cattle rustling. Pat Garrett set out on the trail again and, passing by our ranch, added me to the posse. We ran the rustlers down in a sod ranch house near White Oaks.

Knowing a battle would mean death on both sides, Garrett said to me: "You know the Kid; you and your brother each have saved his life. Go up to the house with your hands up—he won't shoot you—and tell him that I guarantee a fair trial at Santa Fé if he will surrender."

Jimmy Carlyle, a young cowboy, volunteered to go with me. We unbuckled our belts and guns and walked toward the soddie with them held aloft in our hands. Within 100 yards of the cabin we dropped our guns on the prairie and walked on. Billy the Kid opened the door for us and shook hands with me. He was just a thin-faced boy, with long hair and two buck teeth—incisors that were longer than the others, giving him a sort of wolfish look when he grinned. I have seen only one picture of him; I have a copy of that, but it does not look like him.

"What's Pat's game now?" he asked me.

"You can't get away. Garrett has you surrounded and if there's a fight a lot of men will be killed. Garrett will protect you and see that you get justice," I told him.

"Justice! I'm not lookin' for justice. That's the one thing I don't want," the Kid replied.

"He will see that you get a fair trial," I went on.

"We ain't lookin' for no trial. You go back and tell Pat to come on with his posse, and come a-fightin'."

There were five as evil-faced men as I ever saw in there with the Kid, and as Jimmy and I came out the door I said, "No shooting in the back, Kid."

"You know better than that; I'd kill a man if he just looked like he wanted to down you. I'm not a snake."

"That goes for Jimmy here, too, doesn't it?" I asked.

"Your Jimmy is nothin' to me," he answered.

"He's my friend," I insisted.

"Go on back to your posse," the Kid snarled, and slammed the door.

As we came away from the cabin the posse walked up toward us, and in doing so made a serious mistake. Before Jimmy and I could reach our belts and guns a volley ripped out from the cabin windows. I heard a bullet hit poor Jimmy in the back with a noise like a sharp whack with a stick, and he fell dead. The same volley killed Sheriff William Bradley and George Hindeman, a rancher. With that many lost, our posse withdrew.

"Next time I meet up with that boy I'll kill him first and read the warrant to him afterward," Garrett said, and he went after him, trailed him into a ranch house at night, and in pitchy darkness, Garrett shot in the direction in which he heard him moving, and when a light was brought the Kid lay there dead, with a six-shooter in one hand and a knife in the other.

The first court of authority in what is now Oklahoma was the United States Court established at Fort Smith, Arkansas. It had jurisdiction in criminal cases over all of Indian Territory and No Man's Land, an area of 74,000 square miles, extending from the Arkansas line away west to Colorado and New Mexico.

Supplementing the Six-Shooter

In that vast region the six-shooter had been the only law. Now the United States Government stepped in, and for the first time its law—backed and enforced by the six-shooter, too—was carried by its marshals out amongst the cattle thieves, desperadoes, murderers and whisky peddlers of that wild country.

The act of Congress creating the court gave it "exclusive, original and final jurisdiction" over all crimes committed in that territory. In 1875 Isaac C. Parker was appointed judge, and for twenty-one years he presided over it. For fourteen of those twenty-one years no appeal could be taken from his court.

No other court or judge in America was ever vested with such arbitrary power. A man charged with crime had a right to a trial by jury, of course; but those juries were selected under the eye of Judge Parker, and his instructions and charges to juries were calculated to sway and direct them.

The gallows in Fort Smith was built with a trap twenty feet long, large enough to hang twelve men at once. Before Judge Parker had been in office four months, six men were marched upon its trap and hanged in a row. It was the first time in America, probably, that six men were hanged in one group. Seven months later five men were hanged together from the same scaffold.

Twice in Judge Parker's term six men were hanged at one time. Three times five men were hanged at once. Three times four were hanged, and four times three were hanged together, while double hangings were of frequent occurrence. Those hangings were witnessed by crowds of thousands, some of whom came hundreds of miles to see them. They would camp around the scaffold, many sleeping upon the ground the night before.

(Continued on Page 177)

GRUEN

You will see this emblem only on jewelry stores of character

For Queen Elizabeth *was made the first wrist watch*

PRANCING about in a delirium of ambitious expectation, Malvolio, in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, expresses his wildest dream of glory with the words:

"I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel."

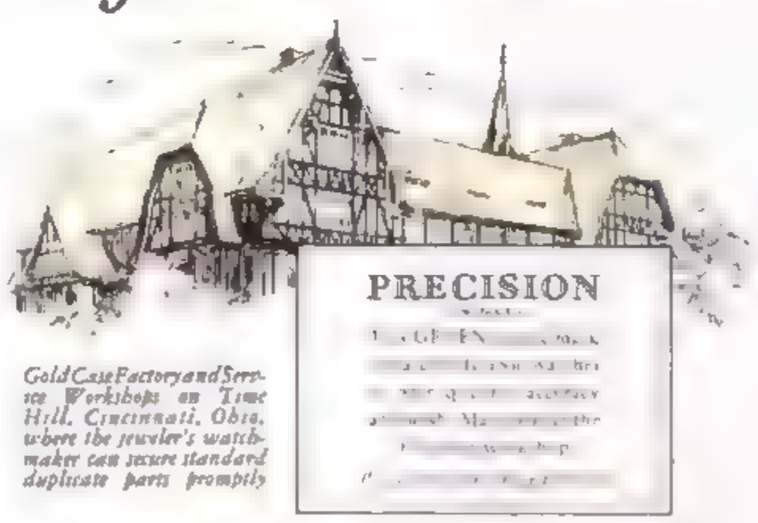
For few, in the days when guild masters made their watches patiently by hand, were those fortunate enough to enjoy the products of their craft

Guild watches were then the ornaments of princes. It is said that for a while, not long before Shakespeare had created his Malvolio, King Edward VI was the only Englishman to own one.

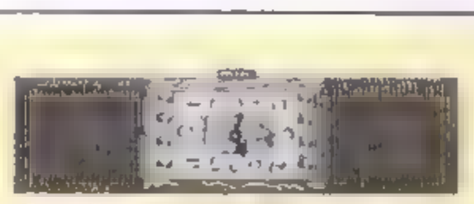
Queen Elizabeth had a famous collection, including the first wrist watch of which we have any record—"a richly jewelled armlet, having in the closing thereof a clocke"—presented to her by the Earl of Leicester.

But the common people long continued to tell time by the town clock, if they happened to live near one, by the sun, sometimes by pocket dials, mostly by guesswork.

Today, guild watches, far more accurate than any of Elizabeth's twenty or so, and surpassing them all in workmanship and design, can be purchased at moderate prices in every American city and town.



Gold Case Factory and Service Workshops on Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, where the jeweler's watchmaker can secure standard duplicate parts promptly



Gruen Cartouche, $60. Others, $35 to $250

Gruen Strap, $45. Others, $25 to $150

These new guild watches are the product of a modern guild of watchmakers, founded more than fifty years ago, the Gruen Watch Makers Guild.

Many of the men who make them are actual descendants of the old guild watchmakers of Switzerland, which early became the recognized watchmaking center of Europe.

They and their fathers before them have been skillful workers thoroughly trained in a single art, that of making watches.

They are banded together in the Gruen Guild to preserve in the making of watches today the noblest tradition of that art, the old guild spirit of finest workmanship, which they regard as their own natural inheritance.

In nearly every community the better jewelers can show you the Gruen Guild Watches pictured here, as well as many other exquisite examples of modern guild artistry. Their stores are marked by the Gruen Service emblem shown above.

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GRUEN GUILD WATCHES

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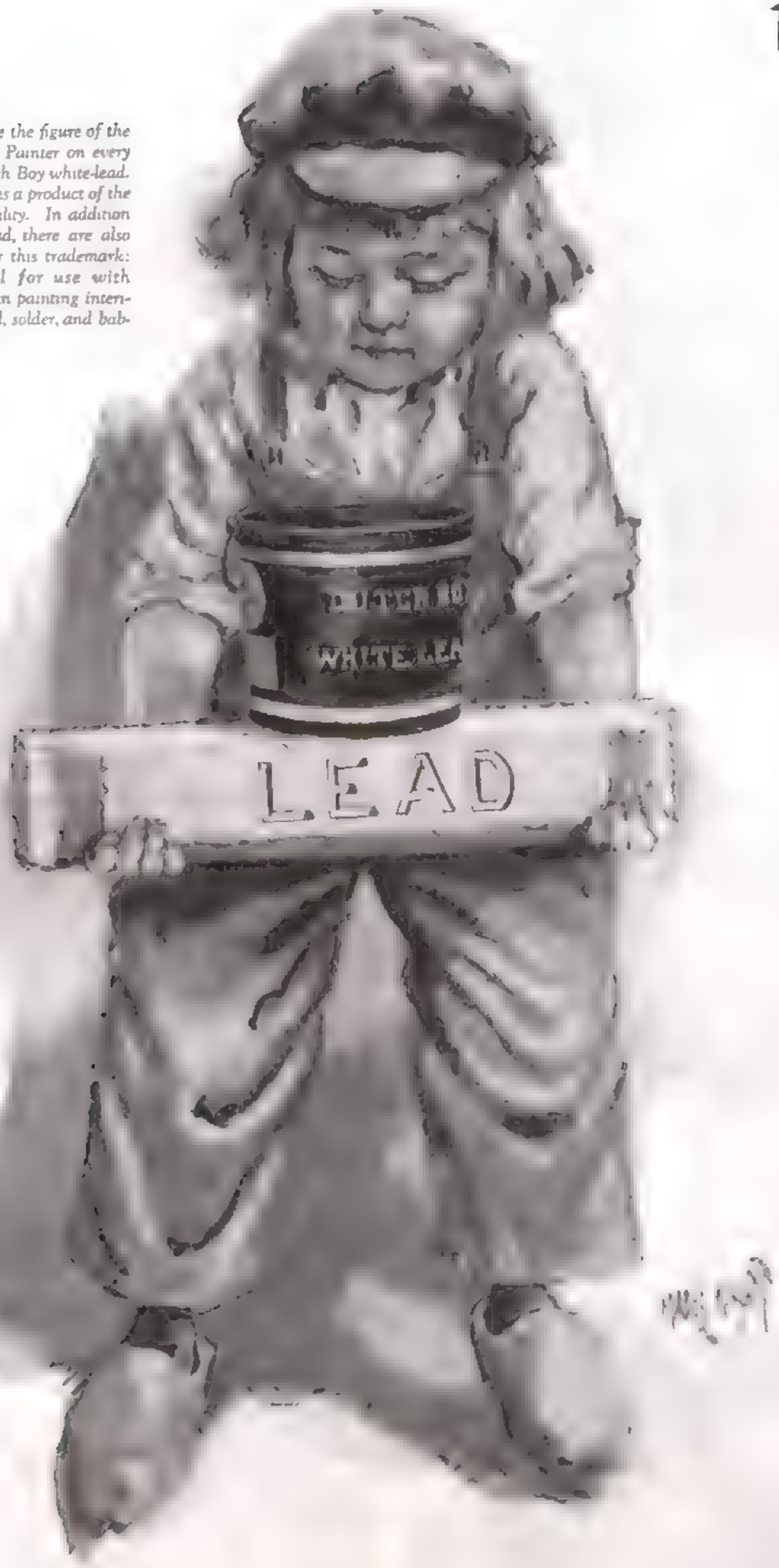


You will see the figure of the Dutch Boy Painter on every keg of Dutch Boy white-lead. It guarantees a product of the highest quality. In addition to white-lead, there are also made under this trademark: flatting oil for use with white-lead in painting interiors, red-lead, solder, and babbitt metals.

MANY house-owners today will answer that question by saying, "Paint made of Dutch Boy white-lead and pure linseed oil." Why do they prefer this paint?

Dutch Boy white-lead is pure white-lead, corroded from the metal, lead. It makes an all-lead paint which resists the attacks of the weather. It gives sure protection. Best of all, it *wears*.

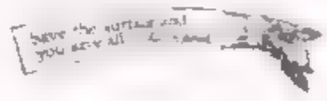
If your house needs paint—if it is beginning to look a bit weather-worn and shabby, cover it now with Dutch Boy white-lead paint. Thus, you insure yourself against loss from decay. You increase the value of your property. A well-painted house brings a higher price than one that is paint-starved.

Dutch Boy white-lead paint is very reasonable in price. Only 100 pounds of Dutch Boy white-lead is required to make seven gallons of pure lead paint. The real economy, however, in using this paint begins after you buy it. Dutch Boy white-lead paint is durable under all kinds of weather. It does not crack or scale. It enables you to save the cost of repairs you would have to make sooner or later on unpainted and deteriorating property. It lengthens the period between repaintings. And each succeeding year the appearance and the condition of the house painted with Dutch Boy white-lead make evident the superiority of this pure lead paint.

For first-hand information on Dutch Boy white-lead paint consult the most reliable painter in your neighborhood. He knows its qualities and its suitability for your particular job.

Write for new paint booklet

"Decorating the Home" is a new free booklet illustrated in color which suggests decorative treatments for exteriors and interiors. It will be sent you if you write our nearest branch. If you are planning to decorate your home, write our Department of Decoration in care of our nearest branch. Specialists will help you plan distinctive color treatments without charge.



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New York, 111 Broadway; Boston, 131 State Street; Buffalo, 116 Oak Street; Chicago, 900 West 18th Street; Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Avenue; Cleveland, 820 West Superior Avenue; St. Louis, 722 Chestnut Street; San Francisco, 485 California Street; Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Avenue; Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut Street.

Dutch Boy White-Lead

MAKES AN ALL-LEAD PAINT

(Continued from Page 174)

In his twenty-one years upon the bench 13,500 men were tried before Judge Parker, and 9500 of those were either convicted or pleaded guilty. Of those, 344 were convicted of crimes punishable by death and 174 were convicted of murder. He sentenced 172 men to death, and 88 of those were hanged during his term as judge.

All those crimes were committed within the Indian Territory or No Man's Land, and all those criminals came from there. Not one came from Arkansas, for although Judge Parker's court was in Arkansas it had no jurisdiction over criminal cases in that state.

I went often to Fort Smith with prisoners from the Territory. Bill Tilghman and I went there once with twenty-one prisoners. Eight of those men were afterward convicted in Judge Parker's court and hanged, but at least fifteen of them deserved hanging. I heard some of his famous charges to juries and his vitriolic diatribes in sentencing criminals to be hanged.

A Well-Earned Dinner

Parker was a good judge. We need more of his brand of justice and less maudlin sympathy for criminals today. Off the bench Parker was a gentle, courtly man and the people of Fort Smith honored him.

During his term sixty-five marshals were murdered while on duty in his jurisdiction. In sentencing Henry Starr to be hanged for killing a deputy, he said, "You tried this brave officer of the law, condemned him to death and executed him with a six-shooter; and now it is only simple justice that you should die at the end of a rope."

Judge Parker believed there were born criminals; that a baby might come into life with the mark of Cain on its brow. He said so, often. To him the law was a fearful and sublime avenger, and he and his court the arbiters in a fierce contest between civilization and savagery.

"I never hanged a man—it was the law," he said once.

I was in his court when a murder trial was drawing to a close. The accused was a young man of good appearance and manners. He was ably defended. His father, mother and sister, respected people, were in court beside him. After the jury retired to consider its verdict, there was some belief among court attachés that there might be an acquittal. Judge Parker evidently shared this doubt of conviction, for when the jury returned with a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree he said, "Gentlemen, you have done your duty."

Turning to the landlord of the hotel where the jury ate its meals, he asked, "Have you prepared a good meal for these men?" The hotel man nodded and the judge continued: "Then take them over and give them a good dinner. They deserve it."

While this was going on, the convicted man and his parents and sister formed a pitiful group, clasped in one another's arms and moaning.

The man was guilty. Judge Parker knew it, and in his heart was no sympathy for him.

The Indian outlaw, Cherokee Bill, one of the most fiendishly cruel criminals of my experience, who had murdered thirteen men, including his brother-in-law, was sentenced to death by Parker. Someone smuggled a revolver in to Cherokee while he was awaiting sentence. The Indian killed the first guard who approached and began a sniping match with the other guards. Every time he fired he gobbled. This gobble was peculiarly Indian, an unearthly sound something like the howl of a coyote and the gobble of a turkey cock merged. It was a death cry among the Territory Indians. A defendant before Parker once pleaded that he had killed another Indian because the latter gobbled at him. The prosecutor was aghast at the flippancy of the excuse, but the defendant introduced several witnesses who testified that when an Indian gobbled he meant sudden death to any or all in his path.

Henry Starr, a fellow prisoner, finally induced Cherokee Bill to give up his gun by appealing to Bill's love for his mother, and Bill promptly was tried for the death of the guard.

I was in Fort Smith when Parker sentenced Cherokee Bill a second time to be hanged.

Bill's mother sat beside him in the court room and heard it all, and she followed him to the scaffold. She was not permitted to accompany him in his death walk from cell to gallows, but as he stood on the trap, with Maledon strapping his ankles together, he looked out and saw his mother in the crowd.

"Mother, you shouldn't have come here," he called to her.

"I can go wherever you go, Billy," she called back.

"Do you want to say anything to the crowd?" asked the hangman.

"No, I didn't come here to windjam; I come to die," was his answer.

Bill's Ode to His Mother

When they cut his body down they found under his blouse a photograph of his mother, lying over his heart, and upon the back he had scrawled a verse of his own composition:

"MY DREAM

"I drempt I was in heaven, among the angels fair,
Id near seen none so hansome, that twine in golden hair.
They looked so neat and sang so sweet,
And playd the golden harp; I was about to pick an angel out,
And take her to my heart.
But the moment I begun to plea, I thought of you my love,
There was none Id seen so beautiful, on earth or heaven above,
Forgive me, mother, mother dear, I hope my dream comes true,
And we will meet on golden street and happy be with you."

The photograph, with the verse on the back, was given to Cherokee Bill's mother. She called at the jail to see Henry Starr and showed it to him. The bandit read it, returned it to her and said earnestly, "Bury it with him. When God sees it maybe He'll take him in."

Henry Starr was the only man I ever knew who denounced Judge Parker to his face in open court.

"Have you anything to say why the judgment of the court should not be carried out upon you?" the court asked.

"Are you going to sentence me to death?" asked Starr.

"It becomes my duty to do so under the law," said the judge

Telling the Judge

"What law have you for that?" demanded Starr. "In this case there is only one law—the law of self-defense. That is the law of God and man. Under that law it was my duty to kill Floyd Wilson. You know that. It was proved here. You cannot sentence me to death under that law. Under what law are you proceeding when you sentence me to be hanged?"

Judge Parker ignored him and started to make his usual lengthy lecture, denouncing Starr, when Starr interrupted him with:

"Don't try to stare me down, old Nero. I've looked many a better man than you in the eye. Cut out the rot and save your wind for your next victim. If I am a monster, you are a fiend, for I have put only one man to death, while almost as many have been slaughtered by your jawbone as Samson slew with the jawbone of that other historic ass."

He actually bluffed Judge Parker so that he stopped his harangue and pronounced the sentence. Starr appealed, got a new trial, was convicted and sentenced to death again by Judge Parker; appealed again, was granted another new trial, and just then Judge Parker was retired. Another judge took his place and he permitted Starr to plead guilty to manslaughter for the killing of Wilson, and reduced his term for train robbery, so that Starr went to the penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, for thirteen years. He served more than half that term, and was pardoned by President Roosevelt, to whom he gave a promise that he would live honestly thereafter. He died eventually, however, with his boots on while robbing a bank.

Times changed, the Indian Territory began to settle up and settle down, other courts were established, and the Fort Smith tribunal was stripped by Congress of its extraordinary powers. Stung by what he felt was unjust criticism, Parker died within a few weeks after his removal from his office. He and his court passed out together.

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firmly hold cigars, big or little, from falling on rugs or floors. And if a "smoke" burns up to the clip, the clip puts it *out*.

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Colors: dark bronze, mahogany, red, olive green and willow green. Prices: $10.50 delivered east of the Mississippi; and $11 west of the Mississippi.

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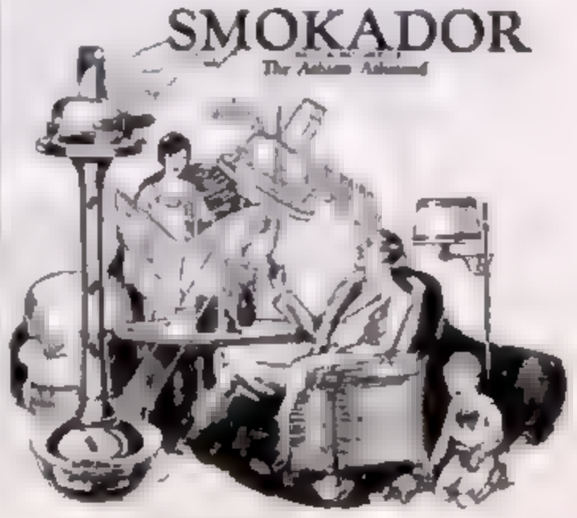

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YOU can enjoy a daylighted basement in the home you've planned if you see to it that Fenestra Basement Windows are installed. They admit 80% more light than ordinary windows of the same size, open easily, shut tightly, and cannot wear out. Your local dealer carries them in stock for immediate delivery with your other building material

PERHAPS it is because so much more light can enter—or perhaps it is the striking beauty of the slender muntins and small glass panes that gives a home with Fenestra Casement Windows an added charm, a cheerful, sunny coziness.

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Fenestra

homes and apartments
schools and institutions
commercial buildings
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A GAME OF MARBLES

(Continued from Page 22)

biggest of all is the entire practical civilization of this century and this country. There is so little place for sculpture. The architect, with whom the sculptor was once wont to coöperate, builds for simplicity, austerity. Inside and out, surfaces find beauty in line alone. The decorative statue and the bas-relief are replaced by shining acres of marble. The old gods are dead, and if the new gods are content to be worshiped in temples that look like office buildings, it is the sculptor and not the gods that suffer. According to Jo Davidson, one of the leading figures in contemporary sculpture, every country has the art it deserves -which settles that point very patly.

As to large sculpture in the home, it is, except for a few great houses, almost an impossibility. In the cities where art flourishes and is bought, dwelling places are compressed yearly into smaller and smaller floor space. Anything but the tiniest figurine can't find breathing space. I found a friend standing wistfully before a little dancing faun, perhaps three and a half feet high, at an exhibit the other day.

"I do want that faun," said she.

"Why don't you have it?" I asked. Her mink coat was long and expensive.

"Well," she said, "we've got two rooms. They have to be bedroom, living room, dining room, party room and study. As it is, everything either disappears or has to be used for something else, and unless I could train the faun to disappear, too, there wouldn't be a safe place in the whole establishment for him."

It was very sad, but not so sad as it would have been if the rooms hadn't cost $670 a month.

How a Beginner Gets a Start

Perhaps the simplest thing a young sculptor can do nowadays is to emulate that gay young Greek, Pygmalion, who so far forgot his business sense as to fall in love with his favorite work, the beautiful statue of a maiden called Galatea. The importuned gods gave her life, which settled all commercial details and made her much more convenient to have about the house or not, according to your point of view.

However, granting the impracticalities of this method, the present-day sculptor must attend prosaically to the aforementioned wedge. I asked a prominent sculptor, nameless by request, how he thought a beginner could get a start.

"There are three possibilities for becoming known," he said.

"The first and easiest is if you are rich from the start. Then the question of talent isn't so important. One can advertise, exhibit and at least get the attention of critics, if not their influence.

"The second is more complicated. Here again talent doesn't count for so much. If a man has some commercial ability and uses his intelligence to advantage, and can exercise a sense of the psychological moment to present his wares, he has a chance.

"The third way to get before the public is the most difficult. This is where the sculptor has only a big talent. Then his persistence and tenacity must be enormous if he is going to follow his desire without getting off the road.

"Many artists who belong in the third group die of hunger. One gifted man has to serve as an elevator man during the day and must work at his art during the evening, because his genius is unalloyed with more practical qualities. Another, a really celebrated artist, was given a banquet in another city. He went, and heard himself lauded for hours. But the next day was another day, and he didn't even have the money to pay his railroad fare back home.

"When the public looks at a piece of art," continued this slightly embittered man—who, it may be said, is himself both gifted and successful -"it never asks whether the sculptor is alive or dead, full or starving."

The First Cost the Highest

These may sound like harsh words, but as a Russian sculptor, Alexander Archipenko, whose exhibition at the Reinhardt Galleries, in New York, was one of the notable art events of the winter, said, "The way of the real creative artist who brings something new is a thousand times more difficult than that of an intelligent dilettante. That's why creative art is so unprofitable."

However, sculptors do live and exhibit, and even sell; so we must assume that there are a number who possess the right combination to get along in their business.

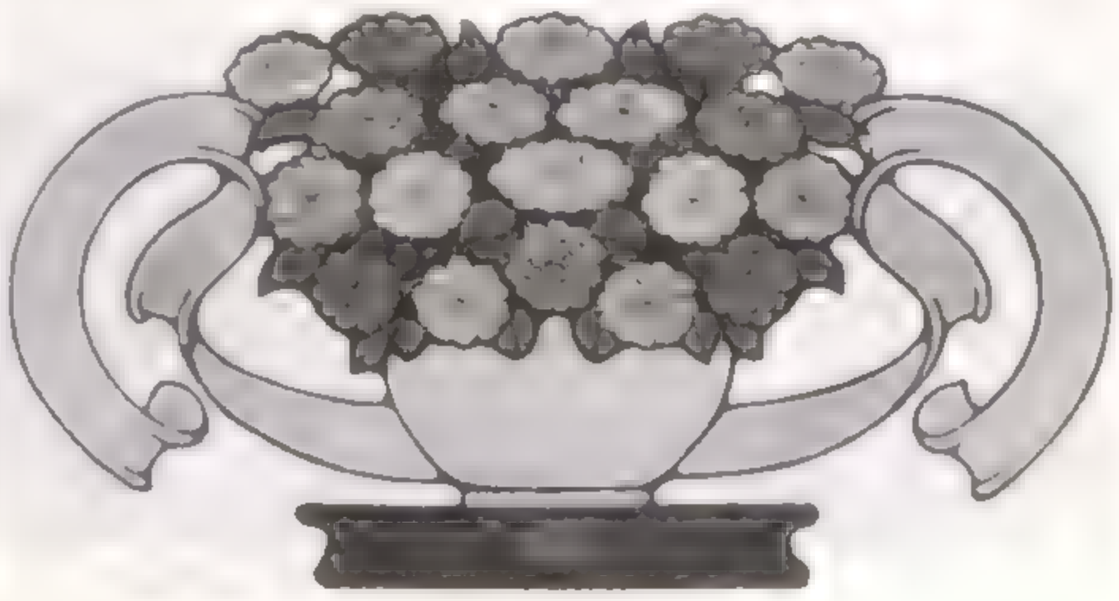
The details of getting one's work before the public are fairly standardized and very interesting.

The young sculptor, like the painter, must have some sort of stock on hand before he can set up shop. Gathering this together, however, presents much more of a problem than it does to the painter; for, though canvas is expensive and tubes of chrome yellow and Chinese red aren't thrown away like breakfast-food samples, the cost is nothing as compared to the materials and processes of sculpture—figures I will go into more numerically a little later.

In assembling his work, samples—and a complete line, too—are a most important consideration. The wise young man, Paul Manship told me, will have one of each type of thing he is able to do or wants to do ready for his first big show. He will, for instance, have a figure of a little girl to interest the doting mother who feels that only marble is fitting to preserve the fleeting youth of her infant; a mantelpiece for the man who is putting his first—or last—$100,000 into a new house; a fountain to attract Long Island owners of green-plush lawns; a bust that any statesman would want to have on hand for an emergency; and an animal figure for a spacious library.

"Because," said Mr. Manship, "once you make a thing, the public thinks you can do that, and nothing else. They insist on that particular species; so it is well to show your infinite variety early. A man I know happened to do a horse. It was the

(Continued on Page 180)



Cooking with Kerogas is really worth while

LOOK further than the name when you buy an oil stove. Particularly look at the burners. If they say "Kerogas," you can invest with confidence that you are getting a quality brand.

The wonderful Patented Kerogas Burner delivers a uniformly steady heat of any degree right where you want it. The control of this burner is as simple and perfect as a gas range.

Its "flame within a flame" assures great fuel economy because the patented feature of this burner (for kerosene) mixes 400 parts of air to one part of the fuel itself.

Remember, the burner is all important. Beyond this, stove buying is merely a matter of selecting the model best suited to your needs.

Ask your dealer to show you stoves with the Patented Kerogas Burners or write to us. There are two kinds: one using **kerosene**—the other, known as the Pressure Kerogas Burner, for **gasoline.**

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1238 First Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
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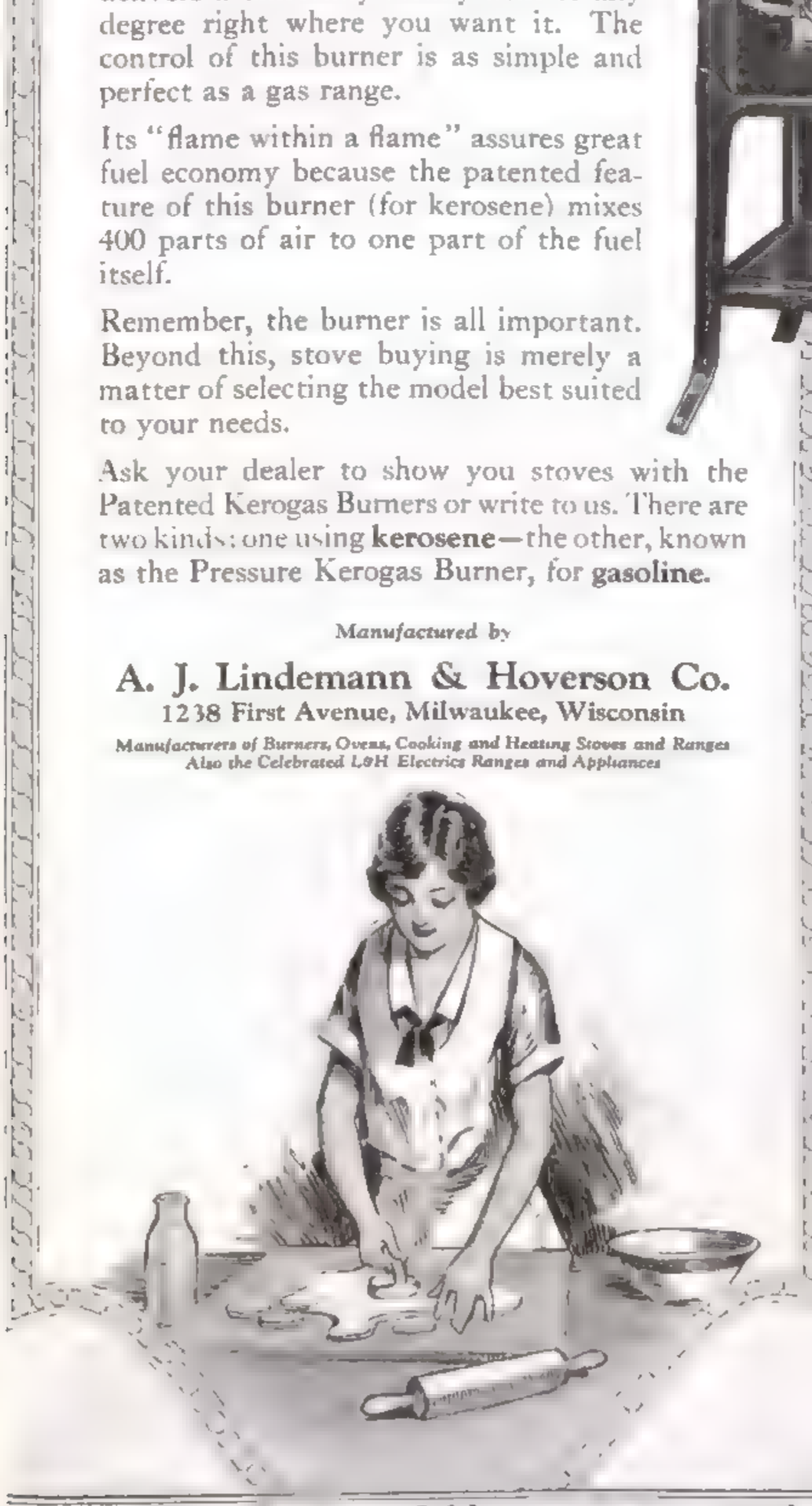
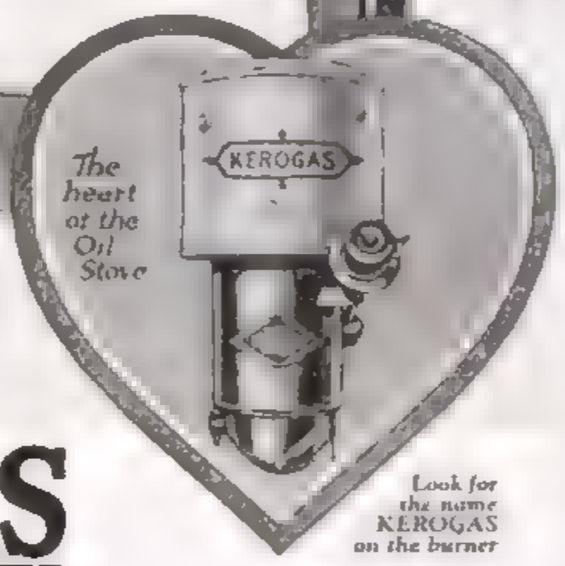


This model equipped with Regular and Giant Kerogas Burners using kerosene for fuel.



Look for the name KEROGAS on the burner

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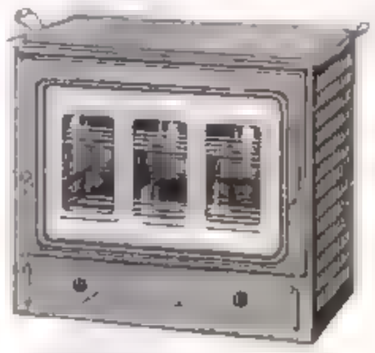
Every "Giant Kerogas Oil Stove" equipped with "regular" Kerogas Burners also has one of the new Patented Giant Kerogas Burners. This "Giant" is capable of the most intense heat—when you need it quickly—but is easily regulated for ordinary use. You can get the new *Heavy-Duty Giant Kerogas Oil Cook Stoves* equipped entirely with "Giant" burners. Models equipped only with "regular" Kerogas Burners are also available.



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for Baking and Roasting is a fitting companion for the Kerogas Burner. As reliable as any range oven ever made, and as durable. Gives sure, uniform results, because its temperature can be regulated perfectly by burner beneath.

This model equipped with Pressure Kerogas Burners using gasoline for fuel.

Dealers' Note: The Best Jobbers are prepared to supply oil stoves equipped with Kerogas Burners

SILENCE, COMFORT, MILEAGE

A *trinity in one*

Those three essentials to perfect tire traveling, whether on clay or concrete, solid surface or spongy soil, are *combined* in

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Comfort—Flexible, yielding, cushioning resiliency, leveling jolts and jars, bounces and bumps.

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PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO. OF AMERICA, INC.
Jeannette, Pennsylvania

(Continued from Page 178)

first thing of his that was at all widely known. He wasn't much interested in doing horses, nor was he any too adept at it, but from that time on his patrons decided that horses were his forte -so what was he to do, except refuse orders? He now has a stable of over forty horses of bronze, marble and plaster to his still surprised credit, but he says he feels like a veterinary."

After the work is ready comes THE EXHIBITION—and capitals are proper—at a museum or in the galleries of a dealer. In some few cases an artist has a large enough studio and acquaintance to give his own show, but this is almost too infrequent to be considered. The dealers have the proper thick-carpeted, broad-walled rooms, a trained staff and all the facilities for managing what—if heaven is kind—will be a large crowd. They understand the routes of publicity and advertising, and have effective mailing lists as well as constant clients.

They make the maneuvers to get important people as patrons; for, besides the social prestige, a whole-souled patron is apt to be carried away by the occasion into buying at least a small example of the artist's work. In the case of a foreign artist a ruling monarch offers an unsurpassable introduction. Last winter, in New York, an artist made his initial bow, and the invitations to the private view read: "Under the gracious patronage of and by special permission of His Majesty, the King of ——"

And in the list of patrons were two ambassadors, four international financiers, a most influential magazine editor and a duke.

Etiquette for Artists

Exhibitions are the great salesrooms. Even if at first there are not many cash transactions, the statues are not left to blush unseen under their dust covers.

After the initial exhibition the sculptor leaves some of his work with a friendly dealer, who can, if he will, push him among his friends, and can put a man over by his personality in return for the exclusive rights to his work. Sometimes a museum will buy a piece or two, which is invaluable as advertising to the sculptor.

It is at about this stage that the social instinct comes into play. It has been said that monuments are given to sculptors who have a great reputation, or who can be charming to beautiful women.

Certainly, the buying and selling of sculpture must be conducted with grace and tact. It is almost the last luxury bought for a house or a garden, and is bought mostly by sophisticated and affluent people who don't mind feeling that it is something of a social event.

Mario Korbel, a noted Bohemian sculptor of American adoption, who got his own start by modeling in the clay of his father's fields while he was tending geese, emphasized the difficulty that a young sculptor has to get on his social feet.

"When a youngster graduates from art school," said Mr. Korbel, "he is not an artist. He is just beginning to create. He doesn't know powerful and rich people, the Medici sort of patron of art is no more. He doesn't know the rudiments of social life and conduct. He is thrown on the world. The strong individuals of persuasive, attractive personality survive, but the weak succumb. Galleries and collectors are not interested in young unknowns. He must have contacts—contacts with people who have money and can buy, not just contacts with those who are interested, important as the latter may be."

An unusual scheme to help artists in this field of their work is projected for the future. A rich man—American—recently bought a beautiful château in France. His first thought was to leave it, when he died, as a center for scientific research. He became convinced later that science was much more richly endowed than art. So he changed his open mind and has made a will leaving his château as a sort of finishing haven—endowed—for young artists. After the school doors are shut the artist will be able to work there for three or four years, his materials and living furnished him. Once or twice a week the students will eat in full evening dress and be instructed in the mastery of the knife and fork. They will be spared the humiliation of the young Bohemian sculptor who was invited to dine with the president of the French Republic. He cut that test vegetable, the asparagus, into small pieces and the consternation was far greater than it may look in mere print.

Most Expensive of the Arts

During their three or four years at this château these post-students will have time not only to perfect their art and manners but to complete enough work to make an exhibition of weight when they emerge at last from sanctuary. Painters and sculptors will be given the materials of their craft. In all, it is planned to accommodate sixty young people; composers, writers and musicians will be included as well. Great men will be on the board of directors to furnish instruction and advice for this important intermediary stage, which usually sees the artist alone in a very oblivious world. In school he is protected; when he arrives he doesn't need help.

Such a Utopia will be a boon to young sculptors, for from the very clay, that "dust of the laboring earth," to the costly finishing processes, the sculpture trade means constant outlay for what we may call its proprietor. The cost of completing even the most unpretentious pieces is so much that many likely young men are kept out from mere inability to assemble material. To begin with, the studio equipment is an item. When you are working with clay and plaster you can't put your fountain model under the bed when not in use. The special boxes to keep the clay damp must stand some place—and all that means cubic feet of studio.

Clay, the essential, is obtained from special dealers who have it shipped from special localities, and life being what it is and freight rates what they are, you might as well use caviar, as one sculptor complained to me. Then, as I said, it must go through plaster to bronze or marble. Of course it is impossible to give exact figures, as the price varies with the size and type of the work, but, as an example, a mere head costs the sculptor about $110 for the casting in bronze and $500 if reproduced in marble.

"After that," said the complaining sculptor, "a museum offers you $500 for the completed marble head. And if you are wise you will sell it to them for the advertising."

To cast a life-size figure in bronze costs $1000, and to have it in marble, $2000.

Another important item in connection with this art, which is the most expensive of all arts for its creator, is the transportation question. Except on actual purchases, the

(Continued on Page 183)

FLOORS FINISHED WITH LIQUID GRANITE ENDURE GENERATIONS OF SERVICE

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Liquid Granite outwears other varnishes because it is made for that purpose. It endures millions of steps. And it costs no more than lesser quality because it is so widely known and universally demanded that it is used in almost every civilized country.

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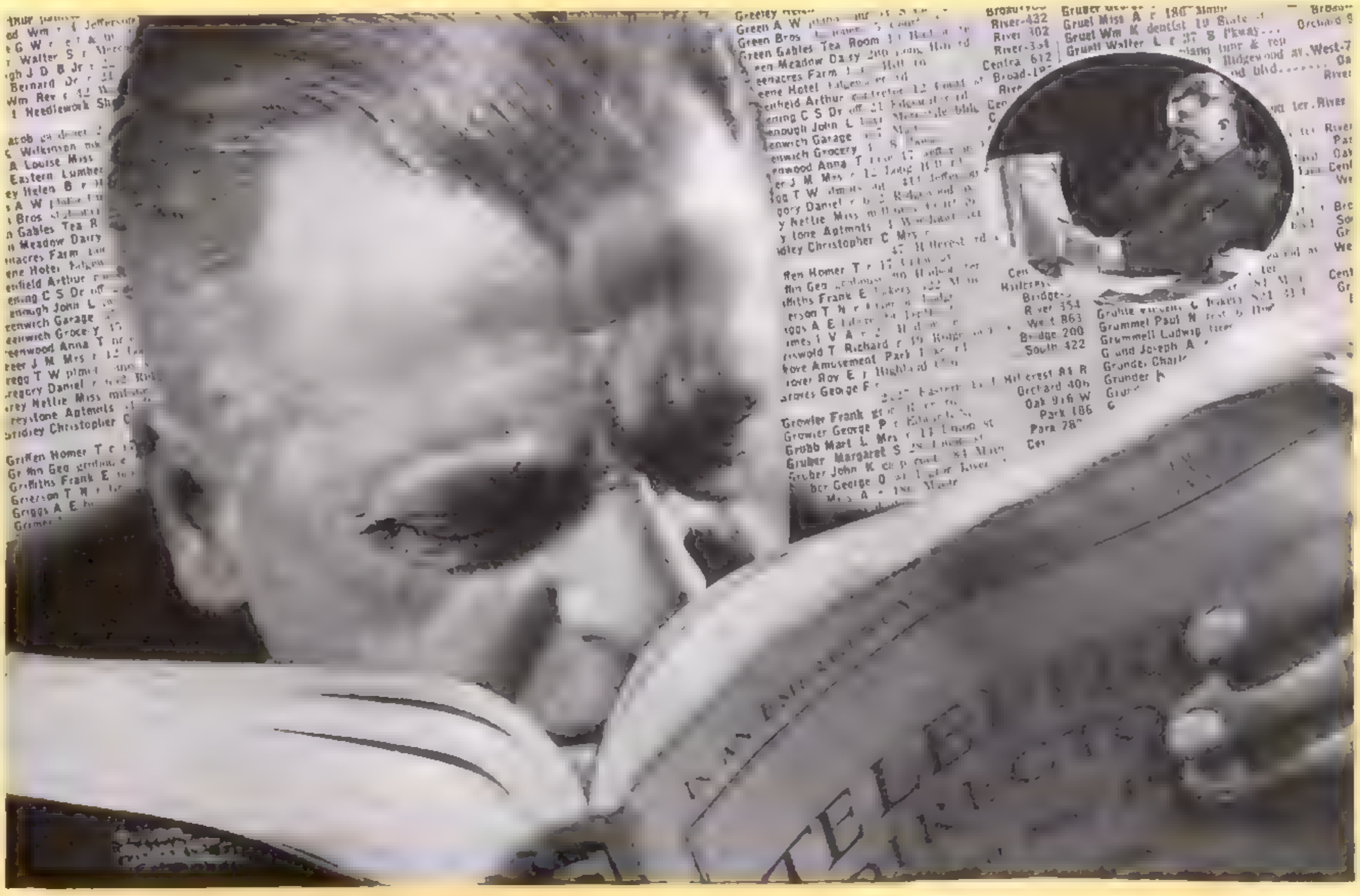

Don't blame the type—
it may be your eyes

"CONFOUND this book! Why can't they print it so a man can read it? I'll never catch that train!"

Some day—perhaps tomorrow—when you haven't a second to waste, *you* may find yourself struggling with the telephone directory, holding it first at arm's length and then under your nose, just as the man in the picture is doing. At first, you will probably blame the type, the paper, or the publisher for a condition that is squarely up to you.

Then, finally, *you'll suspect your eyes.* You will realize that you haven't been seeing as clearly and easily as you should.

Don't wait for this to happen. Long before the telephone book—or fine newsprint—blares the truth at you, your eyes try to warn you by symptoms that you fail to recognize—headaches, indigestion, fatigue and nervous depression. Defective eyes and poor health go hand in hand.

Remember: the mere fact that you see distant objects without difficulty does not mean that your vision is normal. Your ability to see objects close at hand may be failing.

Don't put off having your eyes examined until some chance experience thrusts upon you the long neglected truth. Play safe with your health. Only an eyesight examination will prove whether or not your eyes are normal.

* * *

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Have your eyes examined!

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American Optical Company Southbridge Mass U S A

ESTABLISHED 1833

(Continued from Page 180)

poor artist must pay for his own crating—try to buy lumber for just a small-sized bronze deer—hauling and expressage, and bear the tragedy of breakage. The delicate nuances of railroading necessary to get a plaster cast to an exhibit or a huge equestrian statue across the country would make an instructive monograph in themselves.

But we must assume again that these obstacles are survivable, for the woods are full of well-nourished gentlemen making and selling plastic beauty, and the prices paid by that delightful character, the ultimate purchaser, are reassuring.

A good average price for a portrait bust by an established artist is $5000 for bronze, or $10,000 for marble. From those figures prices go up to $50,000, which is said to have been paid recently to Jo Davidson for his super-life-size head of John D. Rockefeller in the Standard Oil Building Mr. Davidson was also paid by ten days of priceless conversation with Mr. Rockefeller during the sittings.

Monuments are a grand way for a sculptor to make money. In Chicago an artist was given a retaining fee of $10,000 a year for five years for his work on a huge civic fountain. At the other extreme of size, small figures sold in huge commercial editions mean comfortable houses and college education for the children. An example of what can be done when a figure is commercialized is the gay little statuette, the Good Fairy, which swept the country a few years ago, reproduced in every material from plaster of Paris for a quarter, to silver and gold at hundreds of dollars, sold at tourist stands and Fifth Avenue jewelers'.

Twelve Indians in the Garden

Usually decorative sculpture, such as garden figures, fountains and plaques, is made in small limited editions of twelve or fifteen copies. These are signed and sold like etchings, after the cast has been destroyed. The purchaser is willing to run the risk of meeting his dancing nymph's sister in a neighbor's garden. Sometimes, however, a buyer will command an exclusive piece of work and will of course pay in proportion.

One affluent Long Islander saw a slim green-bronze Indian at an exhibition a few months ago.

"I want this," he said to the sculptor. "It's the only one of its kind, isn't it? Wouldn't want anyone else to have one."

"Sorry," said the artist. "There are eleven others just like it; now that they are cast I wouldn't be able to destroy them."

"I'll take the lot," said this ideal purchaser, "and send around a truck to your place next week."

The sculptor can't wait until spring, he says, to go out to the man's estate and see how the twelve little Indians are to be ambushed in the garden. For unless you have a private foundry, bronze statues are about as easy to dispose of as razor blades.

Here again it is difficult to be specific about prices. Though the little Indians only cost $400 a piece, a simple stone fountain may cost $500, a bronze Diana $1800; and I saw a luxurious marble bird bath, too elegant for any bird lower than a bird of paradise, which had set back a wealthy amateur ornithologist $15,000.

Garden sculpture is a favorite expression of the art with many modelers, chiefly because "it doesn't have to look like anyone."

Like painters, sculptors are bothered by the demands of their sitters. People are difficult. All the ladies want to look like Aphrodite, and it's a rare sensible man who isn't a little disappointed if he doesn't come out with a *soupçon* of resemblance to the glorious Apollo. The violence of a wrinkle when chiseled in marble or furrowed in bronze is too much for most customers, and many are the sculptors left to agonize over adverse criticism.

A Family Likeness

When a certain sculptor, again obviously nameless, first came to this country he was asked to do a portrait bust. He was charmed but terrified.

He agreed to make it for a small sum in order to get a start.

"I began the sitting," said he, "and found that the whole family was prepared to help me on each point. I had to sign it. . . . today it goes as an X portrait sculpture, but it was really a combination of the family talents, and I have to carry the blame. If you are great enough—show the family the door!"

"Rare, indeed," writes Max Beerbohm in his essay, Mobled King, "is the statue that can please the well-wishers of the person portrayed. There is in the art of sculpture itself a quality intractable to the aims of personal portraiture. Sculpture, just as it cannot fitly record the gesture of the moment, is discommoded by personal idiosyncrasies. The details that go to compose this or that gentleman's appearance—such as the little wrinkles around his eyes and the way his hair grows and the special convolutions of his ears—all these, presentable on canvas, or evocable by words, are not right matter for the chisel, or for the mold and furnace. Translated into terms of bronze or marble, howsoever cunningly, these slight and trivial things cease to be trivial and slight. They assume a ludicrous importance.

"No man is worthy to be reproduced as bust or statue. And if sculpture is too august to deal with what a man has received from his Maker, how much less ought it to be bothered about what he has received from his hosier and tailor! Sculpture's province is the soul. The most concrete, it is also the most spiritual of the arts."

Perhaps it is this quality that often makes the actual modeling a long and arduous task. When Rodin did his head of one of the Popes he had ninety sittings. And at that time he is said to have considered it only a sketch. But then Rodin was known for being unusually conscientious about his business.

There is a delightful story of how he fulfilled one of his first contracts. At the very beginning of his career he was commissioned to make a statue for a small town in France.

For one reason or another the statue was never made, and the little town, putting no special emphasis on the work, let things slide until the matter was a mere dusty tumble of papers in the town archives. Through a number of sleepy years mayor succeeded mayor until at last and suddenly the town found itself with an alert new administration, which no doubt referred to itself as whatever a business administration is in French.

The slumbering archives were aroused and the administration pounced on the Rodin papers. It wrote to Monsieur Rodin in that inimitable French business manner, and with regards to the most distinguished of artists and felicitations on his great rise; still, the town felt that he should fulfill his agreement.

Buffalo Bill in Bronze

Monsieur Rodin replied, and immediately. He thanked the town for its interest and expressed charming regard for the administration and intense regret for the delay. He said that he trusted that the damages suffered by the municipality because of the delay would be compensated for by the enhanced artistic value of the statue, the result of a long life of practice. He agreed to complete and deliver the statue in a short time—for the same price, incidentally—and did.

The most infinitesimal detail of likeness is apt to set a whole family off. It was Buffalo Bill's horse's tail that swished home this salient point of the sculptor's business. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney—Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney—who has done many beautiful statues and national memorials, had finished the equestrian statue of the intrepid Col. William F. Cody, which she had been commissioned to make by the state of Wyoming in memory of the famous scout. There had been months of that exacting toil, twin sister of inspiration, which plays an equal rôle in transforming clay into a more articulated form. The great statue had been put through the fires of transportation, and the vivid colonel stood at last on his permanent, commanding eminence in the town of Cody, built by him and named in his honor.

Mrs. Whitney sighed with relief that hot Wyoming day when the dedication was over and the assembled kinsmen of Buffalo Bill pressed around her. A few words

(Continued on Page 185)

John D. Rockefeller Sitting for Jo Davidson

White Witch.
is New and Unusual
So was the first radio

Here is a wonderfully practical cleanser for the skin—to use instead of soap—to wash off dirt, grease and stains, without irritation even to delicate skin. It deodorizes too.

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White Witch is particularly fine to wash with in hard water, for it *Softens Hard Water*. It lathers freely in hot or cold water.

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Ask your dealer; if he cannot supply, send us his name and 25c. for a full size can.

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(Continued from Page 183

of praise would not be unwelcome. An alert, elderly general was the spokesman for the clan. He drew himself up as he faced the sculptor. She drew herself up.

"Madam."

"General"

"Madam, we wish to object to the tail. It is libelous to the tail of the late Colonel Cody's mount—his horse had an exceptionally beautiful, full proud tail. And this"—he turned away with a choke in his throat, but not a word for the statue—"is an ordinary tail."

As it is as hard to change the tail on a bronze horse as it is on a real one, there was nothing to be done and the sculptor had to be content with praise from less closely related art critics

Portrait sculpture is not the only place where the artist is showered with objections and suggestions from self-constituted critics. Committees from memorials become, ex officio, art authorities. If Venus is to rise from the wave in the city fountain she must be adequately dressed. Mrs. Whitney told me a fine tale about her new St.-Nazaire Memorial, to be unveiled in June at St.-Nazaire, France. The monument, which is to commemorate the arrival of the first American troops in France, will be placed on an island pinnacle of natural rocks in the harbor. Mrs. Whitney's conception is simple and most stirring—a symbolic eagle with outspread wings on a pedestal rising out of the rocks themselves. On the eagle's back stands a doughboy, with a crusader's sword in one of his outstretched hands. At high tide the water covers the rocks, so that the eagle seems to be skimming the water.

"Well," said Mrs. Whitney, "the first thing they objected to was that the soldier's shirt didn't have enough buttons on it. Next someone was worried because he said the doughboys carried guns, not swords. But the final blow was when someone said, 'But you know a soldier wouldn't come on an eagle!'"

The Banker and His Bull

Much perseverance is necessary for this sculpture business—and a sense of humor. Though perhaps not as social a trade as painting, still the amenities are observed and the customer usually must be right. One most generous man told me that he always assumed that his clients were ladies and gentlemen, and if the artist and client had a disagreement, the fault was with the artist.

Strange orders must be executed, and if a client wants three nymphs and two fauns playing tag in his factory lobby, who is the artist to gainsay him? Once in a while, though, the sculptor balks. A year or so ago there were very tender negotiations under way between a young artist and a very rich banker.

The banker was considering having heads of his two children, his wife and himself modeled—a good, comfortable commission for the young artist

"Tell you what I'll do," said he to the sculptor. "I have a favorite bull on my place in the country. If you can do him well you can do the family."

"Go to hell," said the sculptor with as much politeness as the expression commands.

All that sounds like money doesn't mean politeness from the bank for the sculptor. There is, for instance, the difficulty of doing business with slightly intoxicated millionaires, who will conceive a brilliant idea for some piece of work.

"Twenty thousand, forty thousand, what do I care what it costs me?" said a magnate to a friend of mine at a gay party where champagne and art were being taken in equal doses. "What I want you to do is a wonderful man, a man who will portray the great spirit of liberty for which this country stands. Forty thousand, I'll pay you." And so on far into the night.

The next day the commission was forgotten by everyone but the sculptor.

Even an accepted execution of the order doesn't mean cash. There are good artistic debts and bad ones. Some rich men decide that they don't have to pay because their credit is so good. They have the interest-on-money question so much at heart that they feel when they pay $10,000 for an order, they are giving the artist $500 a year for life as well, and they hate to begin. They say, "I'm good for the money." And since the taboo which makes the discussion of art incompatible with the discussion of money exists as vigorously in connection with sculpture as with painting, all the poor artist can do is go out and borrow on the debt.

Art chatter is always full of horror stories, but it was reported to me not long ago that a certain artist had an exhibit, gleaming white and bronze against purple velvet in a smart small gallery; his subjects were the great and the beautiful of two continents. It was further reported that he was making anonymous book ends for an interior decorator for a living.

The beautiful were volunteer sitters, who had posed for the fun of seeing themselves in marble and for the glory that would result in being exhibited, not because they had the desire to buy. Several of the great had done the same. Others were paying at their leisure.

Fashions in Art

On the whole it is much harder for the sculptor to turn to the small side lines of commercial work than the painter. Illustrating and advertising have dignified themselves, but unimportant sculpture takes the good artist far beneath his level. It's very cold comfort to have designed the most beautiful flower holder on the market when what he wants to do is Abraham Lincoln.

As an art, of course, sculpture is eternal, but as a business it suffers terrifically from ups and downs of fashion. After the beloved Rogers groups fell into disfavor, it was considered almost fatal to have a piece of statuary standing in your drawing-room. The marble Diana went into the linen closet, the bronze lion got a doubtful home in the children's play room, and the little girl with kitten was just given to the laundress. Even public monuments were beginning to be sneered at by the intelligentzia.

Grand stands and amphitheaters were almost putting statues off the village green. The war, however, has done a lot for sculpture, and much beauty—as well as, unfortunately, many atrocities—has sprung up as the result of this boom.

During the last few years there has been, too, a decided renaissance of favor for small sculpture in the home. Bronze and marble have been augmented by sculpture in wood, such as the elemental figures of Sergei Konenkov, the noted Russian. On the whole, it is of a decorative rather than realistic type. The shining bronze spheroids of Brancusi, or three leaping golden fish against a velvet drapery, instead of a plaster saint, are the mode of the moment.

Also, whether this will be good or bad for the art, the home is beginning to go out and do clay modeling itself. It is becoming fashionable to sculp.

Last winter you could hardly be a proper debutante if your picture wasn't in the rotogravures of a Sunday, posed beside your best piece of modeling. Sculptors' studios were colorful with apprentices, and the Greenwich Village alleys of New York were choked with the motors of beautiful if incipient sculptresses.

One artist assured me that most of the children he knew were being taught sculpture instead of music. And it is an exceptional private school that doesn't send its pupils home with at least one clay figure at the end of the term.

There is not the least use in being scornful at this clay presented to the young on satin cushions. Perhaps it is the beginning of a new Greek era, when all the best people will again be sculptors.

Are YOU a "lady-in-waiting" *to a lazy drain?*

AFTER you've stepped from your bath, do you have to linger about—waiting for the lagging water to give its final gurgle—in order to swish out the tub?

Not if you use Drāno! You're hardly out of the tub before that whirlpool forms at the drain—sweeping the water away. For Drāno quickly dissolves the soapy refuse, hair, lint or other accumulations that collect in drains and make them slow-moving.

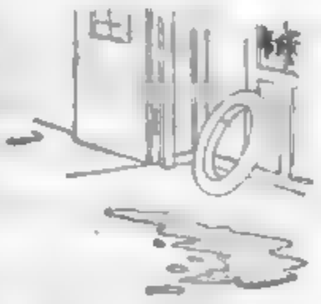
Use Drāno regularly, too, in kitchen, bathroom, laundry—it *positively will not harm porcelain, enamel or plumbing.*

Drāno *has many other uses*

A tablespoonful or two of Drāno every week will keep the refrigerator drain-pipe always clean and sanitary. There's nothing like it for disinfecting and deodorizing the garbage can. Drāno quickly brightens grease-encrusted iron pots and glass ovenware. It cleans down-spouts, too.

Drāno is now used in millions of homes. It's an everyday necessity. Keep it on hand—use it regularly.

Buy a can today at your grocery, drug or hardware store. Or send 25c for a full-sized can. Express charges additional outside of the United States and Canada. The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Clean garage floors —this way!

Sprinkle Drāno on your garage floor. It will quickly remove grease spots and oil drippings.

Drāno

TRADE MARK REG U S PAT OFF

Cleans and Opens Drains 25¢

Save

Dollars and Tires

—and lots of inconvenience by always carrying and using Las-Stik *quick* tire repairs.

Anyone can apply a *permanent* Las-Stik tube patch at home or on the road—without heat or special tools or appliances. Las-Stik—"the white tube patch that never fails"—adheres instantly, soon becomes "self-vulcanized" and welded so firmly it can not be pulled off with a pair of pliers without tearing rubber out of the tube itself.

Being all rubber, it stretches *with the tube.* Therefore it cannot peel off or tear out when the tube is inflated. A Las-Stik mend never blows through. It becomes the strongest part of the tube, and remains good long after the tube rots.

People who *use it regularly* will tell you that you cannot damage a tube while applying Las-Stik and that it is not only quicker and cheaper but also the best way to repair a tube. It should *always* be carried in the car, then you will *never* be greatly inconvenienced by tube trouble, for it will mend anything from a puncture to a 17-inch blowout. Outfit complete with buffer, best rubber cement and ample patching material for many emergencies, 50c at dealers' or by mail.

LAS-STIK PATCH MFG. CO., HAMILTON, O.
JOS. ST. MARS LTD. Toronto and Winnipeg, Can.

Las-Stik TUBE PATCH

"The white tube patch that never fails"

Las-Stik Patch Mfg. Co., Hamilton, O. Send me through jobber named below a sample of Las-Stik Patch ☐ Las-Stik Plaster ☐

Jobber's Name

and Address

My Name

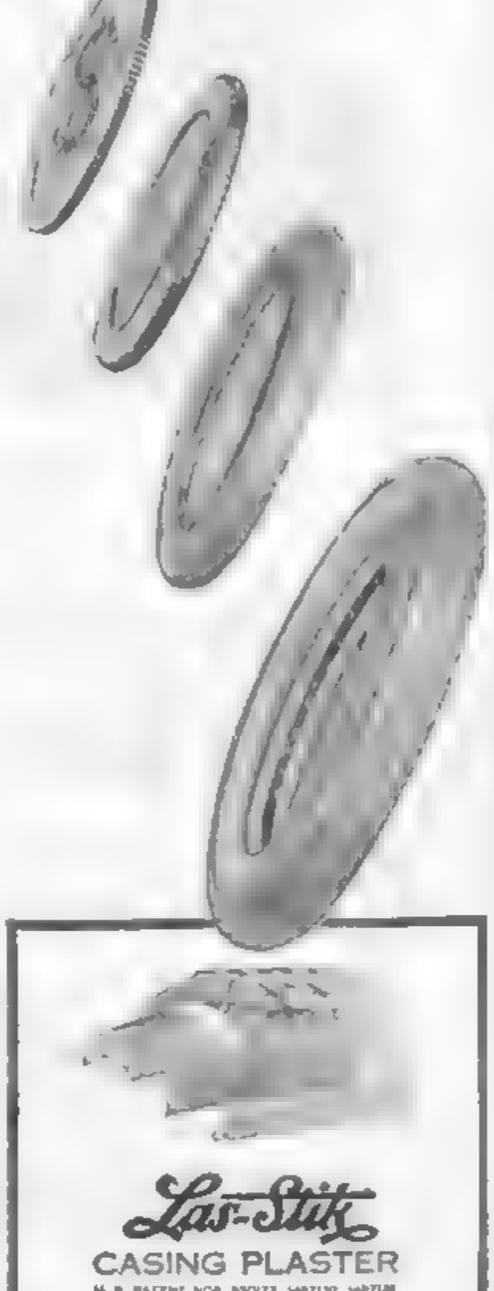
My Address

CAR OWNERS USE THIS COUPON

Las-Stik Patch Mfg. Co., Hamilton, O.
Gentlemen—Enclosed find $ ... Send me.. 50c can of Tube Patch ☐ 75c
Casing Plaster Check the size ☐ 50c ☐ 75c

Name

Address



Las-Stik CASING PLASTER

U. S. PATENT NOS. 1337172, 1337173, 1337174

As the diagram above shows, Las-Stik casing plaster is made of three layers of casing fabric and a white cap of soft, uncured gum. The patch is applied to the inside of the broken casing, after the casing has been cleaned and the entire plaster softened with gasoline. Apply the white cap over the hole and the gum will squeeze into the break, plug it and seal out the water and dirt. The plaster adheres to the casing, and soon becomes self-vulcanized, adding three layers of strongly welded strengthening fabric, which become a part of the tire.

For half inch cuts 25c size. For one inch cuts 50c. For large blowouts 75c. At dealers' or by mail.

Tube patch ... at dealers' or by mail

DESCENT IS EASY

(Continued from Page 17)

filled with plants, like a conservatory. To her left was a closed door. Everywhere was sunshine and beauty. The holiday decorations were still in place, mistletoe in the hall, holly over the mantels and a tree in the porch.

Mrs. Wyers could see two human beings, an old lady—herself at eighty—sitting on the porch in a low chair, and before her on a stool a little girl—herself at eight. A large yellow Persian cat slept close to the child's stool, though no cat was needed to make this picture cheerful.

Mrs. Wyers could hear the soft voices of four human beings. First, there was the voice of the old lady, who was reading. Her enunciation was that of New England, and Mrs. Wyers smiled—surely the child would always retain this smooth and beautiful speech and this impression of lovely age! There was, in the second place, the voice of the child, "Oh, grandmother, how I wish you would read that again!" At sound of that voice a change came over Mrs. Wyers' face, her cheeks flushed, her gaze grew more intense; if Ellen had been the child of her body she could have loved her no more; she was, after all, the fruit of travail of a different sort, but no less sorrowful. There was, in the third place, the distant conversation of two voices, louder than these and brisker, but heard more faintly.

There was another indication of human presence, the click-click of a typewriter from behind the closed door, and there were still softer sounds, the purr of a fire, the drip of water from the little fountain on the porch, the ticking of clocks, and from without, the soft cawing of crows on the broad lawn and the fields beyond, all subdued into a pleasant harmony.

Mrs. Wyers had not come to gaze at her house from this vantage point; she had come to receive the mail from the postman, whom she saw approaching. It was the housemaid's duty to answer the bell, but the housemaid was busy, and Mrs. Wyers was a considerate and indulgent mistress. Waiting the sound of the postman's step, she stood gazing. Warmth, sunlight, flowers, music, books! She was thinking of another blessing. She laid her left hand across her lips, hushing a word upon them. The word was "Safe!"

The postman's heel rang sharply, and she opened the door.

"Lots of mail!" said he.

"Bills, I suppose," laughed Mrs. Wyers, "and magazines. And learned pamphlets."

"There are letters too."

Mrs. Wyers laid the armful on the hall table. Letters—how few she had! How contained was her life in this house. Dr. Richard Wyers—twenty pieces at least. Mother—ah, mother would be glad for those; she had happy as well as tragic memories of Maine. Little Ellen—children's belated New Year cards. "Mrs. Wiers"—what an ill-spelled address and what an ill-smelling envelope!

"Mother," said she, "here is your mail. Ellen, darling, here is your mail." She went to the kitchen. "Mary, Kathleen, here is your mail."

Returning, she paused in the dining room and opened her letter. Ill-smelling as it was, she slipped her finger under the flap. Having read, she remained perfectly still until she heard Kathleen in the pantry; then she rose and went to the closed door behind which the typewriter clicked.

She entered so softly that she had been standing for a full minute before Wyers looked up. His fine eyes stared at her blankly—this was the way he always looked when he was interrupted, even though he had worked long past mealtime. He had a small, compact head and a fine, slender face with a closely trimmed black beard. Blinking his gray eyes as though to observe some unexpected or unusual sight, he rose slowly from his chair.

"Lunchtime?" he said, smiling. "Why, my dear, what is the matter?"

Mrs. Wyers did not move, and he came to her and took the paper from her hand.

"How cruel!" he said sharply. "Some old enemy."

"No," said Mrs. Wyers. She held out the envelope—the Carleon stamp was plain.

Wyers stared as though he could not believe his eyes.

"How the dickens?" He cleared the papers from the littered sofa. "Steady, Rose! Sit down."

Mrs. Wyers lifted her hand to her face. This time it was the back which she pressed against her lips. Her hand began to quiver. Wyers had not known her until the climax of the tragedy of her life was past and he was amazed by her distress.

"Oh, my darling! Nothing can hurt you."

"But little Ellen!" wept Mrs. Wyers. "I thought that here she need never know!"

III

HAVING given a final order to his clerk, Dallas opened the door. There was a flush on his cheeks, which were usually perfectly white, and an unwonted shine in his eye. The flush might have been reflected from his new dark-red scarf, but the light was bred by some inner excitement. He was going to Fairview on business. He never went away for more than a day and the lack of change had its part in warping his mind.

"The prescriptions are all there, Jim. Lunch will be sent from the hotel, and I'll be back at three."

There were two ways of reaching Fairview, which was the state capital; the R. & L. Railroad took a roundabout route through the largest villages and a bus line traveled on the more direct route. It was convenient for those who wished to spend only a few hours in Fairview to take a bus at nine and return in the train at three.

The bus, waiting in the square, was, when Dallas arrived, without prospect of other passengers. There were few persons in sight; on a winter morning Carleon seemed to be empty of inhabitants. The driver stood at the hotel window and seeing Dallas, looked at his watch and decided that he had two minutes more to spend in the overheated room gathering warmth for the journey. He spoke complainingly to the clerk, and when at last he climbed into the car he spoke complainingly to Dallas.

"Have a passenger every other Thursday who's always late. You see that place up there?" On a hill, far beyond the end of the broad street, stood the massive buildings of the state hospital. "There's where the bus business'll land me!"

Leaning forward so as to look down the street, he blew his horn furiously, and Dallas, following his glance, saw a girlish figure running toward the car.

"Don't make her hurry!" he said. "You've got time."

"Wait till you hear the crosspatches standing by the road!" answered the driver. He scrambled down, however, and said "Good morning, Mrs. Clayton" pleasantly enough, and helped the newcomer in to a seat by Dallas.

Dallas knew Mrs. Clayton only by sight; she was the wife of a young man who had started a music store and had failed, both in business and in health. They evidently had an income, because they kept their little apartment and continued to live without doing any work. In spite of her small body Mrs. Clayton had an amazingly deep and rich contralto voice, as out of proportion as the voice of a canary. Dallas had heard her sharply criticized because she had ceased to sing in a Carleon church but went every two weeks to Fairview to pay an exorbitant price for singing lessons. She had an old-fashioned leather music roll in her hand—a music lesson was doubtless the object of this journey. She was very pretty when she was well and a

(Continued on Page 189

YOUTH PICKS *THE ROADSTER!*

Youth, adolescent and mature, twenty-one and sixty-one, *graduated* and *superannuated* — youth picks the roadster. Youth picks a disciplined power, a pliant flexibility, a click-of-the-heel pickup, a snap, a speed, a stamina, a split-second performance — *youth picks the Diana Light Straight-Eight.* ¶ And here's style, here's Palm Beach, here's Biarritz, here's the smartest roadster of American production with the best of Europe added to it. Here are the lines, the class, the eye-appeal. Here's an *elastic* speed range varying from 2 to 77 miles an hour — acceleration, 5 to 25 miles an hour in 6½ seconds. But Diana Eight is more than a brilliant performer, more than a great automobile — *it's a fraternity, it's a club, it's a cult, and it spans the country north and south, east and west. It's everywhere.*

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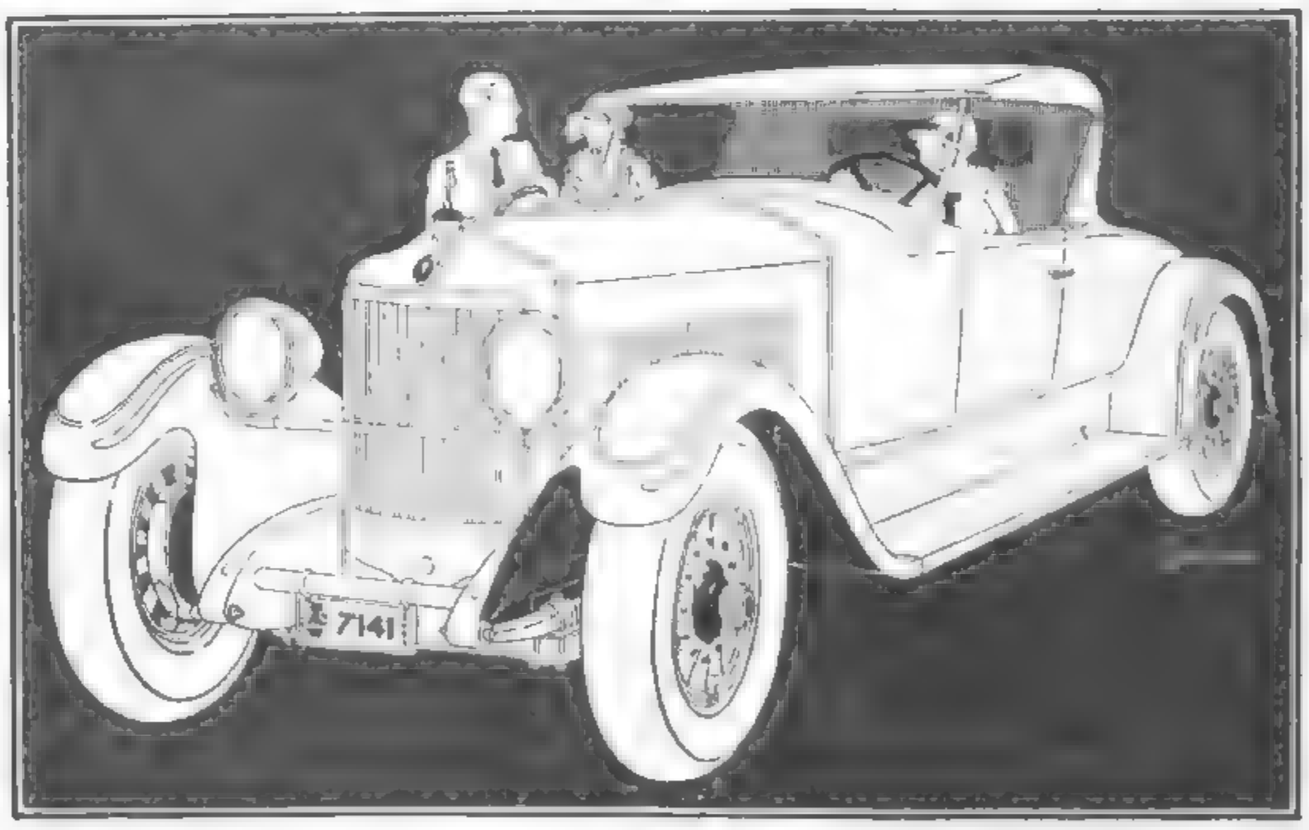

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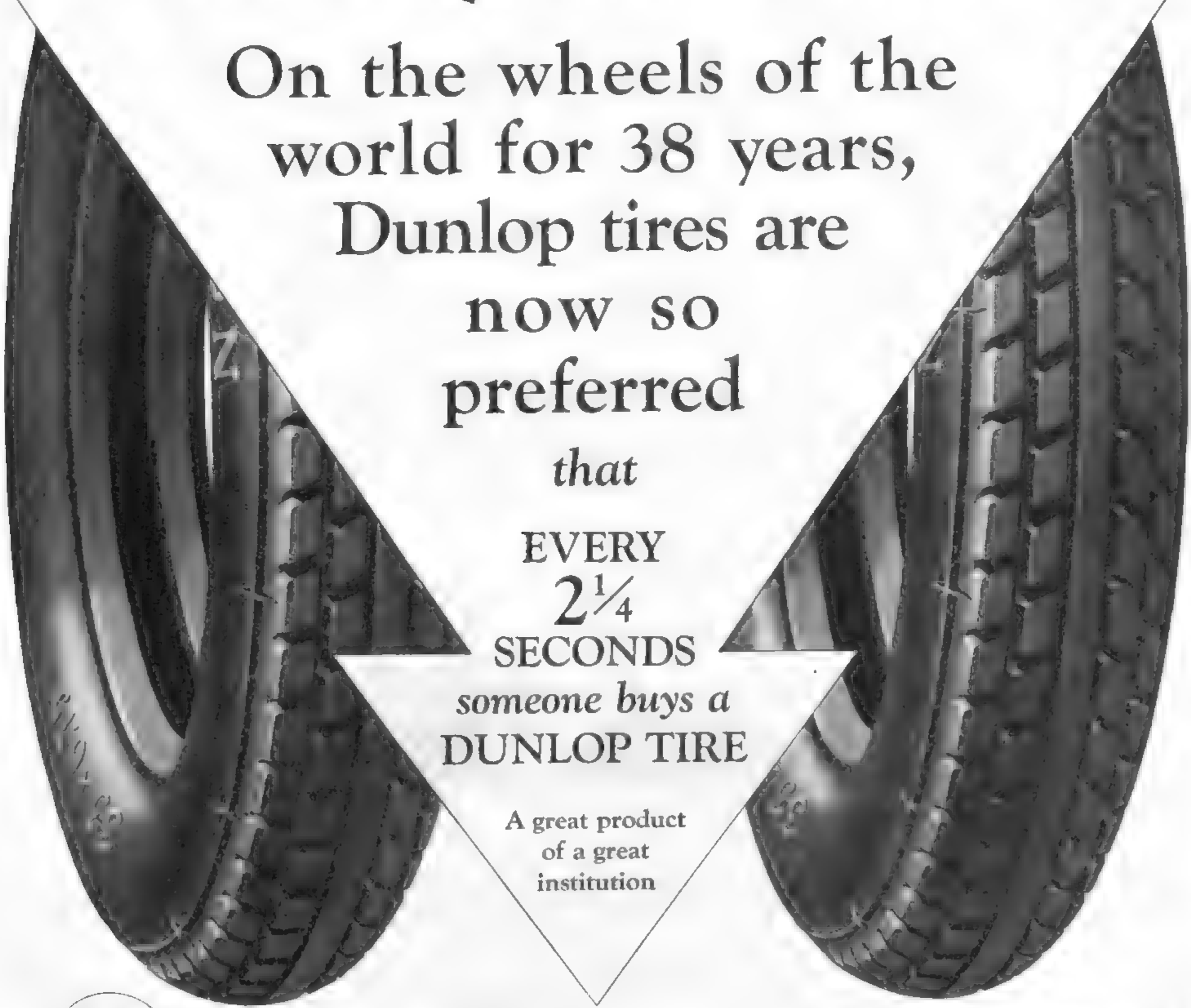

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BUFFALO, N. Y.

FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TIRE INDUSTRY

(Continued from Page 186)

little plump, but at present she appeared not to weigh a hundred pounds, and there were dark semicircles under her eyes.

Dallas determined that he would speak to her, and while he waited until the rapidity of her breath slackened, the possibility of an acquaintance became more and more attractive. He had seen couples lunching happily at the Fairview House where he spent his spare time; how pleasant it would be if Mrs. Clayton would lunch with him! She was not Mrs. Wyers or Mrs. Hoyt, but since he had never taken any lady to lunch it might be well to begin with one less important and sophisticated. The behavior proper to such occasions was known to Dallas only from books on etiquette.

A partition divided the driver from the passengers, and the tonneau of no limousine could be more private. Dallas' heart beat almost as rapidly as Mrs. Clayton's—he would speak before a distant grove was reached; having failed, he would speak before the Pine Creek Bridge came into view; having failed again, he would speak before they reached the Long Hill. Before they reached Yatesville he must speak, because there the crosspatches of whom the driver spoke waited by the road.

It was not necessary for him to speak first to Mrs. Clayton; Mrs. Clayton spoke first to him. He was flattered to the point of blushing, and at the same time he thought a little less of her. Her breath came almost regularly, the tight clasp of her hands with which she somehow counteracted an impulse to sob had loosened, and she spoke with a little laugh. But the laugh was not that of composure.

"I hope I haven't made you late."

"Not at all!" answered Dallas cordially. "Not at all! The driver has made up already for lost time."

"I couldn't help it," explained Mrs. Clayton. "I go to Fairview to take a music lesson and I don't get back till three o'clock. There are a thousand things to do before I start. My husband is ill and I do everything I can to make him comfortable for the day."

"How is your husband?" asked Dallas.

Mrs. Clayton looked up gratefully—clearly he knew who she was. Tears came to her eyes and were at once blinked away.

"A little better," she answered positively.

"I'm glad to hear that," said Dallas.

Mrs. Clayton turned in her place. Her cheeks flushed, she spoke rapidly and earnestly, as though she knew that in a few minutes there would be other passengers and that meanwhile she must have relief for her soul. Again her hands clasped each other tightly; Dallas could see a little slit in her glove widen to a rent.

"It's the greatest trial to leave my husband. But if I can keep on through the winter, I can get a church position in Fairview, and then, too, I can take pupils in Carleon. It's a chance I couldn't miss." Her voice broke into the threatening sob; in the sound was the anguish and anxiety of months. "He thinks I can really earn a good living"

"You're evidently doing the right thing," said Dallas. "Your voice is contralto, isn't it?"

The bus had come to a slow pause; cold and tired of waiting, though it was on time, a dozen passengers frowned without. Mrs. Clayton laid her hands on each side of her breast. She drew a deep breath, filling her lungs so that she could scarcely speak.

"When I'm well and not worried I can sing," she declared.

At Fairview Dallas helped Mrs. Clayton down. There was but a second to speak; Fairview was not only the capital but a busy manufacturing city, and the crowded street corner was no place for extended conversation. The wind had risen, it whipped Mrs. Clayton's short skirt higher and seemed about to carry her away.

Dallas acquitted himself well.

"Mrs. Clayton, I shall be having lunch alone at the Fairview House. It would be very pleasant to have you lunch with me."

Mrs. Clayton looked frankly pleased.

"How kind you are! But if Mr. Christian's accompanist isn't there I play for him, and I bring a little lunch with me. Thank you all the same."

Her voice was not only pleased, it was regretful. Had Dallas been a student of human emotion he would have recognized it as expressing actual physical hunger.

IV

DALLAS stepped into the bus. His cheeks were red, and the color was not only the reflection of a still brighter neckcloth but the outward evidence of excitement. Two weeks ago he had returned from Fairview on the train, and though a similar course would have been the most likely for a woman whose husband was ill, Mrs. Clayton had evidently waited for the bus. The train was almost twice as expensive—that, also, may have entered into the situation.

Mrs. Clayton had occupied Dallas' mind to the exclusion of everything else except the routine of his business, which was almost mechanical. He had forgotten even Mrs. Wyers, now that he had punished her. He did not wish his letter back and did not fear detection—a clever man may write a thousand anonymous letters and not be detected. In his pleasure in thinking of Mrs. Clayton, his mind approached a normal condition; if he had continued interested and happy, he might have come to look upon his act with horror.

Mrs. Clayton did not arrive. The driver peered down the street in the direction of her house, but there was no little figure speeding thither, her skirt flying in the wind. This day, too, was cold and gray, and there was a deep snow on the ground.

"Got to get started," mumbled the driver. "Can't wait forever for a madcap like that. What's she doin' anyhow with a sick husband and rushin' off every two weeks? Once she came cryin'." He repeated his remark about ending his days in the state hospital for the insane, but Dallas did not answer; the man talked more to himself than to anyone else. He put one foot on the car step and waited—if Mrs. Clayton did not go, there was no object in his going. But he could not stay at home now—what would the chauffeur think? He had a horror of appearing strange or eccentric.

"Toot! Toot!" shrieked the horn.

"She sometimes catches me at the next corner," said the driver, and Dallas promptly stepped in.

But Mrs. Clayton was not at the next corner. Had Dallas looked back at the square, he might have seen her flying figure turn the corner; he might have seen also that after a second's pause she walked on across the square toward the railroad station.

Dallas had had a happy fortnight. He had often done good, but always unwillingly. This new enterprise would be no helping of obscure relatives to buy food and pay doctor bills; this would be helping a pretty woman in distress. It would also be playing patron to the arts. The idea had opened a vast prospect of interest. There were many artists who owed their success almost as much to the help of friends as to their own talent, and they lifted their friends with them to distinction.

To go to Clayton and Mrs. Clayton together and explain that he understood their situation and would like to help them over a hard time did not occur to Dallas; he was too unaccustomed to association with his fellows. Besides, his mind traveled to a time beyond the period of Clayton's life, who, he had heard, was doomed. He meant to invite Mrs. Clayton again to lunch with him, and, if she declined, to ask for a private interview. He was not offering to help Clayton—he was offering to help her.

Her failure to appear disappointed him but did not change his intention. If she traveled on the train he could intercept her on the way to her lesson. It was pleasant to ride, so warm and comfortable, through the snowy country and elaborate his plans.

The day which had begun with a slight disappointment brought other annoyances. The bus was delayed and he could not meet the train from Carleon. Because of the session of the legislature and a commercial convention, the streets were uncomfortably crowded. Jostling irritated Dallas, and he had the country dweller's tendency to seek every eye and then to fancy that every eye sought his, finding something queer in him. He went into the Fairview House and sat in the large and crowded lounge. Would there be anything amiss in telephoning Mrs. Clayton at Mr. Christian's studio?

While he hesitated, he was annoyed again, this time in the area of sharpest sensitiveness. He saw, entering the hotel, Ben Provost, a classmate at Carleon College during the two years he had spent there in preparation for his course in pharmacy. Ten years younger than Dallas, he had been a handsome, reckless boy, the idol of boys and girls alike; even Dallas, belated in his studies, reserved, sensitive and suspicious as he was, had fallen under his spell. He was the speaker of the house, and was likely some day to be governor and eventually to be known far beyond the bounds of the state.

Dallas rose and crossed the lobby.

"Isn't this Ben Provost?" he said, speaking excitedly and cordially, and quite like other men.

"It certainly is!" Provost was a politician, and his failure instantly to identify Dallas could not be suspected. Unfortunately, in another second he identified him wrongly. "Landis! How are you? And how is the family?"

Dallas' spark of spontaneity was dead.

"They are well," he said as the quickest means of getting away. He turned on his heel instantly, and a man waiting at Provost's elbow took Provost's bewildered attention.

Dallas returned to his deep chair, the black dog once more on his shoulders. He remained for a while motionless and idle; then, believing that a man near by was watching him, he opened his paper and sat holding it for an hour, now and then turning a page. It was past noon, people were hurrying toward the dining room, from which came delicious odors. He was hungry, he would go in and eat. Thank heaven he was rich, richer than the Hoyts, richer than the Gladwins, only a little less rich than the Wyerses.

As he rose a bit stiffly from the effect of his ride and his long sitting, the spark of warmth rekindled in his heart. He remembered Mrs. Clayton's appealing eyes. With a desperation more keen than any emotion he had ever felt, he wanted to possess her. She was much younger than Mrs. Wyers and Mrs. Gladwin and Mrs. Hoyt; she was talented and they were not; she might be, if she had health and clothes, more beautiful than Mrs. Wyers. There was no hope for Clayton; he was doomed to die.

Then, standing by his chair, dizzied by his reflections, he saw Provost coming toward him, shining with prosperity, superior to everyone in the room in looks, vastly superior in prospects. He had taken off his fur coat, and his dark-blue suit fitted his fine body closely. His thick reddish hair was not quite smooth and its roughness seemed to belong to his boyish smile. He must be thirty-five, but he looked no more than twenty-five. His companion did not at all match his splendor of body or attire; she was a short and very slender girl in shabby clothes with a music roll in her hand. Under her elbow rested Provost's hand, and surrounding her and making her unhappily conspicuous was the glow of Provost's good looks and his prosperity and his fame. In confusion of mind like the whirl of a maelstrom Dallas imagined them entering the dining room—even in that clattering place there would be silence.

But they did not enter the dining room. With his hand on Mrs. Clayton's elbow, Provost guided her through an archway and they vanished round the elevator.

Instantly Dallas followed them. In the corridor in which he found himself there

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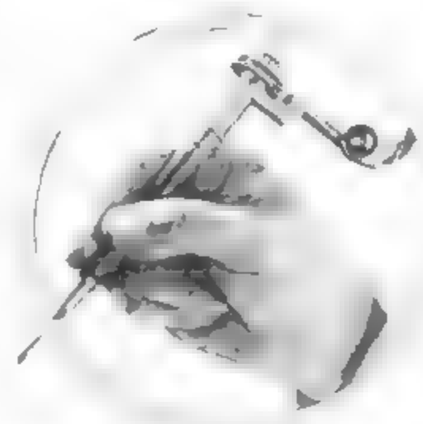
Today's *Germ* is tomorrow's *Toothache*

Read how you can prevent cavity-forming germs from gaining a foothold.

By IRA DAVIS JOEL, B.S., M.S.



Tooth enamel is so hard that it blunts the edge of tempered steel. Yet the acid from decay germs bores through it as easily as the dentist's powerful drill.

ARE you discouraged about your teeth?

Do cavities appear frequently in spite of careful and regular brushing?

If so, there is hardly anything you can read more valuable than what follows:

Two scientists, authorities on dental research, have recently finished exhaustive studies of the cause of tooth decay. In practically every case of decay examined, they found a certain class of germs.

These germs were then allowed to attack sound teeth. In a short time the enamel began to give way and cavities formed. This evidence goes far toward confirming the belief that if you kill these germs you check decay.

Your mouth FEELS clean

This is a message of hope to those who have trouble with teeth—and welcome news to those who would *avoid* trouble.

The investigators *see* their evidence through the microscope; you *feel* the evidence in your own mouth. No need to take these findings on faith, for when you first use a germicidal dentifrice your mouth feels cleaner than it ever felt before.

Here is first-hand, direct indication that you are giving your teeth the scientific protection they need. Here is the sensation of health, which is the best evidence of health itself.

Is this method sound?

The American Academy of Periodontology in a recent bulletin to the public warns that germs produce an acid which dissolves enamel and forms cavities.

The International Journal of Medicine and Surgery says: "It is the bacterial fermentation of food, carbohydrates, clinging to the surfaces of the teeth, which spells disintegration of the enamel."

"Micro-organisms (germs), as an agent in caries, are to be constantly combated." So says the Dental Society of the State of New York.

One dental authority, writing in the Journal of Dental Research, says: "The destruction of the enamel is brought about by a combination of bacterial action and physical forces."

Another, in his biography of one of the greatest dentists who ever lived, describes tooth decay as follows: "It is the acid developed by fermentation under those masses of micro-organisms in intimate contact with the tissues of the teeth that causes caries."

We will gladly give you the names of these two authorities if you wish. They and many others confirm the finding of our own laboratory that germs are the cause of tooth decay.

Kolynos kills germs

A dentist, in his life famous in America and Europe, discovered the Kolynos formula. He prescribed it for his patients, watched it benefit their teeth. He then submitted it to fellow scientists. Loeffler, discoverer of the diphtheria bacillus, studied and approved it. In American, English, and German universities famous specialists who attested its germicidal power found that it kills *in the mouth* 80 to 90 per cent of the mouth bacteria, found that hours pass before the germs remultiply.

Dentists recommend it

Are you at all doubtful that Kolynos will protect *your* teeth? Are you entirely convinced of its merit? Perhaps you would like to know what dentists and physicians believe. These professional men make tests, investigate, study. When they recommend a particular dentifrice, they do so only because of what they have seen it accomplish.

In our files at New Haven we have cards or letters written by 51,000 dentists and 89,000 physicians asking us for samples of Kolynos to distribute to their patients. They know the formula of Kolynos. They know that it possesses the properties that are claimed for it. They know that it contains nothing harmful. So they recommend it.

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was the odor of food. He hesitated and a page rose from his bench. Doors opened into the corridor; it was not a secret place, only a place intended for more intimate meetings than those in a public room.

"Private dining rooms, sir," said the boy. "All engaged."

V

RICHARD WYERS walked toward the center of Carleon. The Wyers house lay a mile to the east of the square and his destination lay three blocks to the west. It was the middle of a spring morning, flowers were blooming in all the yards, bright-colored summer materials decked the windows of the stores, the air was balmy and yet clear and dry.

Wyers' head was bent and he walked now briskly, now slowly—slowly when he thought of what he had set out to do, briskly when he remembered the necessity for doing it and doing it quickly. Preoccupied with scientific studies, it was his habit to treat other subjects with scientific directness. He settled them quickly for another reason—he liked to get back to the work he loved. The task before him was repugnant to every fine feeling; sometimes, remembering whither he was bound, he ceased to make any progress; then, quickening his step, he strode on.

He reflected, as he walked, upon the foolishness of going alone to confront a man who had done him a wrong, and he considered stopping to take Doctor Gladwin with him. But he could not provide a witness to a fellow being's disgrace and, besides, to take Gladwin would be to impart to one more person that which it was desirable to keep secret. He did take one precaution: stopping at the shoe store and making a purchase, he directed that the parcel be delivered to him at Dallas' drug store unless he returned in twenty minutes. He did not mean to extend his business beyond the minimum of time.

Dallas' clerk said "Yes, sir" in answer to his inquiry, and nodded toward the end of the deep and narrow room. Between the store and the private room was a glass door on which a shade was sometimes drawn. It was not drawn now; Dallas could be seen sitting at his desk. On one side of him lay his daybook and on the other a sheaf of bill forms. His old typewriter still served his purpose, the tiny line of red still showed at the bottom of the letters. When Wyers came in and closed the door he looked surprised but not startled. When Wyers did not answer his good morning he rose from his chair, a faint, dark glow on his cheek.

"What are you going to do?" asked Wyers. He spoke quietly, but to his own amazement he spoke roughly as one might to a disobedient servant or to some evil creature.

"I'm going to draw this shade. You evidently wish to see me in private."

"The boy can't hear," said Wyers in the same rough tone. "I prefer to be seen. Sit down."

For a long moment Dallas gazed at him.

"Sit down," said Wyers.

Keeping his eye on Wyers' face and feeling for his chair like a blind man, Dallas obeyed. Lately he had acted like a blind man. Locked in a drawer were a score of letters composed and recomposed with careful pains, and their words ran back and forth before his eyes. "Ask your father about his debt to his brother." "Where is your wife when you are at work?" "Don't you think the town knows where you go on Sunday?"

He believed now that he was in a nightmare, but that in a few moments he would wake—that he must wake.

"I have some business with you," said Wyers, trembling. "On January third you mailed my wife an anonymous letter."

"I did not," Dallas answered instantly and with indignation.

"It was written on your typewriter, the same one on which you send out your bills. Fool—to think you can write an anonymous letter on a typewriter and not have it detected!"

"You can't prove I wrote it!" Dallas' hands moved toward the arms of his chair, first one hand, then the other. He must be cool—all he needed was to be cool and he was safe. "My clerk—other people have access to this typewriter."

"Well, suppose you didn't write it." Wyers held to the knob of the door. He must keep his voice low, he must unclench his fist—was there a beast in him also? But it was a beast defending and not attacking. "In February you wrote Mrs. Wyers' mother a letter, disguising your handwriting."

"I did not!" Dallas raised his right elbow, his hand still gripping the arm of the chair. The gesture was at once awkward and hideous in its terror. "You can't prove it!"

"I can prove it! A handwriting expert is ready to swear it's yours. Every time you've signed your name for years you've prepared for detection. Every time you sign your name in the future you make it more certain."

"It's not true!" Dallas' pale face was terrible to see. Handwriting expert—he had not thought of a handwriting expert!

"It is true. Last month you—you printed a letter to a little child telling her that her mother was a harlot and that her father died in prison."

"You can't prove it!"

"It is proved. You left your finger prints on the paper."

"Finger prints! I left no finger prints!"

"You leave finger prints every time you touch paper. Everyone does."

"They are not mine!"

"They are the same that are on your bills. What did you mean by this insanity? Answer me. What did you mean?"

"Your wife scorns me," said Dallas, his voice as feeble as his defense.

(Continued on Page 192)

Lake Near Marion, North Carolina

He doesn't know how unsightly he is—around the waist. And without a thought, he will hitch up his trousers and tuck in his shirt. Like many men he has made it a habit.

You may not notice the bulging shirt around your waist. You may prevent it getting as bad as this by continually hitching up and tucking in. But you probably have noticed how uncomfortable it is, and have simply put up with the nuisance.

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(Continued from Page 190)

"My wife scorns you!"

"She doesn't speak to me. She cuts me dead."

"She cuts no one. Where did you hear about her brother?"

"An agent told me. He came from Apthorp, Maine."

"So that was it! Have you written other letters?"

"No." Dallas drew a deep breath as though he began to take hope.

"Better acknowledge them!"

"I wrote no others."

"Not a letter?"

"Not a letter."

"Did you tell anyone about Mrs. Wyers' brother?"

"No."

"Not a soul?"

"Not a soul."

"What did you expect to gain? My wife has done you no harm. And her mother! And this little child! They hardly know of your existence. What could be more contemptible, more cowardly? How can you look anyone in the eye? Don't you know if one letter is handed to the post-office authorities, Federal detectives will hunt you down?"

"Let me be!" begged Dallas. "Let me be!"

Wyers went out and closed the door.

VI

WYERS walked rapidly along the street. The twenty minutes were not up; he would call at the shoe store. His body was shaking; he was a man of placid spirit, and anger wore him out. Reasoning with Mrs. Wyers, he had made light of the situation; now his own suppressed feeling overwhelmed him.

He went into the store and took the parcel without a word and came out. He could not calm himself; he saw Mrs. Wyers' anguish and her mother's quiet endurance and the terror of the little girl.

"The postman handed it to me and I read it. But I belong to you, mother! Mother, say I belong to you!"

When a strange young woman spoke to him he was too bewildered to answer promptly. She was a little thing with dark-rimmed eyes. The anguish of her expression steadied him.

"Doctor Wyers."

"Yes."

"I'm Mrs. Clayton."

"Yes." Wyers' tone warmed; he remembered about young Clayton, who had failed in business and had died.

"May I see you and Mrs. Wyers for a few minutes?"

"Certainly."

Probably the young woman wished help and it would do Rose good to consider troubles other than her own.

To those whom she loved, Rose was a strong tower. She was at home now, awaiting his return.

"Will you walk out with me? Or I'll drive in for you."

"I'll walk."

Mrs. Clayton started ahead, stepping briskly for one so frail.

"It's a beautiful day." Entering his own gate Wyers drew a long breath as though he were coming out of nightmare. When Mrs. Clayton did not answer, he looked down at her and saw that she was crying. Perhaps it was not wise to take her farther. But Rose was walking up and down the terrace; she came forward, smiling and straight and slender. She had lost flesh and her cheeks were hollow, but she smiled as only she could smile.

"This is Mrs. Clayton," said Wyers. "She wishes to speak to you and me. That matter is as we suspected—it was the gossip of a traveling salesman."

Mrs. Wyers answered Wyers' glance, then she took Mrs. Clayton's hand. One could not wish her away even in this crisis, she looked so desperately troubled.

"Won't you sit down?"

"I wouldn't like anyone to hear." Mrs. Clayton's voice was hoarse.

The eyes of Wyers and his wife met—she was in need, doubtless, and humiliated.

"Come into the library." Mrs. Wyers lifted the books from the sofa. "Mr. Wyers has three desks—that one, and the sofa and the floor. Sit here, beside me."

Mrs. Clayton seemed not to hear; she sat in a tall chair near the door, her feet in their poor slippers dangling like a child's. Wyers went to his desk chair; together he and Mrs. Wyers sat before Mrs. Clayton like the audience before a lecturer.

"I'm going away," said Mrs. Clayton, "and there's something that I think I should tell before I go."

She leaned forward, her hands in her lap. Her face was composed, but tears ran down her cheeks and dripped on her thin neck and her shabby black dress. Her voice grew more hoarse as she went on.

"I can't really cry, and I can't stop shedding tears. I'll tell this as briefly as I can. We came here two years ago and put all we had into a music store, and it didn't succeed. About that time my husband's health failed. We have no relatives and there was no one of whom we liked to borrow. I didn't know where to turn. I have a voice—you may not believe it, but when I'm well and not worried I can sing down to G and up to G. My voice has volume—you'd be surprised. I've never sung properly here; I've been too worried and too tired. I tell you all this so that you may understand what I did. I knew that I would have to earn the living for us both, and when I heard that Allen Christian was teaching in Fairview I went to take lessons so that I could teach. We put every penny into them. Christian had a church position for me. Then one day—do you know who Ben Provost is?"

"Oh, yes!" said Wyers. "He was a student here."

"I used to know him when I was a child. He was our neighbor. One day in Fairview I had to buy some music and then I had no money left except for my fare home, and I had to wait for the bus because what I had was too little for a railroad ticket. I thought I could get along without food till night, but I met Ben Provost and he asked me to lunch with him at the Fairview House. He was always kind, and I'm sure he's good, and it was as innocent as could be. I think I should have dropped down on the street if I hadn't had food.

"Francis thought I had been playing accompaniments for Mr. Christian and I didn't explain. It seemed cruel to have been well fed and in that warm, bright, luxurious place when he was so ill and so anxious and unhappy. The next day he had an anonymous letter—a cruel, cruel letter. It broke his heart. He was sick—you know how people are when they are sick. I couldn't make him understand. And he's dead."

Mrs. Clayton dried her eyes, but her tears continued to drop on her white neck and disappear into the shabby black cloth.

"I was afraid this dreadful story might be abroad. I thought I ought to tell someone the truth before I went away."

"Where are you going?" asked Wyers.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Clayton as though that were nothing.

"Do you have the letter?" asked Wyers.

Mrs. Clayton took from the bosom of her dress a typewritten sheet. It was, as she had said, a cruel letter. With it in his hand, Wyers reached out and lifted from his desk a sheaf of receipted bills. He brought them all to Mrs. Clayton.

"Here," said he. "You see the little red border on every line. You see the *a* which is too high and the *y* which is too low. Your letter was written on the same machine. It is Henry Dallas, the druggist, who does this dastardly work. We have had them too."

"Mr. Dallas!" cried Mrs. Clayton. "Why, once he went with me in the bus to Fairview! He's kind and friendly!"

"He's mad," said Wyers. He rose and took his hat from the table.

"Where are you going?" asked Mrs. Wyers.

"I'm going to see Judge Hoyt."

Wyers looked back from the door. The girl had yielded to Mrs. Wyers' arm, she sat beside her on the sofa, her head on her shoulder, sobbing as though her heart would break. He smiled—a needy soul in Rose's hands would have all the help that human power could give.

VII

WYERS reached the square as the clock struck twelve. It was a busy hour. Lawyers were leaving their offices and merchants their stores, college students were hurrying to their boarding houses. It was a picture with the details of which Wyers was thoroughly familiar. Somehow, however, the usual composition had changed. All the human beings seemed to be converging toward the spot where he had a short time before met Mrs. Clayton. There Judge Hoyt had paused in his dignified progress from his office in the courthouse, there stood Doctor Cushwa, his medicine case in his hand, apparently halted on his way back to the distant hill. Mrs. Gladwin sat leaning out of her car, her countenance transfixed, as though by some amazing sight. There were in all at least fifty persons, and more were adding to the fringes of the crowd. To Wyers' astonishment, many had letters, handed them apparently by a man as tall as Judge Hoyt. It was Henry Dallas and he was still passing them out.

"Open them!" he shouted in a shrill voice. "Open them! See what you get! Everybody open them!"

Judge Hoyt looked up from his letter. He was mystified and a little amused, but he was more alarmed for Dallas' mind. The envelope was plainly addressed to him, but within was the question, "Where does Mrs. Gladwin go in her car?" Mrs. Gladwin had a letter also. She handed it to Judge Hoyt over the heads before her; it read, "Better keep an eye on your daughter of whom you boast." Mrs. Gladwin had no daughter; she also was mystified and amused and troubled.

"What does this mean, Dallas?" asked the judge. He moved a little nearer to Dallas and spoke as if to gain time. His eye sought and found two other pairs of eyes—those of Doctor Cushwa, who also came a little closer, and those of Billy Cover, of Carleon's limited police force. Doctor Cushwa was almost as pale as Dallas.

"Mean?" said Dallas. "It means ——" His thin frame shook and his face was strained into an expression of yearning inquiry; he asked himself what it did mean, who he was, who spoke to him, where he was, why this strange agony of confusion did not end. He was not an object for contempt but for profoundest pity. "Someone will have to help me."

Judge Hoyt laid a hand on his right arm, Doctor Cushwa a hand on his left. Doctor Cushwa passed his satchel to the nearest person, his eyes seeking Dallas' eyes. He moved his body, but he continued to keep his eyes fixed, as though by his calm and practical gaze he could postpone an impending catastrophe.

"Mrs. Gladwin, lend us your car," he said with a strained cheerfulness.

"Surely!" answered Mrs. Gladwin. "Shall I drive?"

"No," answered Doctor Cushwa, still in a smooth, cheerful voice. He looked out over the crowd. "Here, Dan Gates, you drive."

Mrs. Gladwin stepped out and Dan Gates stepped in. He was a powerful young chap and the car sagged under his weight. Doctor Cushwa looked over the crowd.

"Judge Hoyt, you're too busy a man to go riding. Here, Billy Cover, you come along. Now, Dallas, we'll take care of you. You sit back here with Billy and me."

"Is Billy Cover going to take him to prison?" asked a child in awe.

No one answered and no one moved, except that Mrs. Gladwin stepped over to the side of Doctor Wyers. The car went three-quarters of the way round the square and turned up toward the massive asylum on the hill.

Do roaches spread cancer?

Read this

COCKROACH UNDER SUSPICION AS CANCER CARRIER

World-wide interest has been aroused by the results of scientific investigations conducted in Italy and Iceland by Dr. Louis W. Sambon, who advances the theory that cancer is carried and spread by cockroaches.

Doctor Sambon is an authority of the first rank in the fields of epidemiology and helminthology. His were the most conclusive proofs of the malaria-mosquito theory. He it was who first pointed out the body louse as the carrier of typhus and solved the mystery of Rocky Mountain fever by showing it to be a variety of typhus. He also is the scientist who worked out the etiology of African sleeping sickness.

Sambon now pushes aside all previous cancer theories as baseless and fantastic. He links up with his own experiments and investigations those of Borrel, Fibiger, Wassink and others.

Cancer has been caused in rats by feeding them cockroaches infested with worms known as Gongylonemata neoplastica. It has been found that in certain Italian villages where the disease is common among animals as well as persons its prevalence apparently depends upon the degree to which dwellings are infested with cockroaches. In the district of Oracfa in Iceland, where rats, mice and cockroaches are never seen, cancer is unknown.

To prevent communicable disease, it is not necessary that the specific agent be discovered, provided the carrier is known. In the light of these investigations it behooves everyone to minimize the chance of spreading cancer and other diseases by exterminating all vermin—especially rats and cockroaches'

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WHEN MANKIND WAS YOUNG

(Continued from Page 29)

ship, were it not better to throw this blasphemer overboard and return for another to make up the tally?"

The commander made a gesture of sophisticated contempt.

"Heed him not. The barbarian is afflicted of the gods."

But Tha-su stood staring at the lifting, subsiding, sparkling blue sea. Was it indeed his father, the sea god, who had risen from the depths to testify the validity of that boast that had burst, without his meaning it, without even a previous thought, from his lips? Was it not indeed Poseidon, the sea god, the tutelary god of Trœzen, who had come upon his mother, Æthra, the king's daughter, that summer evening when she bathed? She herself had whispered it to him, extolling the supernatural beauty of that stranger who had stolen her heart. Perhaps—perhaps —— But who could overcome the horrific Minotaur? Superstitiously, an irrational confidence in himself rose up in him. Was he not himself semidivine by origin? If only he could obtain a real weapon—he had heard of the dummy gilt swords put into the hands of the dedicate victims—he would make the attempt.

He breathed a prayer to that sea-god father, to Ariadne, mother and most puissant protectress of all men. At any rate, he would stubbornly keep up his bravado, would show himself scornfully undaunted amid those alien overlords, corrupted by the luxury of their power.

Under the brilliant blue sky of that day of festival, three thousand three hundred years ago, the citizens of Knossus swarmed up the narrow streets toward the great palace of the Minos which crowned the eminence in the valley. They came not only from the close-packed gray-stone houses of the town where the jewelers, the bronze smiths, the faïence makers, the weavers displayed bazaars full of wondrous wares for the foreign-trading merchants who brought the wealth of the world to this compact capital. They came in hurrying groups from the scattered habitations all along the valley road which led to the sea, three and a half miles distant; came from that mole-sheltered beach where the high-prowed ships were drawn up in rows—everyone possible released from business or duty for this greatest of religious functions which occurred only every nine years.

To the modern eye that throng would have been startling in its incongruity. Side by side with the swarthy, clean-shaven, conspicuously thin-waisted men, nude save for their flapped loin cloths and calf-high boots in soft-colored leather, the women trooped along in elaborate costumes that the world was not to see again until the last quarter of the Christian nineteenth century—in long waist-suspended skirts, heavy with superimposed flounces that came down tightly from a posterior bustle and belled out at the bottom; in little, polonaise jackets with puffed sleeves that were open in front over a transparent chemisette; in a variety of hats that might well have come from a Parisian modiste in the year 1870 A.D. Piquantly Parisian too—utterly unlike any feminine type that, after them, the world would know for thousands of years—were the faces of those women, with their pertly *retroussé* noses, their poutingly full lips artificially reddened, their dark hair in a fringe over their brows and falling in coquettish kiss curls, of which all but two were gathered to the nape of the neck in a queer forestalling of the ladies of Napoleon III's court. Incredible they would seem to one of us who could turn back the wheel of time and transport himself back to that period a hundred years before Tutenkhamun reigned in Egypt. Incredible they seemed to the excavators who first, in 1900 A.D., dug up the pictures and the faïence models of those costumes, who in stupefied astonishment resurrected a myriad details of that amazing civilization which flourished for two thousand years and then—after its catastrophe—was so utterly forgotten as to be unsuspected even by the most imaginative of archæologists.

But the men and women hurrying up the steep narrow concrete-paved streets between houses that might have been transplanted from the suburbs of London or New York—square two-storied edifices, with rectangularly paned windows of oiled parchment—had no presentiment of that future of obliteration. They discussed eagerly the exciting actualities of the moment; the arrival of the treasure-laden tribute bearers from Mycenæ and Tiryns, Corinth and Trœzen; the abnormally flourishing trade congesting the colossal port built specially by mighty Pharaoh for the Keftiu—as the Egyptians called them—on the island of Pharos, opposite where in later ages Alexandria would stand; and, most absorbing of all topics, the great religious festival that was in progress.

It had already lasted several days in its diverse phases. Yesterday had been the day of the sacred games, when, in the great elliptical inclosure, under the divinely august eye of the Minos, himself the human incarnation of the great bull god, and of his daughter—the beautiful hereditarily divine incarnation of Ariadne, the most holy one—the oiled wrestlers had grappled in gasping straining contests of muscle against muscle and the pugilists had smitten each other until their white bodies had run with blood. Most thrilling of all, after these preliminaries, had followed the bull leaping, where almost nude youths and girls, utterly weaponless, with no protection save their own agility, had awaited the furious rush of the sacred animal, had wrestled with it, had thrown it to the ground, had seized its long horns as it thundered upon them and, amid a frenzy of applause, had turned perilous acrobatic somersaults over its back. The bullfights of Spain preserve to this day, in a country anciently populated by the same race as reached to prehistoric Crete, a debased and ensanguined survival of those primitive semireligious sports with the divine bull. The hurrying crowd still recapitulated, in animated argument, the exploits of that new girl toreador who, when a young man of her troupe lay gored and trampled, had darted forward, had gripped the base of those formidable long horns so that they protruded under her armpits, had swung herself over his head in a deft somersault, had clung to him while the infuriated brute galloped around the arena. Such feats were to be remembered and distorted in the much later Grecian legends of Europa carried off by the divine bull, Zeus.

That was yesterday. Today was the day of the sacred dancing. Today they would see the dance of the priests, the dance of the priestesses, they would see the sacred dedicated captives, the seven royal youths, the seven royal maidens, treading the complicated measure, symbolized in the Grecian key pattern, which all over the Ægean world was an integral part of the worship of most holy Ariadne. Tomorrow would be the day of hypocritical wailings, when those seven youths, armed with useless gilt swords, and accompanied by the seven maidens, would be thrust into the dark passages of the subterranean maze beneath the palace, there to wage their foredoomed battle with the mysteriously dreadful Minotaur. And on the following day, while all the island gave itself up to a frenzy of prayer, great Minos himself would in solemn procession ascend Mount Iouktos, domelike in the background of this restricted valley; would alone enter that sacred cave from which he might or might not emerge.

Eagerly discussing it all, the mingled throng of Cretans and foreigners of every kind—Achæans, Egyptians, Sicilians, every race with whom they traded—came up the narrow roadway to where the great palace spread itself over the summit of the rounded hill. At its northeast corner was the oblong stone-paved place of dancing, flanked on two sides by tiers of stone seats—three or four centuries later Homer was to remember the tradition of its unusual magnificence, to sing of "the Choros which once, in broad Knossus, Dædalus made for Ariadne of the lovely hair." Those seats were already crowded with anticipative spectators, laughing and chattering as the musically crying wine sellers moved among them, their water skins slung at their backs, offering from their spouted flagons the thick sirup which could only be drunk diluted. It was an assembly dressed in its best, a many-hued mosaic of richly dyed fabrics, of extravagant fashions, of golden jewelry flashing in the sun. At the foot of a projecting stone bastion, between the tiers of seats, whereon stood two yet empty golden thrones, the royal guards—warriors with double-circle shields like the figure eight, with long bronze-pointed spears and bronze swords—awaited the coming of the divinely royal pair.

Behind the dancing place the heterogeneous mass of the palace was polychromatically vivid against the blue sky. It was an edifice which by contemporary Egyptian standards was insignificant in its elevation, but which covered an immense area of ground. From a substructure of great gypsum blocks arose walls of rubble covered with hard smooth-polished plaster, fresco-painted with conventional designs on the exterior but covered with elaborate pictures around its interior courts. Upon the blocks of the substructure, as upon all the stone work within, was carved the labrys, the sacred double ax, which gave the building its far-famed name of Labyrinthos—a name that was later to be transferred to its baffling intricacy of narrow corridors—fabled originally to have been built by Dædalus, that legendary archartificer of an already remote antiquity, to whom was attached the first aviation story in the world. Within the ramifications of the immense structure, which extended in a terraced mass of stories far down the hill at the other side—and which incidentally possessed a marvelous system of hygienic drainage that would not be paralleled for three thousand years, even in the palaces of kings—were sacred shrines; were the offices of government—heaped with neatly inscribed records which no man of our day has yet deciphered; were immense magazines; were the workshops of the king's potters, the king's jewelers, the king's painters, the king's sculptors, as well as the dwelling rooms of the divinely royal family. It was at once a temple, a palace and the center of administration. There had been a time when it was also a massively fortified stronghold. But those days were over. What need of fortress walls in this land of peace? The navy of the Minos was a sufficient protection against invaders. Only one great bastion remained of all its former gigantic defenses, guarding the northern entrance by the narrow paved road which led from the sea.

From that northern entrance, near the great colonnade whence the sacred doves rose suddenly in startled wheelings, sounded a blast of horns. The Minos who was the awful bull god in human form, and his daughter who incarnated Ariadne the most holy, were coming in full ceremony to the place of dancing. The chatter of the close-packed crowd hushed to an awed murmur. They craned their necks to see.

The ritual dancing had already been long in progress when Tha-su and his companions were led in a procession of priests and soldiers to the stone-paved dancing floor. For many days they had been kept in a dark subterranean prison, which was a long deep pit under the very midst of the palace, whose smoothly concreted walls forbade

(Continued on Page 197)

Stop This!

What an iron fails to supply in heat, a woman must furnish in arm-aching pressure.

Start This!

If your iron KEEPS hot regardless of damp things, you can do nearly all pieces sitting down.

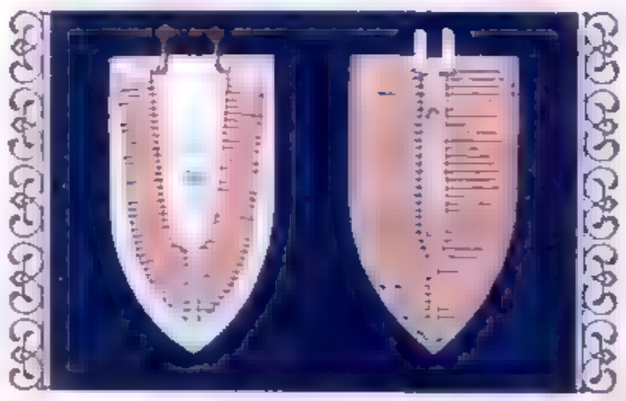
Five women's magazine editors agree that women would sit to iron if they could

The Sunbeam lets them—Read the reasons:

HOSTS of women who use the Sunbeam Iron have been surprised to find that they can now sit down restfully to iron all, or nearly all, of their pieces. So many called attention to this that we asked the editors of five leading women's magazines whether other women would not like to sit to iron. The editors replied that women unquestionably would, except for habit or lack of proper equipment.

Of course, the ironing board and kitchen seat should be at convenient height. But this alone is not enough. The woman sitting requires an iron that STAYS so hot that she needs not exert any arm-aching pressure from the shoulder. For that matter, whether a woman sits or stands, she should have such an iron.

With the Sunbeam she has scarcely to press at all. For this iron's All-Over heating unit comes to the very edges, furnishing constant heat where the bottom meets the damp cloth *first!*


Ordinary Heating Unit too far from the edges to KEEP them HOT when they [illegible] contact with damp cloth
Sunbeam All-Over Heating Unit comes to the very edges, and KEEPS them HOT when iron meets damp cloth

Nor does the Sunbeam user have to turn her iron around and thus cramp her wrist, for the Sunbeam's square heels iron into corners and gathers on the backward stroke, just as the tapered point on the forward stroke.

She does not have to strain her body either, for Sunbeam's double-nickeled bottom is double-polished smooth—an iron balanced precisely in the middle—not a detail omitted to make it glide and handle with surprising ease.

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An iron tested more than 7,000 hours' steady running without burning out—equal to 25 or 30 years' service in the home.

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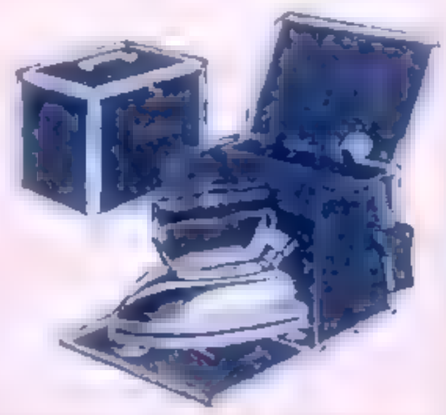
Enables you to put away the Sunbeam Iron HOT—no waiting, no breakage, no inconvenience, no danger to children's inquisitive hands or combustible materials. Protects iron, cord and stand—keeps them ever together ready for use. A $2.50 value for only $1, but only in combination with the Sunbeam.



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(Continued from Page 194)

any hope of escape. Thence, for this all-essential performance, they had been dragged up with ropes. They marched now, still dazzled with the unaccustomed sunlight, between the excitedly murmuring masses of spectators, and halted before the two divine thrones.

The seven royal maidens and six of the royal youths prostrated themselves in awed obeisance. But Tha-su stood erect in a proud defiance. Was he not also semi-divine? Had not his father, Poseidon, risen from the waves to give authenticity to his reckless boast? In his dark prison he had brooded upon that phenomenon, had come almost to believe that he was indeed destined to overcome the dreadful Minotaur which tomorrow he would face. In that dark prison also he had—what cannot bribery effect?—received a message from Medon enthusiastically accepting the pretended oracle—the superstition of these rough warriors flared up readily when it coincided with their desires—and stating that a number of picked chieftains and warriors had slipped ashore, would mingle with the crowds of worshipers; that others in swift ships would beat up and down in the offing on the great day, watchful for an opportunity to evade the ships of Minos—below their normal number of cruisers on account of the religious ceremonies.

Some of those disguised Achæan chiefs and warriors were certainly among that mass of spectators who pointed the finger at him, murmurously naming him as the blasphemous boaster who had ridiculously announced that he would slay the Minotaur. The commander of the ship had been as good as his word, and great had been the mirth among the crowds collected to see the dedicated captives led up the long road from the sea to the palace. He would not humble himself under the anxiously watching eyes of those fierce kinsmen. They should see him arrogantly the man of the oracle—even if oracle there were not—and be heartened thereby for their pledged but as yet scarcely imaginable deeds of daring on the morrow. He drew himself erect to his full great height—taller by far than these small-statured Cretans—tossed back his head with its long mane of fair hair, boldly thrust forward his chin with its curled fair beard, challenged and withstood the angrily direct gaze of the Minos.

The divinely royal lord of Knossus was a middle-aged man with a large aquiline nose accentuating the grim close-lipped determination of his face. Terribly awe-inspiring he was as he sat on that gold-covered throne, garbed in a long purple cloak decorated all over with the sacred sign of the fleur-de-lis—modernity, where dost thou commence?—wearing a crown that was a wreath of fleur-de-lis of beaten gold with the center spray made larger than the rest, holding in his hand the great double-headed ax—the sacred labrys—which was the symbol of his godhood, and was itself—in the confused welter of their primitive religious beliefs—worshiped as a god.

Awesome he was, and Tha-su had to nerve himself to stand unflinchingly looking into those stern eyes fiercely resentful of his sacrilegious daring. He saw the divine hand grip convulsively the shaft of the double-headed ax, saw the divine mouth twitch in the impulse to shout an instant death order to the spear-armed guards. But that order might not be given. The captives were dedicate and sacred. Not until tomorrow might they meet their deaths—that death which was so appallingly mysterious. Tha-su knew it as well as the Minos himself.

He tossed his head, smiled insolently—surely the Minos also had heard the tale of his oracle!—and, while the crowd murmured in scandalized amazement, turned his haughty gaze to the adjacent throne where sat the not less divine incarnation of Ariadne.

He gasped involuntarily. Was not this indeed a goddess who sat throned above him in a superb splendor of startlingly vivid beauty? More than human, surely, was that amazing loveliness of proud and perfect feature on which, impiously bold, he dared to look with sustained, with fascinated directness! He felt, as it were, a divine emanation from her sweep puissantly over him, thrilling his blood, awing him uncomfortably, as she sat motionless on that golden throne, her dark hair—Homer attributed to "fair-haired" Ariadne the prized characteristic of his own Achæans—escaping from under a tall conical crown encircled by a golden snake, golden snakes wreathed about her bare white arms, golden snakes writhing upon the gorgeous apron which descended on her long bell-shaped skirt, upon the magnificently embroidered tight jacket which left fully exposed, in sacredly ancient fashion, the sculptured whiteness of her nude bosom.

Rigid she sat, proud and almost supernaturally beautiful, her large dark eyes fixed strangely upon him. A half-religious impulse to fling himself down in abased prostration all but overmastered him. He resisted it with an effort of will. Divine she might be, but she was also a woman—the daughter of that hated Minos whose throne he had fatuously challenged. He would not derogate from his wild boast. He would not bow before her—he, the Achæan, whose every movement was followed by the anxious eyes of other Achæans in that close-packed mingled throng. He would maintain his barbaric alien pride, challenging her power also, divine or not, in a magnificent defiance that would be a fireside tale in far-off Argolis, assimilating him—who knew?—to the glorious heroes of remote antiquity. The bards should sing—who would not earn a verse in the songs of the bards?—how he thrust his fair curled beard at most holy Ariadne. He did so—saw her lovely lips part slightly in a long breath.

He stood in scornful insolence—and was not annihilated.

Behind him the line of waiting priestesses, their slim bodies nude above leopard-skin kilts, struck their seven-stringed lyres. From the other side of the dancing floor, the line of priests answered them in twangingly resonant antiphony. It was the awaited signal. Tha-su stepped back, joined the youths and maidens now risen from their obeisance. They linked hands; little hands that trembled, some of them. To the weird melody of the thrumming strings the mazily intricate sacred dance commenced. They who danced it knew themselves doomed, but the majority performed the familiar steps with meticulous exactitude, in a piously docile resignation. What human revolt was possible against the sublime necessities of the gods? All their lives they had been accustomed to the spectacle of unresisting divine victims; their own royal birth carried with it—as everywhere over the ancient world—the liability to that destiny. Only Tha-su scorned that humility. He danced proudly, his fair-locked head high, maintaining his bravado to the last. Among the crowded tiers of spectators he saw the excited gestures of his friends. Tomorrow? His boast seemed madness. He must warn them—that jailer could be bribed—not to imperil their lives by patently useless audacity. He turned and twisted in the convolutions of the measure, the stone-paved floor resounding under the rhythmic beat of his feet, danced with an ostentatious careful perfection—he had never danced better in his life. He danced deliberately for Ariadne. He would show her that there was no tremor in his heart. The admirative murmur of the throng was an intoxication. Ariadne sat rigid, staring at him.

The ritual dancing had long since terminated. Ariadne sat in the queen's megaron, the great women's room embedded inaccessibly within the far-spreading mass of the palace. Splendid was that apartment, possessing no windows but illuminated in soft horizontal radiance from two large light-wells open to the sky, beyond the two rows of columns on its southern and western sides. On the irradiated wall beyond one

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A 3-day test will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

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Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound, restful sleep and all-day energy quickly and naturally. This is why:

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A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only as a restorative, but also for malnutrition, nerve strain, convalescence, backward children, nursing mothers and the aged.

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "Pick-up" drink—for any time of day.

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I took Ovaltine for sleeplessness and lack of ambition during the day. After I had used the sample I had more rest at night. During the day I had more ambition and felt 100% better. *Merlin Schoeller* Jefferson, Wisc.

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of those colonnades was a great and marvelously realistic painting of all manner of birds winging through the air; on the wall beyond the other was a similar great painting that represented the depths of the sea—every kind of fish swimming above coral-overgrown rocks, sending upward long lines of bubbles from the sharp stroke of their tails. Another wall was covered with a brilliant scene of girls with their long hair streaming in the whirl of the dance. Costly dyed curtains hung, half-drawn, between the columns, and many-colored cushions heaped the long low seat against the inner wall whereon sat, their knees drawn up, in a vivid-hued gorgeousness of fashionable bell-skirted, tight-jacketed costumes, the noble ladies in attendance on her divinely royal majesty.

About the apartment stood many pieces of furniture covered with plates of beaten gold—furniture whose like was only to be found in the great palaces of the Egyptian Pharaoh. From behind the half-open curtains of another wall came the cool water splash of the fountain in the recess which was a bathroom. The whole presented a harmonious richness of polychromatic color, of mingled blues and reds and yellows, of silver and wrought gold, soft in the evening light that filtered between the columns on its two sides.

But, in her golden seat, Ariadne sat oblivious of this magnificence. Crouched on the floor in front of her, a girl slave swept the strings of her harp, sang in a sweet voice the newest fashionable love songs brought from exotically poetic Egypt. The divine queen propped her chin on her white hand, stared in front of her with large dark brooding eyes that no longer perceived her surroundings. On the long wall seat, the ladies chattered in discreet whisperings and giggles, discussing the events of the day, discussing also the insolent beauty of that barbarian—what was his name?—Tha?—Tha-su—who had danced so magnificently. And his absurd boast! It was said the royal guards had nevertheless been doubled. But he was safely immured in his subterranean dungeon; could do no harm. Whether or not the divine queen heard the plaintive music of voice and thrumming strings, she seemed to catch that whispered name—she turned with an irritated frown toward those women, which silenced them, while they nudged each other. How he had insulted her arrogant haughtiness! Were he not already a sacred victim, surely he would then and there have died the death! Some of the more sophisticated of those ladies smiled cynically, mutely conveying an opinion on that subject they dared not openly express. The sentimental ones sighed. If only they were Ariadne, the divinely omnipotent! Would they not know where to choose, and how to save, a lover! The slave girl swept the cords of her harp, sang:

"The breath of thy nostrils alone
Is that which maketh my heart to live.
I found thee.
The gods grant thee to me
For ever and ever."

The divine queen clenched her white hands in a gesture she abruptly arrested. She spoke petulantly, her beautiful face somber, to the harpist.

"I am wearied of these foolish Egyptian songs. Dost thou not know the songs of other lands—of the Sicilians—of the Achæans ——"

"Of the Sicilians, I know one, Gracious-one-who-may-not-be-directly-viewed— the song of the girl for her lover far distant in the western land of tin."

"A mawkish song. Sing me a song of the warlike Achæans."

"Alas, thy slave deserves not to live, merciful one—the Achæan songs my witless master did not teach me, may his name be forgotten!"

The divine queen frowned.

"Thou wilt learn some by tomorrow's sunset or be whipped."

She clapped her hands sharply and a jet-black Nubian woman slave—a precious gift from the Pharaoh of Egypt—darted forward from behind the curtains.

"Send hither to me the captain of the guards!"

The Nubian girl prostrated herself with a clash of silver anklets, sprang up, darted away again through the columns.

She-who-must-not-be-directly-viewed turned to the simpering, instantly alert ladies on the long bench.

"Leave me!" she said imperiously. "I would be alone."

Moonlight was a magic over the earth. Under the full silver disk that floated high up in the blanched sky, the tall lilies of the terraced garden gleamed white on stems that had lost their green, and the closed cups of the late red tulips seemed black in the spell of that brilliant light which cast their short shadows upon the path. The warm still air was pregnant with the perfume of massed roses, with the overpowering sweetness of the lilies, with the fragrance of marjoram. Far down in the misty valley a nightingale sang one of the last of his passionate nocturnes to the mate whose eggs were nearly hatched. She-who-must-not-be-directly-viewed, Ariadne, the earthly incarnation of the most holy one, stopped for a moment to listen to that gush of bird music welling up through the silence of the night. She stood, twitching across her face the head veil of almost transparent Egyptian lawn, motionless as though that distant vehemence of passion were her own heartbeats made audible, paralyzing her with this accentuation. Then, glancing nervously back to where on its hill the great palace was a piled-up mass of whiteness beneath the moon, she gestured to the Nubian girl slave following her like a black shadow, moved forward with bare-ankled feet noiseless in their soft-leather sandals.

Like a ghost, seeming diaphanous in that blanched brilliance, she went swiftly down the stone-flagged steps from terrace to terrace, through the scent of massed flowers that were deprived of color, under great palm fronds stiff against the blue-white sky, while the nightingale sent his urgent song of love vibrating through the silver air. She halted at last by a fountain where the water splashed into a rectangular stone pool, and stone seats were ranged within a square-pillared summerhouse festooned with dark roses brought from distant Babylon. The Nubian slave girl spread swiftly on one of those seats the large soft cushions she had carried. Ariadne seated herself upon them—the Nubian standing discreetly at a little distance behind her—leaned forward, listened, listened intently; her little sandaled foot tapping the stone flags with impatience when she was sure there was no sound.

But she had not long to wait. Presently there came through the moonlit stillness the rhythmic foot beat of disciplined men, the clank of bronze accouterments. The sound approached steadily, came close, ceased abruptly at a sharp command. The footsteps of one man alone renewed that martial approach. He appeared between the entrance pillars—a soldier with a long figure-of-eight shield slung on the right arm which held his bronze-tipped spear, a bronze sword hanging at his left side, on his head a great bronze helmet that glinted under the moon. He advanced toward the most holy one, who sat suddenly erect and rigid, knelt before her with averted eyes. It was the captain of the guard.

"Sacred-one-whose-commands-must-not-be-questioned, the captive is here."

She-who-must-not-be-directly-viewed had again twitched the lawn head veil across her face. She replied with a clear distinctness of voice which betrayed nothing of her suddenly difficult effort for speech.

"Bring him hither!"

The captain of the guard bowed low in acquiescence, sprang to his feet with a jangle of metal, disappeared.

The next instant, at his curt command, the rhythmic tramp of feet recommenced.

(Continued on Page 201)

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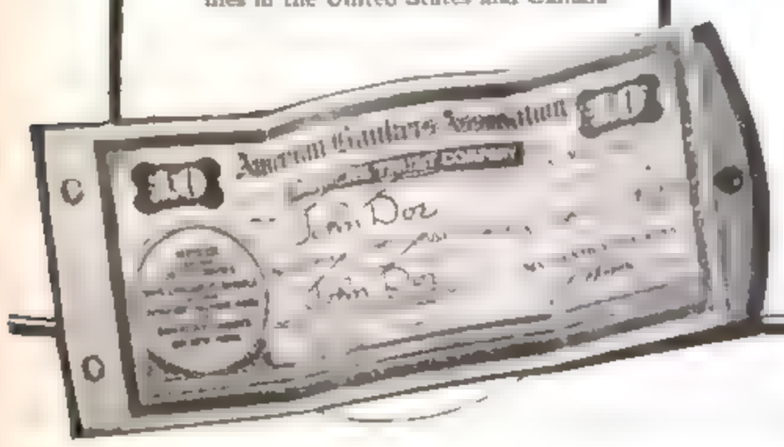

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(Continued from Page 198)

A short file of spear-armed, shield-protected soldiers passed into the space by the fountain, halted abruptly at the captain's order. Between them, his hands tied behind him, his ankles fettered, stood Tha-su.

The divine one contemplated him through her transparent veil of lawn, her own face hidden.

"Strike off his fetters!" she said sharply. The soldiers stooped; there was a clank of bronze chain dropped to the pavement. Tha-su stood motionless but free. She turned again to the captain of the guard. "Leave him here—but remain so that my summons may come to thy ears."

The officer crouched in acknowledgment of the order, drew himself erect, uttered his curt command. The file of soldiers turned about, marched off. For a moment or two their tramp resounded in the still moonlight and then ceased. Save for the Nubian slave silent and motionless like a black statue behind her, the youthful incarnation on earth of Ariadne, the very sacred one, was alone with the barbarian who had publicly affronted her.

He remained motionless. She sat silent for a moment, contemplating him through the veil still drawn over her face. In that bright radiance, his features were clearly visible, his long fair hair glinting as it fell to his shoulders, his fair curled beard touched with a shimmer of light.

At last she spoke.

"Thou hast nothing to say?—nothing to desire of me?"

He moved half a step.

"Only once more to see that divine face which is that of the most mighty and most beautiful of all goddesses, turning the heart of man to water and maddening his brain—only that, I desire, most sacred one!" He dropped on his knee as he spoke in a low awed voice, vibrant with sincerity.

"Thou knowest me?" she said, in surprise.

"My heart leaped and told me ere even I entered thy sacred presence!"

There was again a little silence. And then, quietly, with a trembling hand, she drew the veil from her face.

"Look!" she said softly. "Art thou satisfied?"

He ventured an awed glance at her, dropped his head again.

"Nay," she breathed. "Look at me as thou didst upon the dancing floor, thy head high."

He obeyed, looked at her with a long gaze wherein he drew his breath. Tomorrow he would die. He was reckless of that doom. At last he looked his fill once more upon that face which had haunted him almost to madness in his dark pit prison, where the royal maidens whimpered and his companion youths cursed their fate. He was filled with the intoxication of the deliciously hopeless love of romantic youth, loving most when it loves the utterly inaccessible, glorying in the thought of immolation at divinely beautiful cruel feet. Far from him now was the bravado of the dancing floor. He craved only to humble himself in an impossibility of sufficient atonement for his insolence. Tomorrow—he had already told himself—he would shout her sacred name as he died.

She spoke again, in that low musical voice which was the voice of a divinity.

"Depart!" she said. "Thou art free. A ship awaits thee at the port. Another Achæan from the city shall be seized to take thy place tomorrow."

He did not move.

"Go, Achæan!" she repeated, almost huskily. "Go! The goddess commands."

He remained motionless, on bended knee, his fists suddenly clenched, a roaring in his ears. In him leaped up a picture of those other captives in that dungeon whence, half an hour since, he had been drawn—a visualization of them being pushed tomorrow toward that appallingly mysterious fate in the dark Labyrinth, from which he miraculously was now offered release. He thought of his fierce Achæan kinsmen in the city, counting on him—for who knew what of desperate achievement. He thought of his wild boast, and the dolphin who had emerged spouting from the sea to authenticate it. If he obeyed this command, if he snatched this coward's opportunity, he was forever shamed. Never would the bards sing his renown by the glowing hearths of winter. Never would he dare to show his face among Achæans. On the other hand—he thrilled with a new wild thought—if he disobeyed, if he remained and slew the dread Minotaur as vainglorioously he had boasted to do—as, surely, his divine father, Poseidon, had affirmed he might—then all that was the wealth and glory of the Minos would be his—his, the heaped-up gold and precious bronze of the palace; his, the multitudinous slaves; his also, incredibly but certainly—he scarce could dare to admit this thought that made him tremble, that sent fire through his nerves, a madness through his brain—this divinely beautiful creature who was not only goddess but woman.

She spoke, even while his mind reeled with the perception of that intoxicating possibility.

"Thou goest not?" He could not tell whether or not there was anger in that low voice.

He dared to answer.

"Most holy one, even the gods may not prevail against an oath. I have sworn."

"Thou hast sworn?" Her voice trembled.

"To slay the Minotaur, or be slain."

"Thou art mad!"

He found again—come to him he knew not how—that ready daring of speech which had made him a dangerous rival-hated wooer among the Achæan maidens.

"Yea, mad with love of thee, divine one! Mad as the gods send madness—making men even as they—with no bounds set to their desires!"

She was silent, sat staring at him with wondrous eyes—eyes that his own dared to meet as he knelt before her. That silence was pregnant with unutterable things; he felt it press upon his ears; saw that moonlit garden like the garden of a dream.

Again she spoke, uncertainly.

"I offer thee free passage. Why shouldst thou stay to risk thy life in that combat whence no human has ever returned?"

He dared again, dared superlatively.

"That victorious I may wed thee, divine one of beauty that dulls the envious moon, for in me flows also the blood of gods, and my father was Poseidon! Thus have I sworn the oath!"

She breathed deeply. What thoughts were racing through her mind, fevered also? Thoughts of that divine bull-incarnate father whom she herself, since her divine mother was no more, was doomed to wed according to immemorially ancient precept in order that their jointly divine race might be preserved? He could attain to no hint of them, saw only those burning dark eyes fixed upon his face. Would she call the captain of the guard, have him conveyed back to his prison in fierce wrath at his sacrilegious insolence?

She sighed.

"Thou hast chosen thy fate, Achæan. Against oaths the gods themselves are powerless. Yet, for I am merciful, if there is a boon thou wouldst have of me—thou," her voice sank almost to inaudibility, "mayst ask it."

He took a deep breath; saw, in a mental vision, Poseidon rising spoutingly amid the sun-glittering waves.

"I ask then, O divinely merciful one," he steadied his voice, "for a sword—a sword of temper, long and sharp."

She stared at him, checked an abrupt gesture, knowing, as he did not know, what that request implied—continued to stare at him as if fascinated, as if she would never speak. The silence seemed to ring. He waited, wondering, baffled, his hopes plunging sickeningly in that ominous hush.

Suddenly she turned, beckoned the Nubian slave girl, whispered a word into her ear. The slave darted away into the moonlight-misty garden. A moment or two

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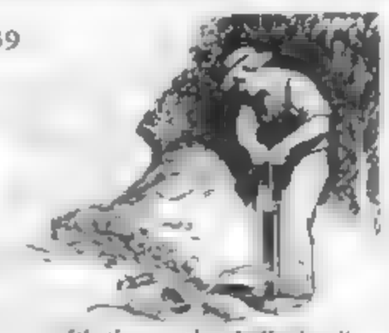

It's the gas that kills them"

later they heard the clank of bronze, a soldierly tread. The captain of the guard stood again before Ariadne, the most holy one, bowed himself in devout obeisance.

"Thy sword!" she said curtly, a curious choke in her throat. The captain of the guard unbuckled his long weapon, offered it to her without a word, his eyes averted from direct gaze at her. She laid it across her knee. "Retire and wait my summons." Her voice was imperious. "Presently thou shalt conduct this Achæan back to his prison."

The captain of the guard abased himself, turned and departed. The Nubian girl was not again visible. Once more Tha-su and She-who-must-not-be-directly-viewed, the dazzling incarnation of divine Ariadne, were alone. She gazed anew at him, spoke almost in a whisper.

"Come closer to me, son of Poseidon."

He arose and obeyed.

"What is thy name?"

"Tha-su."

She looked up into his eyes, her face divinely beautiful, while about them fell the shimmer of moonlight and far away the nightingale sang passionately.

"Thou hast only one night to live, Tha-su!"

Endlessly already he had crept through that dark maze of passages, in one hand the long bronze sword—he had tried its temper; it was a masterpiece of the armorer's art—wound about the other arm the long coil of flaxen thread that, by a mysterious hand, had been flung that morning into his black prison. Behind him, following him with frightened whimpers, with terrified ejaculations, groped the seven royal maidens, his six male companions. Already it seemed hours since, from the great religious ceremony in the central court of the palace, they had been thrust—spear-armed soldiers behind them—into the opening of the underground vaults.

What was that roaring sound suddenly audible, reverberating through these crypts? He turned at hazard round one of the sharp corners in those intricate narrow stone corridors, saw a gleam of ruddy light upon a wall. This was something, at any rate! He hurried forward, paying out the thread behind him—never otherwise would they find their way back again—turned yet another corner.

There, ahead of him in a widened vault, was a great brass monster, half bull, half man, from whose immense open bovine mouth came the flames and roar of a fiercely blazing internal furnace. It stretched two hoofed arms in front of it, as if ready to dandle its victim. The Minotaur! He checked. Could one fight a monster of brass? And then suddenly he saw, standing in the half gloom, a man armed with the sacred double battle-ax—the Minos himself! This then was part of the ordeal—Tha-su's brain leaped to the recognition; it was a primitive all-but-universal royal ordeal, one that would persist at Calicut in India until 1743 A.D.—that every nine years the Minos had to undergo; to offer himself in mortal combat with his possible successor; a combat in which, for long ages, the odds had been cunningly arranged for him. Tha-su rushed at him with a wild exultant shout and, before the upswung battle-ax could descend, drove his point at the throat.

Under the brilliant blue sun-suffused sky, in the great central court of the palace, Ariadne, the most holy one, sat on one of two golden thrones. The other throne was vacant. Before that other throne was an altar, fronted by a double pair of upturned bull's horns, and bearing upon it, erect, a sacred double ax. In long lines down that great courtyard were the priests and priestesses, striking their seven-stringed lyres and intoning wildly mournful hymns. Behind them a close-packed mass of Cretans, men and women, wailed and mourned as was the ritual custom. They wailed hypocritically for the fourteen victims, wailed with only slightly less hypocrisy for the Minos risking his life down in the dark maze which symbolized the underworld. If he did not return, then the virility of the divine king was manifestly useless for the continued vigor of their communal life, and manifestly it was time that another should replace him. But he would return, as nine years back he had returned.

Ariadne, decked in ceremonial magnificence, sat rigid, staring at that door wherein the captives had been pushed; wherefrom—and the crowd stared fascinatedly at it also—the victorious Minos would surely presently emerge.

Endless—exasperatingly, maddeningly endless—were those mournful hymns of the priests and priestesses. Would that shout-hailed climax never come, this appalling suspense be dispelled? Rigid—convulsively rigid, sat Ariadne. What secret awful guilt was terrible within her, gripping her soul, blanching her startlingly beautiful face, to be sustained only by the tense clenching of her delicate hands? What wild hopes and fears surged through her until the woman in her felt that she must scream?

At last! Suddenly there was a shout; a turmoil near that door at the farther end. The Minos was emerging! The crowd swayed. He came, shouting wild words, flourishing the divine double ax—not the familiar Minos, but the fair-haired, fair-bearded Achæan! There was a deafening clamor, an outburst of sudden shrieks as fierce men in that throng whipped out long swords, stabbed right and left. Through that swirling turmoil, Tha-su, brandishing the sacred weapon from which all recoiled, forced his triumphant way; rushed, not for the vacant throne, but for Ariadne. He snatched her from her seat, held her high in blood-dripping arms. An appalling din announced the commencement of the sack of the great palace.

That palace was found, three thousand three hundred years later, just as it had collapsed after that day of ravage which had terminated in conflagration, scarcely a morsel of metal left in it, the unfinished work and the tools of the artificers in the king's workshops lying strewn as they had been flung down in the sudden alarm.

And Ariadne? Did Theseus—as the later Greeks would call him—indeed abandon her basely upon the Isle of Naxos, or was she there reft from him by the god Bacchus in whatever of doubtful fate may be implied in that other legend?

Theseus himself undoubtedly returned home laden with spoil, and founded a citadel and a kingship at Athens, where what at least purported to be his homeward ship was piously conserved for a thousand years. There he and his descendants reigned, one of many independent units in that barbarically splendid civilization of those bronze-using Achæans who were the Greeks of Homer, fighting the Trojan War as their last great exploit.

For, two hundred years after the sack of Knossus, the Achæans themselves, were fiercely assailed and utterly overcome by a new race of iron-weaponed invaders—those Dorians who were, in the slow evolution of centuries, to become the cultured Greeks of Phidias and Æschylus, of Socrates and Aristotle. Great was the movement of men which was impelled by that ruthless invasion of the Dorians. "The isles were restless, disturbed among themselves," says an inscription of Rameses III. A swarming horde of dispossessed Achæans and Achæanized Cretans, their goods and their women and children heaped in ox wagons, came down from Syria through the land of Canaan, and were there met and checked by the Pharaoh in a great battle. There they settled down, to become the Philistines with whom the Israelites waged such bitter war.

Other civilizations had before it for many ages accumulated the written records of their history, but that vanished civilization of Minoan Knossus was the germ of the civilization that is ours.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last of a series of stories by Mr. Austin.

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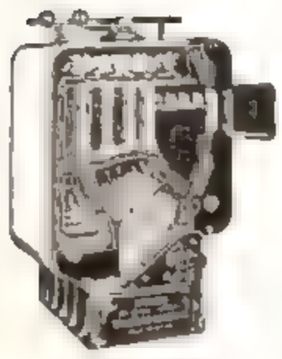

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PROSPERITY—WHAT IS IT?

Continued from Page 5

more than the poor man, yet some producers are unable to see any other market. They regard the wealthy man as if he had a hundred heads and a hundred backs. Our business is supported by the wages that it pays. When you curtail wages you curtail business. That applies to every business. There are no exceptions

The problem today is how to increase production for larger demand, instead of how to reduce it. There is no need of curtailment anywhere. Overproduction is always local. Nothing is overproduced as long as there are literally millions of persons who would use the articles of industry if the price were brought within their means. Has everyone in the world a bathtub, a sanitary home, a book, a bed, a motor car, a pantry full of food? Well, until everyone in the world gets what everyone ought to have, there can be no overproduction. Management will still have the problem of distribution at low prices. The saturation point is always extremely local.

What a five-day week would do is give equal opportunities for consumption. No man can consume more than another—be he rich or poor—yet consumption among individuals is equal only when opportunities for consumption are equal. Another day or half day a week given to the people of this country would instantly open a new market for nearly everything that is manufactured. But what is more important, we should open the door to new levels of buying power not heretofore reached, because the object lesson of the benefits of prosperity would be carried to multitudes who have no time to learn it now.

These ideas are not so novel to American business men as might be supposed. I think there are today enough American producers honestly trying to get prices down to rock-bottom, to keep business at its present high levels. They are thinking of business as a service to the people and of their own part as a service to business.

Prosperity is endangered by the habit of regarding every great new invention as the last word. Some people think of the present standard as being the utmost attainable. The same people generally will admit that when you have reached the top of anything there is no place to go except down.

We are now beginning to grasp the fact that going up and going on is really only a matter of determination to find something better. Stagnation is the product of the colossal assumption that our ideas and our methods are final and perfect, instead of being merely steps in progress.

If prosperity is to continue, obviously there will be less and less need for hoarding. If the supply is guaranteed to continue there is no need for hoarding. Men save because they are not sure the flow of money will continue. Men save to be independent. If they could assure their independence by working, how much better it would be. Hoarding is no better in peacetime than in wartime. It stops the flow, and its basis is fear. But as long as the basis of fear exists, how can men be blamed? The thing to do is to remove the cause of fear. Why should men fear need in a world of plenty?

This fear, which has been inherited by the worker, is one of the things we are stamping out in the United States, but we still have a long way to go. For hoarding we must substitute use. It is the use to which it may be put which gives an object its value. Prosperity, from that point of view, is merely a period of maximum use. Who would say, since we still have areas of poverty and idleness in the United States, that we have come anywhere near the peak of prosperity?

Free spending is not squandering; the latter leaves a man broke; the former brings him more money by increasing his capacity to produce. That is the essence of prosperity, in my opinion. It is a continuing process, something established as the dependable and normal state of affairs.

IMPATIENT YOUTH IN THE BUSINESS WORLD

(Continued from Page 11)

from a large number of institutions, no less than 57 per cent have held two or more positions since graduation, and 25 per cent of these have held three or more positions.

Of the class of 1923, 39.5 per cent out of a somewhat similar number have held two or more positions, and 13 per cent three or more. Even in a class graduating as recently as 1924, about 20 per cent of the 1240 replying have held two or more positions since graduation. Commenting on these figures, the report says:

"The high degree of turnover indicated by these figures shows an unwise choice of first positions in altogether too high a percentage of cases. Of the graduates who do change positions, many do not remain long enough in their first job to gain much experience or even obtain a clear conception of its ultimate possibilities. An undue amount of time is wasted by these graduates before they are established in their life's work."

Desire for the right sort of experience or opportunity was given by 75.3 per cent of the graduates for their choice of first positions, and the report says, "Contrary to general impression, perhaps, the question of salary was, ostensibly at least, a very minor factor."

But no data are given as to why these first positions were vacated so soon, or why there was a change to third and even fourth positions in so many cases. Surely one important reason why the first or second positions are not retained is because promotion does not follow rapidly enough. If the overly high expectation of reward were met in the first position there would be no such lack of stability. Is it not fair then to say that numbers of these young men do not have a true picture of the conditions of life which they must face?

Perhaps someone will object that I am slapping ambition in the face, or that I am merely reflecting the views of hard-hearted employers who are using me as a mouthpiece to keep young talent down. Very well then, let us look at this subject from a wholly different angle. Consider for a moment the well-known mob behavior of men of all ages, all degrees and kinds of experience and all sorts of education, when a good position at a good salary is vacant. Does anyone have any illusions at all as to the true meaning of this common trait?

Let us assume a hustling yet agreeable residential and industrial city of 100,000 population somewhere between New York and San Francisco. The position of secretary of the chamber of commerce is vacated by retirement or death. The directors thereupon place in all the newspapers the following conspicuous advertisement, which I have worded in more vernacular language than is usually the case:

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"We want a secretary for our chamber of commerce, male, age anywhere from twenty-five to sixty-five. Though ill health will probably shorten the life of your job, we do not insist upon a medical examination. In fact, the last incumbent had a chronic disease, but it was an arrested case and so he didn't look ill.

"You may not stay in the job many years, but then again you may. You will

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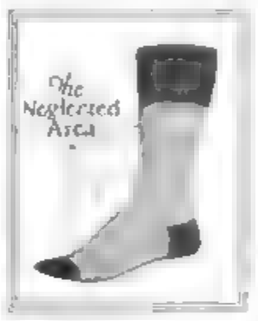
The Patented Pendulum Valve

*Bi-Spinning
An exclusive Tru-fab process by which hosiery is invisibly reinforced, not by adding layers of extra threads but by doubly strengthening every thread.
An attractive sheer weight pattern for spring. Pure silk and rayon; combinations. In a wide variety of color harmonies. 75c

Reinforced all over
—what Bi-Spinning* has done for Men's Hosiery



FOR a long time hosiery manufacturers have provided extra protection for the toes and heels. Now the neglected area, instep and leg, has been taken care of! The new process, Bi-Spinning, invisibly reinforces the entire sock by doubly strengthening every thread. Bi-Spinning means extra months of wear.

You will be delighted with the smart new shades and patterns which our fashion experts have designed to harmonize with your Spring and Summer apparel.

You will be astonished at the very reasonable prices, from 35c to $1.—but you will experience the fullest satisfaction only after you have worn the Tru-fab Hosiery you buy today, months beyond your expectations.

At your favorite shop, select from the newest patterns for Spring this new type hosiery in sheer weights of wool, silk, rayon and lisle, and in harmonious combinations of these materials. We guarantee you will be pleased—or your money instantly and courteously refunded.

If you do not find Tru-fab Bi-Spun Hosiery at the shops you are accustomed to buy from, write us and we will see that you are supplied.
CLIMAX HOSIERY MILLS, Athens, Ga.

Price 35c to $1.00

Tru-fab
Bi-Spun HOSIERY FOR MEN

have no bosses except ourselves, and we are far too busy with our own affairs to pay any attention to the details of your work. It is true that once a month, at our regular meeting, certain of the more crotchety members of the board will bawl you out because you fail to advertise the city more effectively. But then they don't know anything about it themselves, and will soon forget the criticisms they have made. Besides, some of us will like you personally, and as we don't like the crotchety members of the board, we will protect you from them. You will get many unreasonable requests, not only from us but from other members; but nothing will be done about it if you don't comply.

"Your hours will at times be very long, but you will make them yourself. You will take many trips, half business and half pleasure. If you are at all plausible, and we like a plausible man, you will be able to persuade us that you need to attend nearly all the conventions in the state. You will have an expense account if you are at all insistent. The salary is not enormous, $5000 a year, but if you yell loud enough we will increase it. We have no idea what salary should be paid, but if you are insistent enough, we will pay more.

"You will, of course, have several assistants who will report solely to you. Naturally, you will have a secretary and other stenographers. You are expected to meet and help entertain distinguished guests. You are ex-officio secretary of the monthly luncheon club.

"When the Secretary of the Interior or other cabinet officers, as well as congressmen, visit this section, you are expected to keep close tabs upon them. You are expected as a matter of course to attend all meetings of important citizens, and to issue statements to the public on many different subjects. Naturally, newspaper reporters will interview you, and you are expected to say something pleasant.

"It goes without saying that no manual labor of any nature attaches to your position.

"Though we hope you are fitted to the job, we do not know exactly what it means to be so fitted. We have no prejudices against ex-clergymen, ex-teachers, ex-store owners, ex-army officers, ex-circus advance agents, ex-real-estate men and ex-insurance underwriters.

"Doors open at nine o'clock. The man who gets here first, who talks the loudest and praises himself the most, lands the job."

Looking for the Soft Job

Close your eyes, dear reader, on the scene of carnage that follows. Tokio after the earthquake had nothing on what will happen when the doors open. The city will be filled with the weeping of widows and with orphaned children of applicants who trample one another to death.

Really, though, there is nothing so exaggerated or fantastic about all this. In a Western city there is a chamber of commerce whose secretary is a conscientious, competent man of about thirty-six. He was not trained specifically for the position, but he had an excellent education along other lines and considerable experience in meeting people.

In the city referred to a business concern in a spasm of economy let out six of its junior executives, four of whom happened to be until then directors or committee chairmen of the chamber of commerce. All four at once applied to the other directors for the secretarial position, thus placing these other directors in a most embarrassing position. To try to take away the position of a perfectly competent secretary, a man of their own choosing, seems to me a sort of cannibal-like treachery, although fortunately the rest of the directors had sense enough to retain the incumbent. But that is naturally not the point to dwell upon.

A news dispatch says that 3000 men applied for six advertised vacancies in a textile factory near London. Police had to break up the crowds. We have no riots in search of manual labor in this country, but we have riots, indeed, of mental confusion and fumbling in the rush for polite white-collar positions.

Employes of the New York Stock Exchange number 947, an increase of only seventy-five for the year, and yet it is announced that 10,000 persons, representing nearly every state in the Union and practically every civilized country, applied for employment in the year 1925.

A whole issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST could be filled with examples of how men of all ages—but mostly young, or at least no more settled in life than the young—rush around in search of what are known as good positions, where it is possible to boss others, to associate with prominent people and to avoid manual labor.

It is not my purpose, however, to imply that the prevalent impatience and restlessness is wholly the fault of young men, of recent collegians and of employes in general. The employe, like the employer, should have his day in court. His complaint must be listened to.

The College Boy's Side of It

Consider for a moment the case of the collegian, and then of the young man in general. The employer's opinion of the average recent college graduate, even when the employer has himself gone to college, is well known to be most unflattering. An important group of employment and personnel specialists, themselves mostly college graduates, recently discussed the topic of selecting and placing college graduates in business, but had seriously considered, before the meeting, wording the subject on the program as The Taming of the College Man.

A report on developing men for executive positions, issued by the National Personnel Association, quotes from one company as follows: "A man who has attended a graduate school of business administration tends to feel he can take an express train, without local stops, to an executive position."

College graduates are said to resent regular business hours and discipline. They are said to be lacking in steady plugging qualities and convinced that success should come their way without paying the price. They expect to skip over the small dirty jobs in the lower ranks. It takes about as long, we are told, for the college man to get over being stuck on himself as it does for the other fellow to educate himself up to the same mental level.

If this were solely an article on college men in business, we might go on indefinitely with the well-known indictment. But there is nothing new about it, anyway, and the collegian's reply is not so generally appreciated. To begin with, dozens of corporation scouts visit his college in the spring of the year and paint rosy pictures of the advantages of entering their particular lines. These representatives swear with hands crossed upon their breasts that they do not promise general managerships within a year or two.

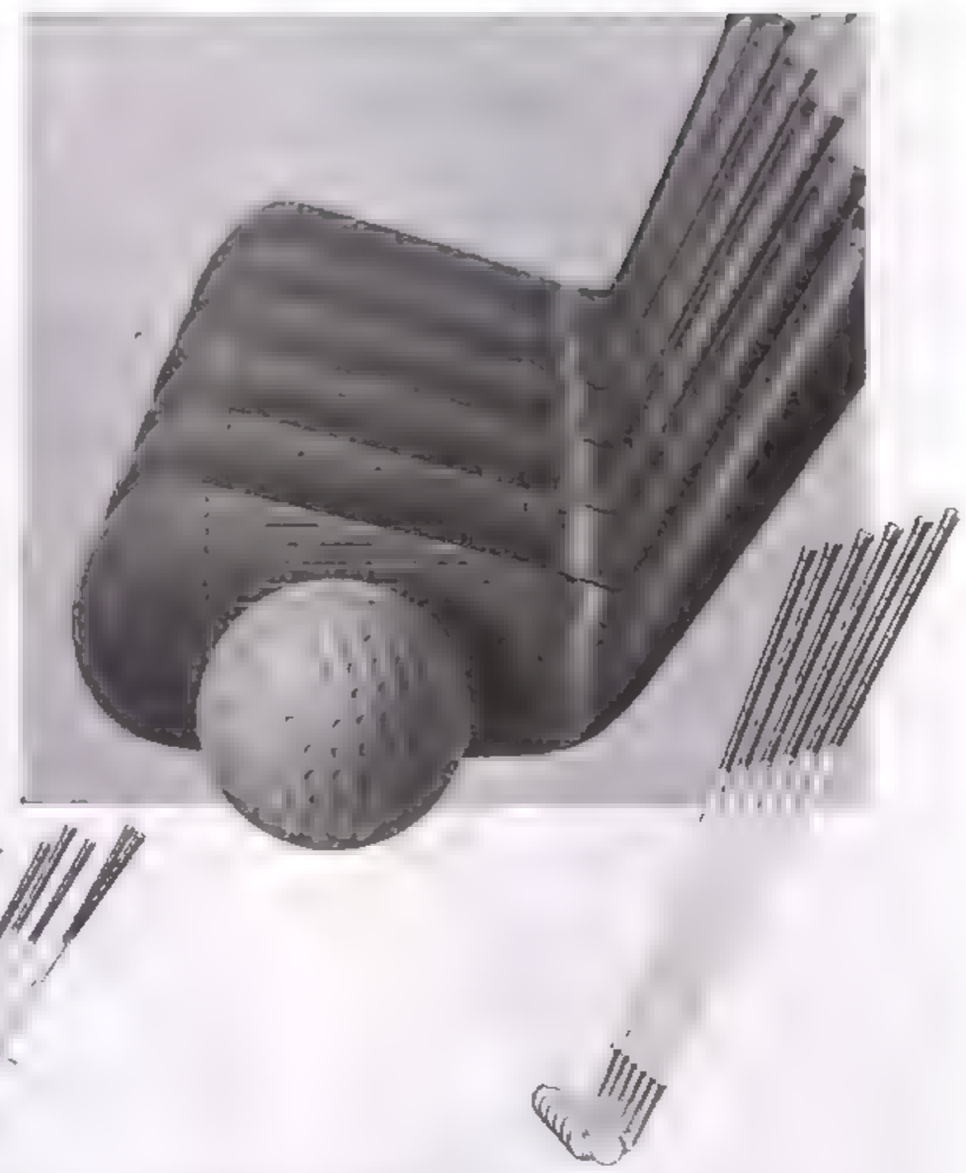
But the fact remains that the industries compete in an unwise way with one another for what they consider the best men in each graduating class. The general manager of a great bond house once complained to the writer that his employment scout had been able to induce only three men in one college even to listen to his story.

The senior is thus flattered, cajoled and incited by the employment scout, and is finally induced to accept a position with the great corporation. But he at once takes a perpendicular drop and lands upon a hard bottom of dull routine and doldrums, where he generally must remain for several years at least. He is parceled off into some corner of the business, doing work which he might have done ten years before. As one young fellow told his employer:

"College graduates are impatient because they want work which will grip them

(Continued on Page 209)

Golf professionals preach this . .



Golf stars practice to retain it . .

but it remained for Spalding to put it into the clubs themselves

YOU KNOW MIGHTY WELL that if you could make shots *exactly the same way* time after time, your golf would take a big step forward. One of the reasons great golfers are great is because they swing in the same "groove" every time.

That's *uniformity!* And uniformity is the most important essential of good golf.

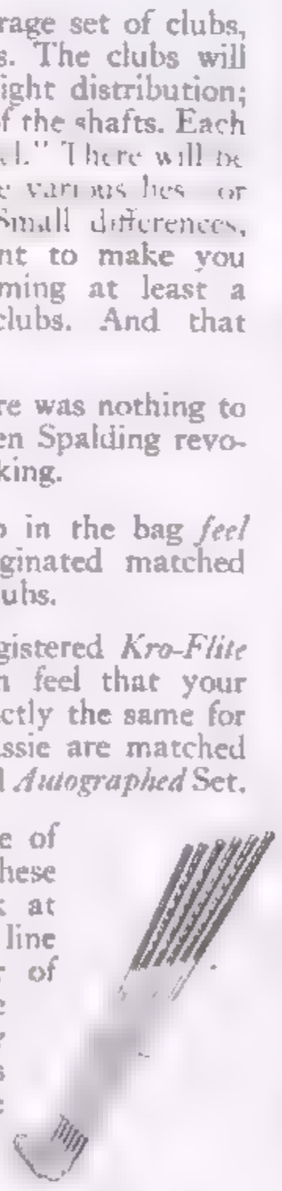
Acquiring it with the average set of clubs, however, presents difficulties. The clubs will not be truly matched in weight distribution; in the torsion and resilience of the shafts. Each club will have a different "feel." There will be no *exact* relation between the various lies or the pitches of the blades. Small differences, some of them—but sufficient to make you change your swing and timing at least a little with the different clubs. And that shouldn't be.

Up to a few years ago there was nothing to do but grin and bear it. Then Spalding revolutionized the art of club-making.

Spalding made every club in the bag *feel* exactly alike. Spalding originated matched sets of both wood and iron clubs.

Spalding produced the Registered *Kro-Flite* Set—eight irons so alike in feel that your swing and timing can be exactly the same for all of them. Driver and brassie are matched the same way in the Registered *Autographed* Set.

Here is a graphic example of how perfectly matched these clubs are in balance. Look at the illustration. The dotted line is drawn across the center of balance of each club. Notice that it *parallels the tops of the shafts.* Though each club is different in length, *they* are balanced exactly alike.

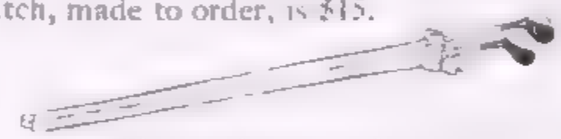


With the average set of clubs, the centers of balance would look like this:

In Spalding clubs the shafts are *exactly* matched in torsion and resilience. There is an *exact* increase in pitch from one blade to another. There is an *exact* variation in the lie of each club—the distance you stand from the ball is automatically determined. Such absolute uniformity must bring greater uniformity to your game. These are exclusive Spalding features—patents have been applied for covering them.

The perfect set of wood clubs

Spalding matched wood clubs are known as Registered Autographed Sets. A set consists of twin brassie and driver at $30. Spoon to match, made to order, is $15.



The perfect set of irons

The matched irons are called the Registered Kro-Flite Sets. These sets are never broken. They must be bought complete—eight irons to the set at $65.

Every Registered set has a number. A record of every club is kept by Spalding. If a club should be lost, it can be exactly duplicated by sending the set number and club number to Spalding. You can get a Registered set that fits you perfectly in length, weight and balance.

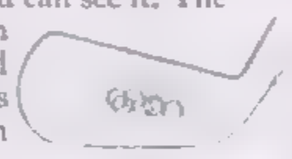
If you want to buy clubs one at a time

No greater values can be bought than Spalding clubs—whether you buy a set or one at a time. Spalding has first selection of the world's finest materials. Spalding adds to these the skill of the world's foremost clubmakers. And this skill goes into every Spalding club regardless of its price. A majority of the leading National and International golfers use Spalding clubs.

You can buy individual wood clubs from $10 to $2.50. Individual irons from $6 to $2 each.

THE "SWEET SPOT"

The "Sweet Spot" is that one spot on every club-face which gives the ball the greatest distance and the truest flight. All clubs have it—but few have it in the same place, and it is not marked so you can see it. The "Sweet Spot" on your clubs would probably show this much variation in position.



Spalding has located the "Sweet Spot" *in exactly the same position on every* Kro-Flite iron, and has *marked* it for you to see.

Your professional has them

Your professional has Spalding registered clubs or can get them for you. Spalding dealers carry them. And of course they are sold by all Spalding Stores.

A. G. Spalding & Bros.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF FINE GOLF CLUBS. ORIGINATORS OF MATCHED AND REGISTERED SETS OF WOOD AND IRON CLUBS

THE delightful charm and beauty of painted walls can be brought to your home at very little expense through the use of Lowe Brothers Mellotone or Mello-Gloss....Mellotone produces a flat finish, softly colorful in tone, while the finish of Mello-Gloss has just enough lustre to give it radiant warmth....Both of these most modern treatments can be applied on old walls as well as new, and their first day loveliness easily perpetuated with mild soap and water....The Lowe Brothers dealer in your locality can supply you with either of these artistic finishes, and a Lowe Brothers Paint or Varnish specifically made for whatever painting or finishing you may have in mind....He can also recommend a good painter to do the work for you.

THE LOWE BROTHERS COMPANY
Dayton, Ohio · *Factories* · Toronto, Canada
BRANCHES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Lowe Brothers
PAINTS & VARNISHES

(Continued from Page 206)

and demand all they've got of brains, imagination and personality, and they continue to be impatient and restless until they get it. And so they change jobs and change again, until they either gravitate to the right kind of work or find their satisfactions out of business hours. It is no answer to counsel patient plodding. The answer must be in terms of—satisfying work."

"During his junior and senior years the college man studies courses in economics, psychology, philosophy, or science and mathematics, which require of him, as a rule, severe mental effort," said John Mills, personnel director of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, at a recent meeting of the American Management Association. "He has been working on a high intellectual level. Then he enters the world of business and industry, and the things which for the first year or two at least he must learn are matters of organization routine, locations, familiarity with stocks, lists of customers, methods of accounting and the like, all matters which can be learned by a man of high-school education or less.

"In general, he has no task which is on so high an intellectual level as that on which he has been working in college. How do most of us keep alive? Don't we pick up and study one subject after another? Now why should we take young fellows out of college and for two or three years put them in positions where we break their habits of study; and then later wonder why there isn't a good man for an important position, and go out to get more college men so that we shall have some executives coming along?"

The result, said the speaker, is that those who do reach higher positions later in life attack their problems not by scientific methods but by hunches and imitation of others. You may agree with this last statement or not; the fact is that the college graduate has invested four years of time and money, and occasionally five or six years, in a higher education, and naturally he has the right to ask that this training be recognized and utilized.

The Best Aid to Loyalty

But have we not touched upon a far larger problem even than that of the college man in business? After all, employers and business organizations, even the largest, are imperfect institutions. They have human limitations. One of these is an inability or an unwillingness to take the time to care for, organize and direct the natural ambition and eagerness of youth, especially of the college youth. Ambition—nay, even impatience and restlessness—can be sublimated and refined, as it were, from grosser forms into the highest utility. But such a process takes time and thought.

There are employers who would rather raise a man's salary, if he yells loud enough, than to think out the right procedure for fitting him to his work. Other employers prefer to keep hiring and firing, in the hope of finding the man who will just suit, rather than develop what they have.

Too many organizations fail to provide employes with specifications, technical facilities and methods of procedure for getting on. They spend large sums in developing loyalty, when the best way to obtain it is to help their people advance. Too often the employe cannot get from the employer any exact statement as to how he shall realize upon a perfectly justifiable ambition, although of vague generalities and pious advice there is always an oversupply.

Granting that large numbers of well-to-do individuals and organizations deserve their success, yet does anyone in his senses maintain that all are wise or fair in their treatment of employes? Many persons of small souls and narrow vision reach positions of enough prominence to make life miserable for a few assistants.

Canniness, shrewdness, hardness, thrift and inborn trading instincts put thousands of otherwise petty men at the head of small enterprises. These never become large organizations, because the owners do not have the mental breadth to make them such. But grasping men in possession of small competences may employ two or three clerks whose lives are not rendered any too happy.

An organization takes its tone from its head. If an owner or chief executive is mean, the right qualities will not be developed in those below. The assistant cashier of a small bank once wrote me for suggestions as to how he could obtain a better position elsewhere. I suggested in reply that he attend bankers' conventions in order to get acquainted.

"The president of my bank," he countered, "does not believe in conventions for bankers and won't let us attend."

"I do not suppose you can get my point of view," said a young woman who had formerly worked for a number of large banks in a stenographic or clerical capacity, "but whenever a vacancy occurred in the officer staff we girls always prayed that a man would be promoted who would consider the employes' interests. Someone had to be promoted, and we hoped that he wouldn't be the kind who thought only of a straight path ahead for himself and nothing for us."

Lack of Double Measure

It is to be feared that many an executive regards himself as both smart and enterprising if he can hire a clerk for $1270 when the salary should be $1300. "Sh-h-h!" he whispers to a caller as he talks behind his hand, and stealthily indicates a man at a desk a few feet away. "That fellow's worth $3000, and I'm only paying him $2500." The employer smiles and preens himself as if this were proof of his greatness as a captain of industry.

If the clerk asks for a raise he is given a sob story on the deplorable state of business. The clerk retaliates by doing his work well, but at the same time withholding the last ounce, the extra ounce of energy. He presents each day a basket full to the brim, in order to hold onto his job, but it is not running over. If a bushel of apples is worth $1.25 and the buyer beats the seller down to one dollar, the seller will give a full basket, but he never puts any extra apples on top. And the slick executive doesn't know what is wrong with the business. He feels that something is wrong, but he doesn't realize that it is the lack of a double measure.

This same type of employer becomes very angry if the clerk is lured away to a better job. "What do those Bolsheviki mean by taking my men away?"

The opposite attitude was shown by a bank in an Eastern city that notified all its 135 clerks that they could take a half day off on the company's time to look around for a better job.

"We want you to stay," read the notice, "and it won't prejudice your job a bit if you look around. We merely do not want to take any chances of having our people dissatisfied."

Six employes left as the result of looking around, but the others were naturally more satisfied than before. As a rule, an employe who looks elsewhere does so at his own risk. "Mr. Smith, is it true, as I heard, that you were down at Blank & Co.'s yesterday looking for a job? If you don't like it here, get out."

A man of twenty-nine, who was left considerable property and an independent income by his parents, and whose father-in-law is well-to-do, says in the course of two long letters written from a Middle Western city:

"In a town of this size—20,000—there are very few businesses large enough to make room for an outsider to go far. By that I mean the heads of these have sons, relatives or friends coming on that have the inside track.

"A young fellow about my age came up the other day to have a talk with me and to go over his prospects for the future. He is on a salary of $3600 a year, with absolutely

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

You feel good all over when you satisfy your feet with a pair of fine looking Florsheims. The easiest, better-fitting kind because they are skeleton lined.

The Frat-Style M-191

Most Styles $10

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY — Manufacturers — CHICAGO

PROTECT Your Pocketbook

SILVER LAKE Sash Cord comes in short lengths for replacements in this handy 50c package. Specific directions on the back.

AVOID breakage and replacements in your window sash cords by specifying SILVER LAKE SASH CORD *throughout* for your new home.

SILVER LAKE carries a written 20-year guarantee. It usually delivers more than double this length of service. It's solid-braided from highest quality, long staple cotton yarns. For sixty years the choice of leading architects and builders.

Let SILVER LAKE Sash Cord protect your pocketbook, by eliminating unnecessary repair bills for you.

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SILVER LAKE COMPANY, NEWTONVILLE, MASS.

Manufacturers of Solid Braided Cordage

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Silver Lake Sash Cord

LOOK FOR THE NAME STAMPED ON EVERY FOOT OF CORD

A Suggestion on Tire Saving

How it Works

Fix your own punctures. The best way is to get the handy little Shaler Vulcanizer and always carry it in your car. Then when the emergency comes, no matter where you are, you can make a permanent heat-vulcanized repair in a few minutes. Millions of motorists are saving their old tubes by fixing punctures this easy, quick way.

The Shaler Vulcanizer is so inexpensive you should get one for your car today.

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You Can Get It Anywhere

Wherever auto supplies are sold you can get this inexpensive Shaler Vulcanizer. Complete outfit, including vulcanizer and 12 Patch-&-Heat Units cost only $1.50. [illegible] higher [illegible] and far West.

SHALER

"Who's a good sheet metal man around here?"

RAIN causes rust. Rust causes leaks. Leaks cause repair bills. Let the Ingot Iron Shop man in your neighborhood replace your leaders, gutters, flashings, etc., with new ones of galvanized ARMCO Ingot Iron—the low-cost, rust-resisting metal.

You can identify the right sheet metal man by the Ingot Iron Shop sign reproduced above.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL CO., MIDDLETOWN, OHIO
(Export) The Armco International Corporation
Middletown, Ohio Cable Address—Armco
Distributors in all principal cities

ARMCO INGOT IRON

The Purest Iron Made

"Is it made of ARMCO Ingot Iron?"

no prospects for the future, is married to the daughter of a wealthy man who is not in active business. There is a baby coming soon and the young fellow is trying to get into something that has a future, one where the gates are not down, after going so far, to all but relatives and friends.

"We talked for a long time and I was surprised to find how similar our ideas were. We discussed the work of eighteen or twenty different fellows we both knew, and only two of them held places that were not made for them—that is, they were in positions due to relatives. Of course you might say it would not make any difference how they got their start, provided they make good. But a lot don't make good, and are still holding their positions, with deserving young fellows under them doing their work. This condition, I admit, does not exist so much in the large cities."

Other portions of the letter disclose that it was written in a mood of extreme discouragement. The young man is not a discriminating observer. His town probably contains many small but prosperous business enterprises started by poor, aggressive and self-confident young men who had no pull whatever. Yet who will deny the more than grain of truth in this indictment of Main Street business opportunities?

Or listen to portions of another letter from a slightly older man. In this case there was no pull or inherited wealth to begin with; quite the contrary. In places, such as the description of the directors' meeting and the president's trip to Palm Beach, a rather melodramatic note belies severe accuracy. But in the main there is the ring, the internal evidence, of truth. The letter comes from Chicago:

"What really happens to a great many employes? I am speaking of the ordinary or common variety known as white-collar man, or office worker. Let me cite you an instance. A young man goes through public and high school and is unable, owing to financial difficulties, to avail himself of the opportunity of higher education. He gets a job—anything, so long as it pays him enough to meet his bills."

The Sad Story of Smith

"Being an ambitious sort of a chap, he applies himself, body and soul, to the task in hand. After three or four years he finds that by diligent effort he has risen to a responsible position, that it pays him more than he needs for his immediate requirements, that he has saved a little and that his prospects for further advancement are excellent, so he decides to take on some more responsibility by getting married.

"He is more ambitious than ever now. Shortly after being married he is promoted again, with another increase in salary, and the world certainly seems a mighty good place to live in. Let us now change the scene to the directors' room. The chairman of the board arises and speaks as follows: 'Mr. President, last year we received 28 per cent on our investment, and this year it is only 10 per cent. Something must be done.'

"Mr. President arises to defend himself and says: 'Mr. Chairman, high cost of living, higher wages, efficient help—hard to get for less ——' and so on. Mr. Chairman then arises and issues his ultimatum. 'Cut anything and everything to increase our dividends.' After the meeting the president calls in an efficiency engineer, tells him what he wants done and makes reservations for a trip to Palm Beach for the next three months.

"Mr. Efficiency Engineer starts in his work with: 'Mr. Paymaster, what is Mr. Smith doing to earn $5000 per annum?' 'Why, he is our credit manager.' 'Give him two weeks' notice. I will have him replaced for $3000.'

"Is Mr. Smith discouraged? Not a bit. He is going to answer a lot of newspaper ads and will see the employment agents and he will be placed immediately. After several weeks of ad replying and agency chasing, he gets a letter from a jewelry house asking him to call in regard to answering their ad in the paper.

"He is politely told that there is nothing doing because they want a man who has had jewelry-trade experience, not insurance. And so on and so forth. Finally he gets a letter, calls, and is told he is satisfactory—after being out of work two or three months. 'But, oh my, we could not think of paying anything like $5000 to start! The best we can do is $3000, but chances for advancement are excellent.'

"Mr. Smith takes the position, and soon he is the same ambitious, hard-working fellow as before. At the end of two or three years he is again earning $5000. This time the company is sold to a new owner who has a relative who is a credit manager, and Mr. Smith again finds himself where he was five or six years ago. Is he discouraged? No! Just fighting mad. It is unjust, but what can he do about it? I know Mr. Smith real well, and he told me he felt like kissing the hand of the man who let him go, for it just aroused him to make up his mind to be his own boss, and if he is fired again he will have no one to blame but himself.

"But take the ordinary worker. What assurance has he that after he passes a certain salary he will not be replaced? Of course, if he were a teamster or street-car conductor, the union would call a strike if the company discharged him without cause. But unfortunately the white-collar worker has not this protection."

Meeting a New World

Several years ago, in an article analyzing the qualities which make for individual success or failure in life, I remarked that nothing new could be said on the subject; it had all been stated by the prophets and philosophers of old—Shakspere, Goethe, Emerson, Ruskin, Benjamin Franklin, Epictetus, the Bible—from these the truth is to be learned. The reader cannot fail to be interested in the comment this statement brought forth from a man who has employed many thousands of young college graduates and even greater numbers of noncollegians for a corporation whose activities cover the world:

"I have often thought that one of the most serious difficulties before a young man lies in the fact that, as soon as he gets out in the world on his own, he finds a great many people do not follow these principles as laid down by the great teachers of history. He has been brought up by them at home, in school, in the church, and being thus well equipped with the fundamental principles of righteous living, he does not know just how to get on in a world composed of many men and women who do not follow these principles.

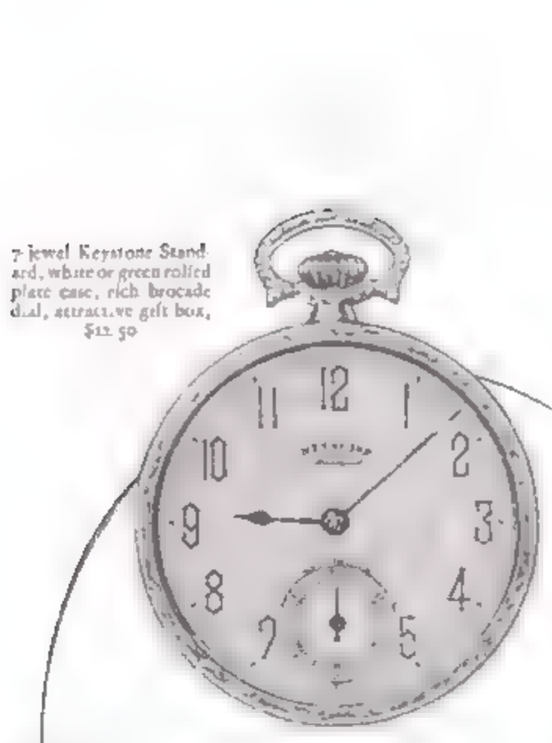
"Even the bosses who are honest have different interpretations of fundamentals, so I am inclined to believe that quite a proportion of a young man's success is due to his immediate superior. For example, recently the head of one of our departments was very much dissatisfied with his stenographer because she exercised some discretion in writing his letters. He did not even want his English corrected; in fact, he did not want her to do anything except just what he told her to do.

"She was transferred later to another department, where the man in charge believes in delegating all the authority possible to other people, and he is delighted to find a stenographer with so much initiative.

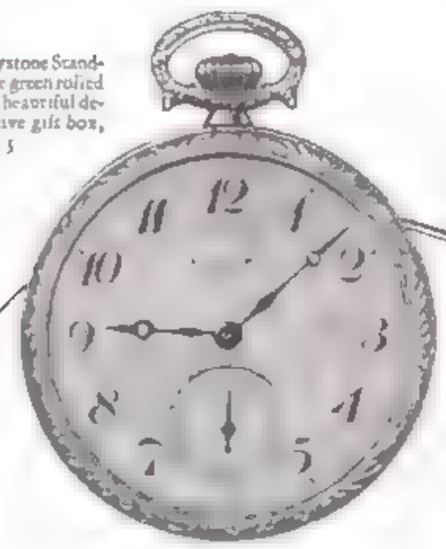
"I find that men criticize one another, accusing one another of not knowing how to run their business, quite as much as schoolboys criticize one another in their sports. Of course, generally speaking, such men are fine fellows, each trying to achieve an honorable success, but with different ideals as to method.

"It is true that a young man builds his future day by day in accordance with the work he does in full obedience to the wishes of his employer, and in the end that sort of philosophy usually wins out. But before a

(Continued on Page 213)



7-jewel Keystone Standard, white or green rolled plate case, rich brocade dial, attractive gift box, $12.50



15-jewel Keystone Standard, white or green rolled plate case of beautiful design, attractive gift box, $15

15-jewel Keystone Standard in the famous Jas. Boss 25K white or green gold filled case, handsome gift box, $2[illegible]

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IT is not often that any maker senses and supplies a widespread public desire so truly as Keystone has done in its new Standard Watches.

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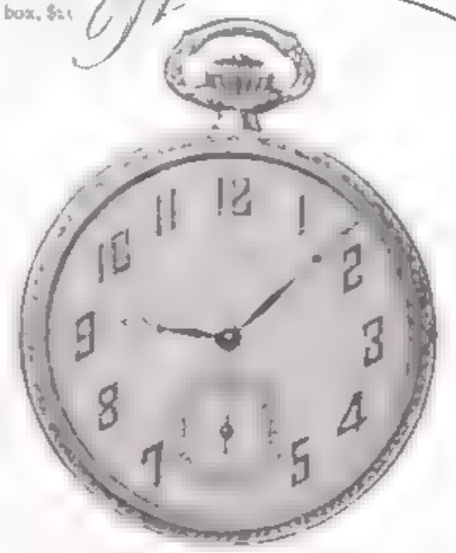
It is no longer necessary to sacrifice pride and reliance for economy.

The selection in the new Keystone Standard is wide, within a range of $8.25 to $16.50 in the 7-jewel movement, and $13.50 to $25 in the 15-jewel movement.

This entirely new value is establishing a different attitude in the purchase of watches. Certainly, you are not warranted in selecting a new watch until you have seen the Keystone Standard at your jeweler's.

THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE COMPANY, Riverside, New Jersey

KEYSTONE *Standard* WATCHES



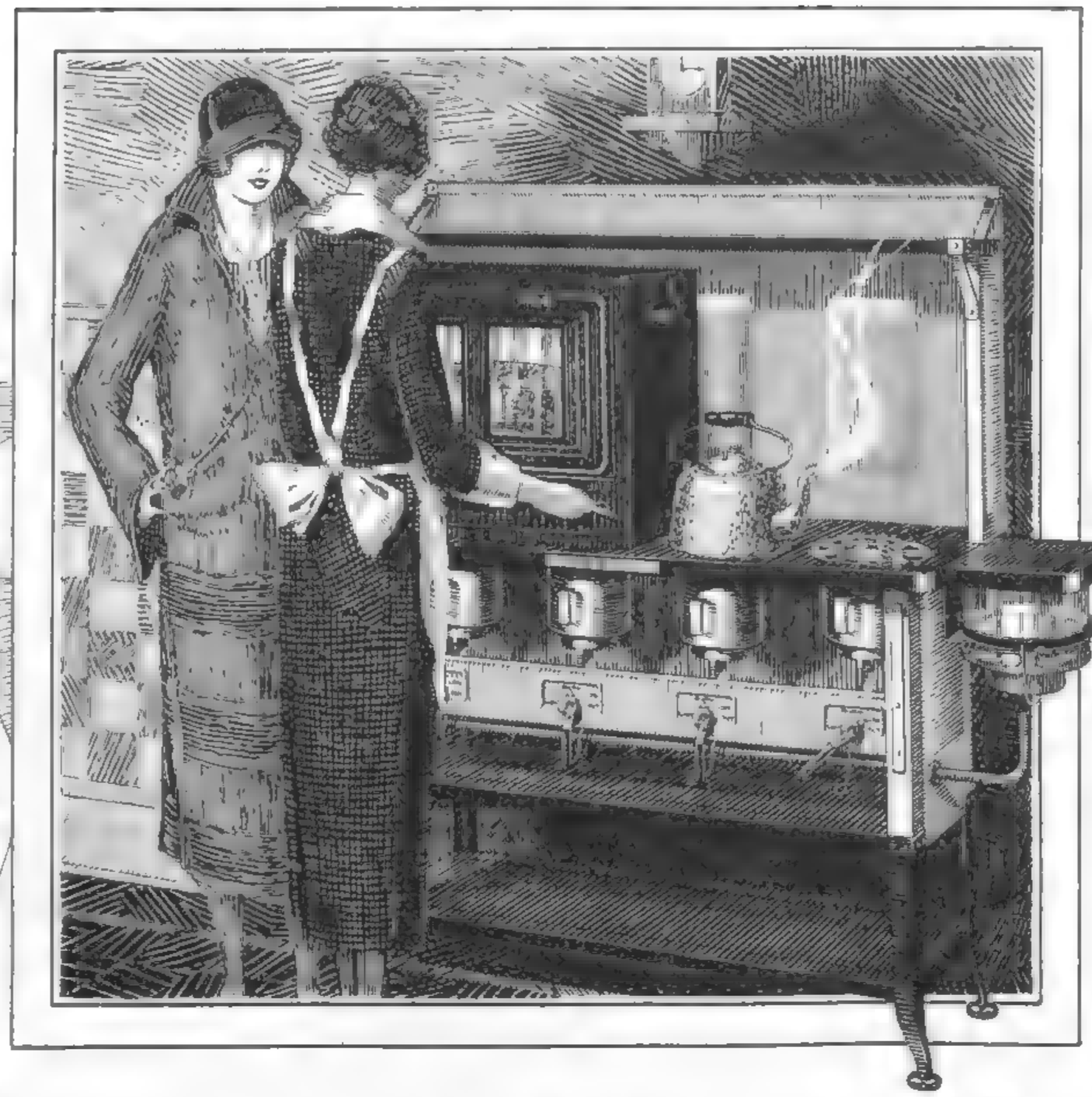
[illegible]-jewel Keystone Standard, handsomely designed nickel case, raised numerals on dial, $10

7-jewel Keystone Standard plain, sturdy nickel case of excellent proportions, satin finish metal dial, $8.75

Look in your jeweler's window for this display. He will demonstrate to you the remarkable value of Keystone Standard Watches

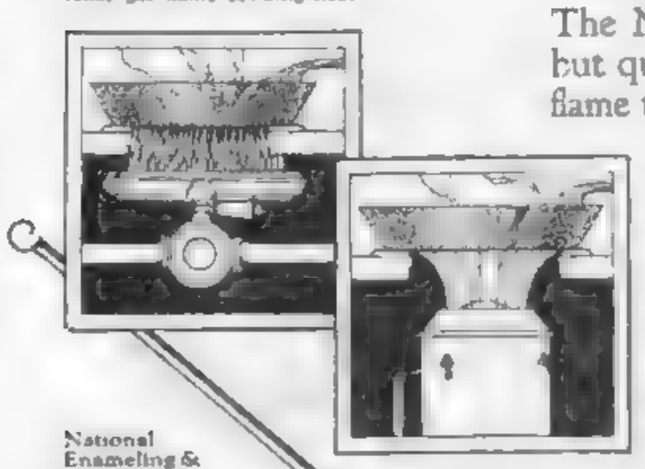
JEWELERS

If you are not now carrying the complete range of Keystone Standard Watches needed to meet your customers' requirements, write to us without delay.



24 hours in the blue gas flame
and not a trace of soot

The intense heat of a gas stove burner is due to the flame striking and spreading under the entire base of cooking utensils. See how the blue gas flame of the Nesco Burner strikes and spreads under the entire base of the utensil, producing an intense gas flame cooking heat



TWENTY-FOUR continuous hours, a week's average cooking over a NESCO burner leaves not a trace of soot.

NESCO, the oil stove that cooks with gas, eliminates smoke, soot, smell, scrubbing and scouring!

The NESCO lights like an ordinary oil stove but quickly develops an intensely hot blue gas flame that strikes and spreads under the base of the utensil with the same flood of flame as a city gas burner. Its full flame heats red hot. Turned down, it simmers nicely. There's no waste of heat and all the heat goes into the cooking and not the kitchen.

Cleanliness—intense cooking heat—cool cooking comfort—you get them all in the NESCO Oil Cook Stove, plus harmonious beauty of design, and work and worry saving features that win your instant approval.

There's the patented Rockweave Wick that requires no trimming and cleans by burning; the simple lever-controlled burners; extra shelf room, and many other features all combined in a stove that is a million burners beyond experiment. Call on your dealer today, and insist on seeing the NESCO before you buy.

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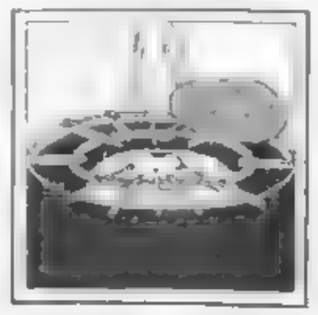
NESCO

OIL COOK STOVE

With the Blue Gas Contact Flame



A hairpin inserted in a potato and placed over a Nesco burner glows red hot in an instant. This test proves Nesco's intense cooking heat

(Continued from Page 210)

young man is employed, it seems to me he has the right to know something about employers so that he can select one whose ideals most nearly agree with his own."

We find then that the impatience of youth in business cannot be laid altogether at the door of youth itself. The young man enters a world that is complex, confused, chaotic in its ideals and practices. It is a jumble, a scramble, so much so in fact that the employer himself is often helpless in the matter of promotion.

"What a liar that smooth guy was who came up to college last spring and induced me to go to work for this dump," complains the disgusted graduate. "He said they wanted trained men with vision, but they never notice me any more than they do the rest of the 3000 employes."

"I've read a lot of magazine articles and listened to a lot of speeches at the employers' association to which I belong," says the boss when you ask him for an explanation, "on how business needs young men with vision, and I did get all lit up on the subject. Oh, you mean that fellow from Tech. Oh, yes, I remember him now. He's all right; he has some good stuff in him. But if I promote him, I know ten other men who have been here longer who will get sore."

Whereupon the young man from Tech goes to see a friend, an older alumnus of the same college, and gets himself another job.

Or another chap subscribes to a correspondence course recommended by the personnel manager where he works. Finally the course is finished and the clerk goes to tell his boss.

"That's good," says the boss in an absent-minded sort of way, having half forgotten what it is all about. "Glad you took it."

A couple of months later another man is promoted. Our young friend goes to the assistant boss, of whom he does not stand in quite so much awe.

"I thought I'd get that job," he says. The assistant boss laughs loudly.

Take It or Leave It

"What—you?" he exclaims. "You couldn't fill that job. Where did you get any such fool idea? Don't be a dumbbell."

Whereupon the clerk bitterly exclaims to himself that the course is a fake and something ought to be done about it; all of which is most illogical. The correct deduction is merely that he lives in a world that is not all peaches and cream and where the survival of the fittest makes hard sledding for many. As one wise employment manager says to impatient youth in his company:

"Be ambitious, but don't try to buck position and authority. Perhaps you are right and the $15,000 a year man wrong. You studied chemistry and accounting, and he didn't. But you can't can him. He won't give up his job just because you want it. Don't make a nuisance of yourself."

After all, what is the use of the recent collegian or the high-school graduate railing against the organization of the business world and the human imperfections of its functioning? There is nothing they can do about it, at least not for a long time yet. They must accustom themselves to the world as it is.

"Egad, he better," remarked Doctor Johnson, when told that someone had accepted the universe.

The truth is that if a young man has not the boldness and daring, the trading or speculative instinct, to go into business for himself, he must become reconciled to the conditions of working for others. After all, the employer takes the risk of independent business, and if the employe lacks the nerve to take that risk, he cannot rightly complain that the employer is sometimes arbitrary and slow to promote, or even unfair.

No one can successfully deny that there are literally thousands of different ways of going into business for oneself. Millions of men own farms and small retail shops. Each big business creates—or, as Mr. Ford has put it, mothers—scores and sometimes hundreds and thousands of individually owned small businesses. There are garages, service stations, radio shops, Florida real estate, life insurance and bonds.

In a recent article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Mr. Ford controverts the idea that the only way of getting out of a rut is to go into business for oneself. He says there is more power and reward in employment. He may or may not be right. There is no way of proving either contention. More fundamental, it seems to me, is the truth that all good things never come to one person or in one package.

Price of Independence

Many of the greatest seers and prophets of all time have described compensation as the law of life. Large incomes may be had in the sale of Florida real estate, in life-insurance underwriting, in bond selling, in handling automobile agencies. But there is risk of loss, of making no income at all.

In small business concerns an employe may go up rapidly, but there is the chance of losing the job, of being displaced by a son or nephew or by a new owner, or of being treated most unfairly by ignorant and narrow-minded bosses.

In big business, in great corporations, promotion may be slow. But as in school-teaching and the civil service generally, beyond the very lowest rungs of the ladder there is security, one of the most prized of assets. The great established companies do not discharge men as a rule, in any except the lower grades, without cause, and there are no nephews or new owners to throw them out.

In one of these companies there are 300 different kinds of work, so that many lines of advancement are open. Of sixty-six heads of departments, in sales agencies and refineries, only six began in executive positions. In the main office the only ones who did not come up from the bottom are the doctors and the publicity man.

But, of course, the majority of employes will never become department heads, nor will they ever receive large salaries in any sense of the word. Salaries beyond $5000 a year are not numerous. Yet pensions await the faithful employes. There are group insurance, advantageous stock plans, sick benefits, disability insurance and sanitarium service, reduced in price or free.

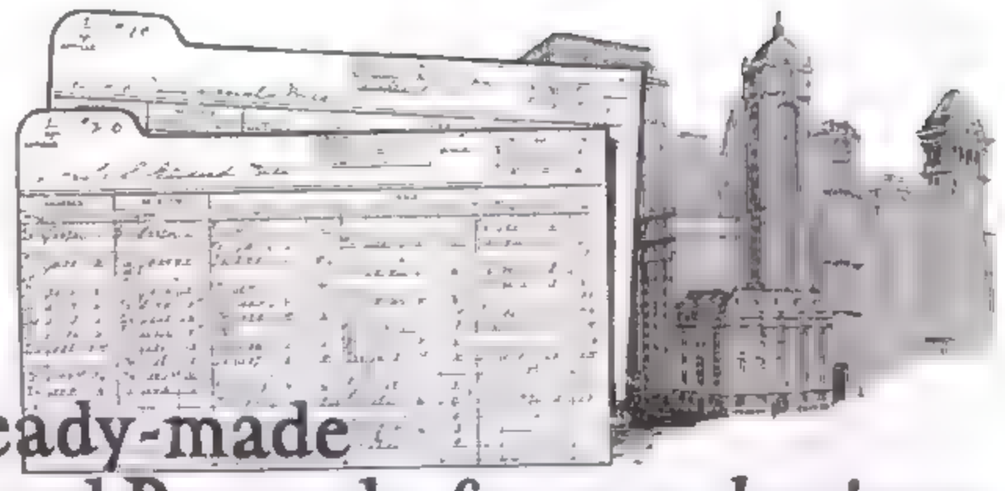
Small business and business for oneself offer no such prerogatives. In the selling game, in oil and real-estate booms, profits may run high for a few years, and yet fortune may desert its favorites later on. Even if the young man cleans up in a Florida subdivision, he may find it hard to keep the money. Outside, independent business has as large or a larger turnover than employment, and leaves even more discards in its wake.

Perhaps it is not generally realized that one company, or rather one parent company, with its regional associated corporations in the public-utility field, takes one out of every thirteen technical graduates and one out of every twenty-two college graduates in this country each year!

What do these figures mean? Well, for one thing, they mean that for vast numbers of educated young men there is no better way. Impatient as youth is with the slowness of advancement and the smallness of reward in employment, there is an army each year that can think of nothing else.

Ambition is all right, perhaps even impatience is wholesome, if a knowledge of the plain, cold, hard facts of life goes with it. Dissatisfaction really springs from ignorance of the choices which life provides, and the fitness of the individual, educational and otherwise, to follow out the lines of choice.

Impatience and discontent arise because young men do not know themselves. They are ignorant of their real aptitudes and ambitions, of what they really want to do, are fitted to do and will find it possible to do. But that again is another story.



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ON BEING A SPINSTER

(Continued from Page 35)

pity from a married woman who is leading a makeshift existence to which the average contented and independent spinster of today would scorn to descend. This second woman has perhaps married a man whose love for her has changed to indifference or even to dislike. He is supporting her solely from a sense of duty, and she is dependent upon him for every penny she spends. Their children are frequently the only interest they have in common, and over these they wrangle interminably. She may know that the man bound to her is unhappy, dissatisfied; that he feels she has made a failure of his life. There is nothing she can do about this without, to a degree, sacrificing the future of her children. Heroically she plays the game, stands by the children and the institution of marriage—as she should do—and apparently finds one compensation in the occasional gleam of pale content which brightens her path when she is able to pity a spinster.

Where Sympathy is Due

Or the question may come from a third type of wife, childless, bound to a faithless husband who has long ceased to regard her as anything but an encumbrance, unable to leave him because she cannot support herself—an unhappy woman, a bitter woman, a disillusioned woman. Yet, being all these things, she is nevertheless sorry for her unmarried women friends. It is when one of these wives asks a spinster how she endures her lonely lot that the spinster becomes most conscious of the irony and the universality of the basic point of view that almost any marriage, no matter how wretched, is better for a woman than no marriage at all.

Why is this notion so prevalent? Probably because it is so pretty a notion, so sentimental, so comforting to those who hold it. It being thus cherished, perhaps it is wrong to try to dispel it. But let us at least look at it straight and see if we can understand its general acceptance.

One explanation, of course, is that the economic independence of the average American woman is still little more than a quarter of a century old, and that most of us vividly remember the traditional spinster who lived with her married brothers or sisters, and did their housework and took care of their children because she could earn her living in no other way. It was rarely admitted that she earned it in this way. Consciously or unconsciously, food and shelter and clothing were given her with generous gestures and with no admission or even realization that she was saving the family in actual dollars four or five times the amount the family spent on her. It was taken for granted that she was contented and grateful, though a few fitting words of appreciation from her were looked for at intervals.

Of course she was happy. Had she not a good home and her work and the children to interest her, while women less tenderly protected struggled alone out in the world? This type of spinster is almost extinct; but there are still a few of her left, and I warmly commend her as a fit object for the womanly sympathy and tolerance so richly and so undeservedly poured out upon us all. She needs them. The average spinster of today does not, and it is of her that I am writing.

She is, as a rule, self-supporting, independent, very busy and surprisingly contented. If she is missing the best things in life, she does not seem to realize it. She makes a home for herself, which may be a hall bedroom, or a modest apartment, or an expensive and beautiful setting, according to her income. In the majority of instances she has the privilege of helping someone else—of supporting a mother or father, of educating a young brother or sister, or of doing much more than this. She does it with her own money—the money she herself has earned. She rarely lives alone. She has as companions members of her own family or one or two friends; and in either case she experiences many of the pleasures of family life, as well as most of the discomforts and troubles which are rightly held to be such vital aids in strengthening the human soul.

She has, in one way at least, a fuller and much more varied existence than the average married woman. For, in addition to her family and social life, she has her working life—office, professional, artistic, whichever it may be. In any case, it opens to her avenues and experiences her married sisters never have, unless they, too, are workers outside of their homes. It throws her into daily contact with all sorts and conditions of men—an inestimable privilege for any woman, and affording opportunities for observation and knowledge which would be a revelation to the average wife. She hears men talk with the frankness and freedom that prevail in business life, learns their viewpoints, watches them go through their strides, sees their bigness and their littleness, their babyishness and their manliness, realizes why they fail or why they succeed. In short, she daily sees a side of them their wives see rarely, if at all. She misses, of course, the conjugal and the domestic side; but as a rule she has more opportunities than married women to study the social side of men as she goes about in her hours of recreation. She naturally makes more men friends than the average married woman makes. And—though this statement may greatly excite many of our gentle readers—her intellectual association with them is apt to be more interesting and stimulating. The average intelligent man talks to the average intelligent woman who works very much as he talks to other men. Sometimes he has something new and interesting to say and sometimes he has not. But in either case he is apt to give her the best he has.

At this point one of our married friends interrupts. "But the poor creature has no love!" she wails.

A Graduate Course in Love

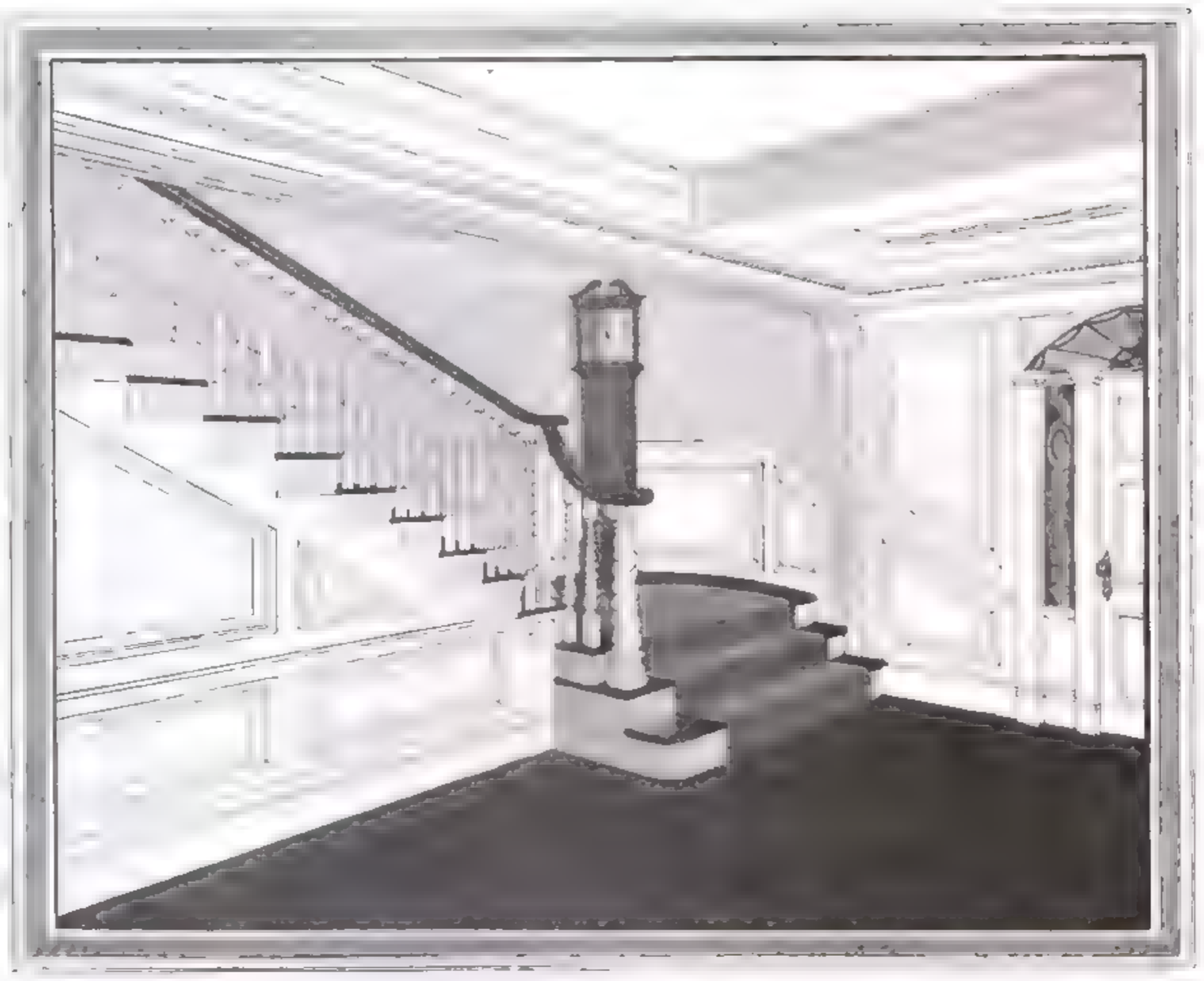
Let us look into that. As a matter of fact, the average independent spinster of between twenty-five and fifty has all the love she wants, and sometimes rather more. She has family love, she has the love of friends, and, though this will come as a staggering surprise to many, she even has romantic love. If she is attractive—and very frequently she is—various men she meets fall in love with her, even when she is swinging along in her late forties. Some of these men are her professional associates, drawn to her in part by the lure of propinquity. Some of these are married men who have no right to fall in love, or, having done it, to tell her so. But they do both, though not to any such startling degree as many novelists would have us believe. The average man is incurably decent in his office.

But whether they are married or single, sincere or insincere, would-be husbands or mere philanderers, each is offering her a special course in the study of love.

From first to last the average spinster of today learns a great deal more than she ever gets credit for knowing—and I hope it is not necessary for me to point out that I am discussing in this article the self-respecting and high-minded spinsters of the class whose married friends are so sorry for them. And, of course, what I say about the working spinsters holds good of the large class of single women living on incomes, large or small, left them by their families. These women have not the exhilaration of meeting life in a hand-to-hand combat and wresting a living from it; but they are independent and busy—most of them give much time to various forms of club or civic or charitable work—and what

(Continued on Page 217)

Easy to keep clean—



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this washable, lustrous White Paint

EVERY home-owner—everyone responsible for the upkeep of a building—knows the problem of soiled walls and woodwork. Smudges that won't wash off—or paint that comes off when you try to wash it.

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YOU can get Barreled Sunlight in cans from ½ pint to 5 gallons, and in steel drums of 30 and 55 gallons' capacity. Where more than one coat is required, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat first.

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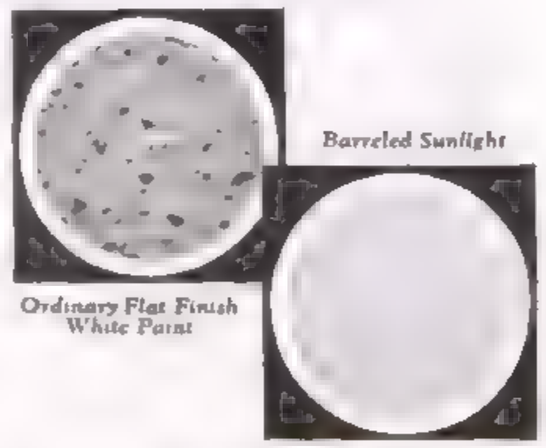

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BARRELED SUNLIGHT CAN'T HOLD DIRT

These photographs of paint surfaces were made through a powerful microscope. Each paint was magnified to the same high degree. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Its surface is smooth, unbroken and non-porous. It resists dirt and washes like tile.

"Save the surface and you save all" Red Wood

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It means that the technical staffs of both Dodge Brothers, Inc. and the AJAX Rubber Company have carefully studied the weight, wheel base, speed, pick-up, brakes and all other determining factors. And that the size and type of the tire with which your car is equipped are best adapted to meet these conditions, and serve you long and *dependably.*

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AJAX BALLOONS

(Continued from Page 214)

is said here of the working spinsters applies equally well to them.

The restless wife who interrupted before speaks again at this point.

"You have begged the question," she reminds me. "Admitting that men sometimes fall in love with attractive spinsters—which we will do for the sake of the argument," she graciously interpolates—"the experience is merely academic for the spinster, unless she too is in love. Otherwise, what does she get out of it?"

She gets several things out of it. The first, obviously, is the opportunity to get out of spinsterhood if she desires to do so. Of all the medieval notions cherished today about spinsters, the strangest is the notion that the poor thing never had a chance to marry. There's hardly a spinster anywhere, sound in mind and body, who has not had at least one chance, and many of them have had dozens. No sane observer of the married women of his or her acquaintance can doubt that acquiring a husband is a comparatively easy achievement. It is reasonably clear that not all married women won their men by pulchritude or charm.

In the great majority of instances spinsters are spinsters because, for any one of various reasons, they prefer to be. Some of them have never met the man they could love. Others have met him, have failed to get him and have refused the other men who loved them. Others are appealed to by the lure of economic independence, the prospect of careers, and by the supreme joy of creative work, which is comparable to the joy of a mother in her children, though probably only a mother with both joys will admit these others.

A growing number of these, especially among the college women of the past decade or two, are frankly afraid of marriage. Certainly a piercing look around us today is not especially reassuring to anyone. Women who can earn their own living decide to move slowly in this matter of marriage. Of course they will marry some day, they tell themselves. Of course they want the right kind of husband. Of course they want children. But there's plenty of time for all that. Then they become interested in their work, they grow older, harder to please, more critical, more jealous of their freedom, more suspicious of the institution of marriage as a guaranty of human happiness. The years fly by and they are settled in their spinsterhood.

Value of a Romantic Education

Another thing the spinster frequently gets out of the experience of having suitors appear is the conviction that all the men worth while are married. Almost every spinster gives voice to this impression at intervals, and it appears to have some foundation. Most of us know several men, any one of whom we would ruthlessly have annexed if he had not been previously captured. Their wives earnestly assure us that these men, when roaming wild in bachelorhood, were not the perfect specimens they are today. It has taken years of patient, wifely training, they maintain, to whip those husbands into shape. A casual inspection of men still at large gives one a persistent impression that this may be true.

The next value in the spinster's romantic experiences, aside from their academic interest, is the knowledge of being loved. Whether one returns it or not, love is usually appealing and flattering. There is something very pleasant in being put on a pedestal and worshiped, in having a devoted man around to wait on one and fetch and carry. I am not saying that this is a worthy sentiment, or that it justifies the growing habit which up-to-date spinsters have of annexing a man and keeping him dangling indefinitely because of the pleasure and convenience it is to have him on call. I am merely pointing out that a large number of my spinster acquaintances are receiving more courtesy and attention from their men friends than the average wife receives from her husband.

The restless reader interrupts again. She is a nuisance, this particular reader, but a nuisance who must be listened to.

"Begging the question again," she jeers. "Granting that your up-to-date spinster has friendship and family life and Platonic love, how about the rest? How about motherhood? How about her starved nature?"

There we are, you see, coming right down to brass tacks. The starved nature of the spinster seems to be greatly distressing everyone except the spinster herself. She will admit that it is a tragedy to go through life without children of one's own, and she may sigh and add philosophically that one can't have everything. She will mention, in passing, the trouble most of her friends are having with their children, grown or growing. But so far as her starved nature is concerned, the cold, dispassionately told truth is that the active, independent, busy spinster of today doesn't know she has a starved nature.

Theoretically, of course, she must have one. All the rules of the life game demand that she should have one. All the married men and women she knows insist that she has one. But she hasn't! It is very puzzling.

One Model for a Whole Gallery

There are various explanations, accepted of course by few except the spinsters themselves. The correct one, probably, is that they are too busy, too much absorbed in their work and their numerous interests, to be starved. Another, put forth by the physiologists, who strangely seem to be with the spinster in this matter, is that she puts into her work the impulses that must otherwise find expression in love. Whatever the explanation, she rarely thinks of her starved nature until someone enrages her by sympathizing with it.

It must be admitted that the women writers have done their best to foster this starved-nature notion. One is always picking up novels in which the hysteria of neurotic spinsters is described in detail, though one cannot imagine where the authors find their models. Even Gertrude Atherton, for whom I have great admiration as a woman and a novelist, defaces her brilliant pages by the yawps of two such types, though I am convinced that she rarely, if ever, met anyone of the sort.

It has been my privilege to meet an unusual number of human beings scattered over three continents. Among that vast number I have known exactly one neurotic spinster. She was an extremely unpleasant person, who died years ago. I have always believed that this victim of repression was the sole model for the moaning sisterhood so frequently described by our authors. Many of them knew her, and evidently she left a lasting impression on their minds.

Other authors approach the loneliness of the spinster from other angles. Not long ago there was a story in one of our magazines which described the miseries a certain pair endured under the observation of a spinster who at first found smug satisfaction in contrasting her carefree lot with theirs. Their troubles were sordid beyond description, but they were described, nevertheless, with infinite detail of debt, dirt and disease. At a certain crisis of their misery, we are told, the observer saw a look pass between the pair—a look expressing such love and understanding that she staggered out into the night and leaned against a convenient lamp-post, weakened by the discovery that she had missed all there is in life.

I am trying—vainly, perhaps—to prove that she had done nothing of the sort. Anyone who knows anything knows that beautiful as that look may have been—and certainly I am not decrying it—an equally beautiful look of love and understanding can and frequently does pass between parent and child, between brothers and sisters, between friends.

The second claim of the story—that we all need the stern discipline of family life,

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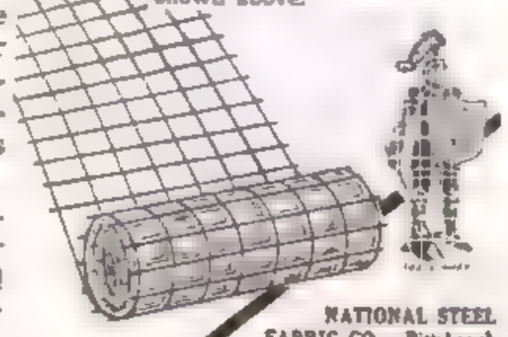

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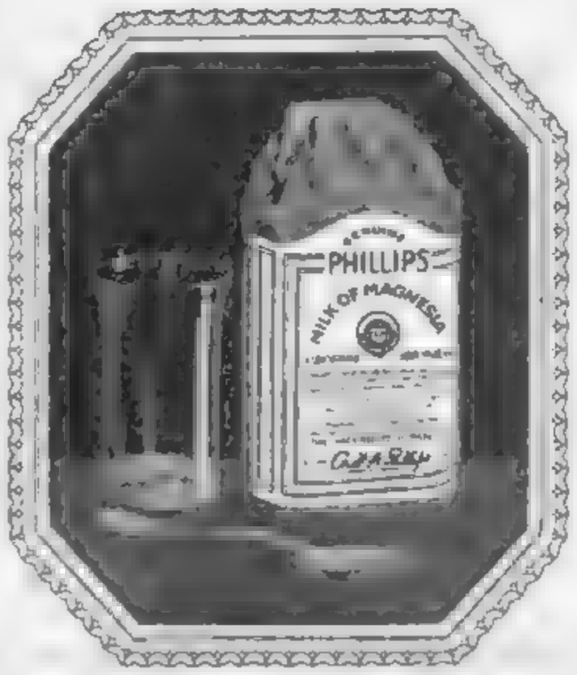

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and the experience of trouble and suffering borne together—must be taken seriously; for of course it is true. Those who live alone, consciously or unconsciously develop an appalling selfishness, lose their sense of values, miss the human touch. But, as I have intimated before, the family life and friendships of the average spinster can safely be depended on to supply her with all the discipline she needs. And when, as is so often the case, she is supporting and educating others, she has the big responsibilities of the head of a family, together with its innumerable opportunities for unselfishness and self-sacrifice.

For the spinster has her troubles. One of these is the public attitude toward her. Another—and I mention this with my first sense of indignation in considering the subject—is that even the spinster's art, if she has an art, is regarded as being necessarily limited by her sad estate.

Not long ago one of our most brilliant women playwrights, who happens to be unmarried, put on a new play which frankly discussed a sex problem. After the final curtain a dozen of her women friends, all married and supposedly intelligent, met for supper and discussed the play with gurgles and chortles.

"The poor dear will never know how funny she was," they agreed. "Why will unmarried women take up subjects they can't possibly know anything about?"

As it happened, the next morning every leading critic in town heartily praised the play's truth, sincerity and fidelity to life. It had a long run and was unusually successful.

When Miss May Sinclair made her first visit to America, the contrast between her appearance and her books was the favorite topic of conversation in our best circles. She looked like a prim, precise little spinster, inexperienced, narrow-minded and possibly intolerant. She said very little that contradicted her looks. But in her novels she revealed the transcendent knowledge of life, love and passion that is the twin of genius. Women who, because they were married, necessarily knew all things, could not accept this phenomenon. From every side came the same confidential comment.

"She never wrote those books alone!" they whispered. "Some man helped her!"

Vicarious Experience of Life

Another instance of the tendency to belittle the spinster's knowledge and experience lies in the case of a woman official in one of our biggest cities, who sent out, not long ago, a questionnaire on vital topics to the educated women of the country. From the responses she gained what is now admitted to be a highly valuable contribution to scientific research, but when she began the work a woman of national reputation made a criticism of it that was widely quoted.

"She won't get any results from that plan," she said contemptuously. "That's an old maid's idea!"

The comment, from that authoritative source, almost killed the project. But the old maid persisted, and her scornful critic was one of the first to congratulate her on the results she obtained.

Let us admit again that the childless woman's life is regrettable because she is childless. Let us admit that the ideal marriage is the ideal human state. Let us admit that of two women of equal mentality, living normal lives in the same environment, the married woman knows more about life and sex and human nature than the spinster can.

But let us also admit that marriage is not necessarily a postgraduate course in wisdom, as so many ordinary-minded women seem to think it is; that sex is not the only interest life contains; and that passionate love, though the most vital, is certainly not the only love, and is not necessarily the best.

Possibly this is as good a place as any to mention also that the spinster's ignorance is not the abysmal and far-reaching thing it is generally believed to be. I have never known what startling confidence my train acquaintance withheld, but I am quite sure that if she had given it I should have been neither surprised nor greatly instructed. There is an urge in the nature of men and women which impels them to talk with amazing freedom of their personal affairs. For various reasons, a worldly spinster seems to be regarded by both sexes as the ideal confidante. One explanation may be that strange vanity which convinces the married that they are dropping crumbs from their full table to the hungry. Another reason may be a certain sense of safety in the confidence. The spinster has no husband to whom to repeat it. A third reason may be the unwillingness of the other married to listen—they having their own confidence to give at the first pause for breath. Whatever the reason, any unmarried woman of the world who is sympathetic, or even patient, has a wealth of vicarious experiences poured into her ears that is nothing short of amazing.

The Right to Spinsterhood

A wife of my acquaintance was once asked by her husband, in my hearing, if she had told me a certain story about one of our friends.

"If I've not," she said, "it's the only thing I know that I haven't told her."

"I realize that only too well," said the husband, with a depressed look at us. And he added fervently, "Thank God, I've still got a few things up my sleeve!"

He need not have felt so superior. The average husband is just as chatty as the average wife.

Most of us are not greatly interested in these confidences we receive. We may have been interested in the beginning, but there is no longer much variety in them; though I must admit that a Russian woman seated next to me in a steamer chair not long ago succeeded in raising my hair. But it doesn't make much difference whether we care to listen or not. We do listen, since in common courtesy we must. We listen and we learn.

In recent years, since the economic independence of spinsters has been so pronounced, they have found a comeback for the spoken and unspoken criticism of their married sisters. They have pronounced these latter "parasites," and they have become entirely too smug in pointing to the beauty of earning oneself what one spends. They are indeed as arrogant on this point as married women are over their superior knowledge and experience.

The comeback is neither sportsmanlike nor effective from an economic viewpoint. Every reasonable person must admit that a wife who administers a home, bears and trains children and makes a man's domestic life for him, is as much entitled to his income as he is. Every reasonable person must also admit that, our traditions being what they are, a wife is entitled to her full share of her husband's income, even if she has no children and no domestic responsibilities. There must be times, when he gives without love, when the taking is very bitter to a proud woman. That is her affair, and the less said about it the better.

In justice to the spinster it must be admitted that she has been goaded to this talk of parasites. It is the only retaliation she has after years of a misunderstanding of her position on the part of other women which is as deliberate as it is stupid and amazing.

Surely, at this period of feminist history, we are justified in admitting not alone the great economic strides made by woman, but her right to remain unmarried if she chooses, and the fact that she is not necessarily either a discard or a starved neurasthenic when she does so choose. When these things are admitted, the intelligent reader may be ready to go even farther and admit that there is more than sexual love in the world—though today, as never before, the general public seems to be in danger of forgetting this.

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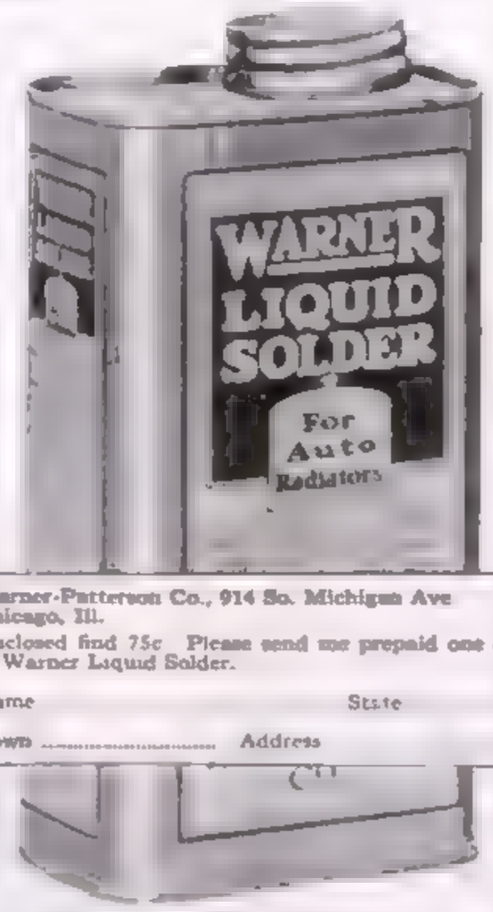

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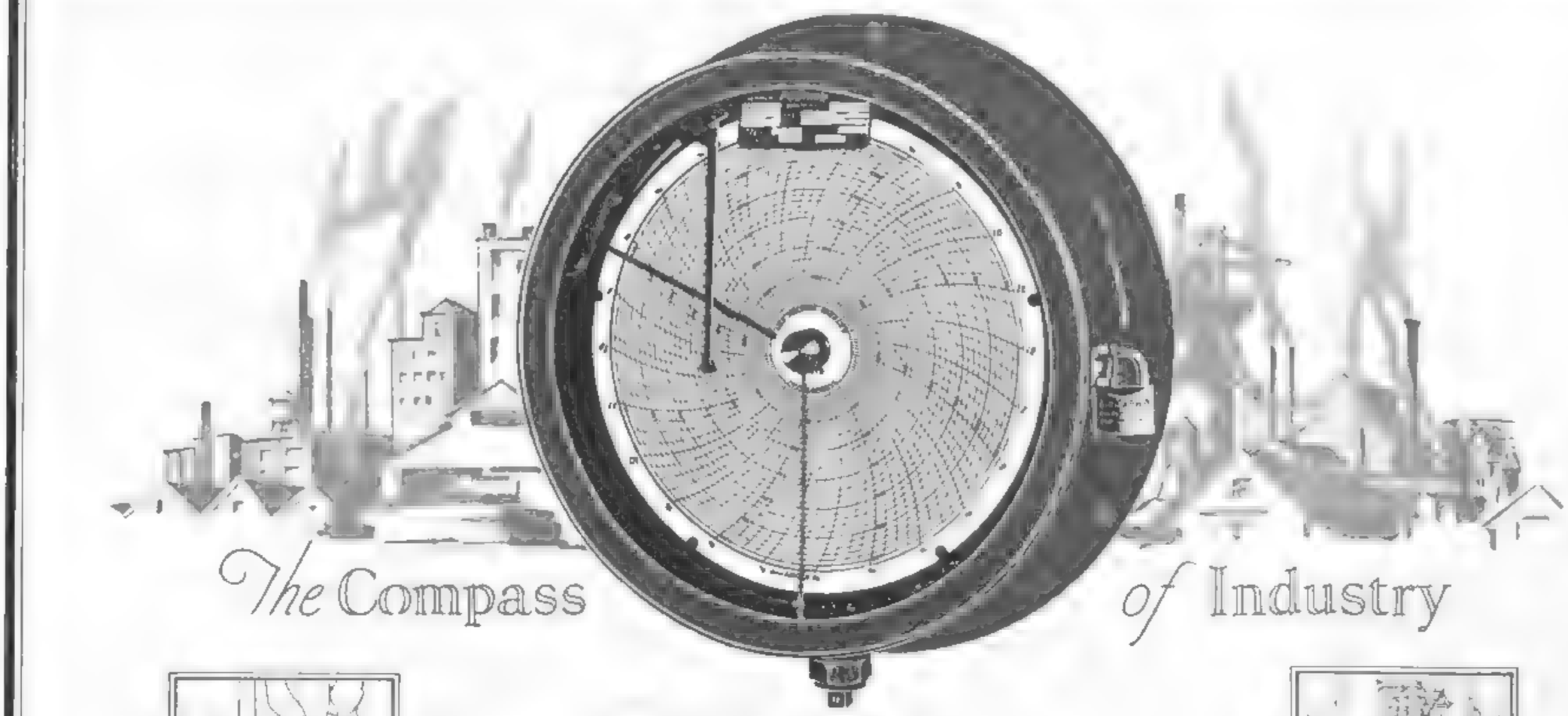

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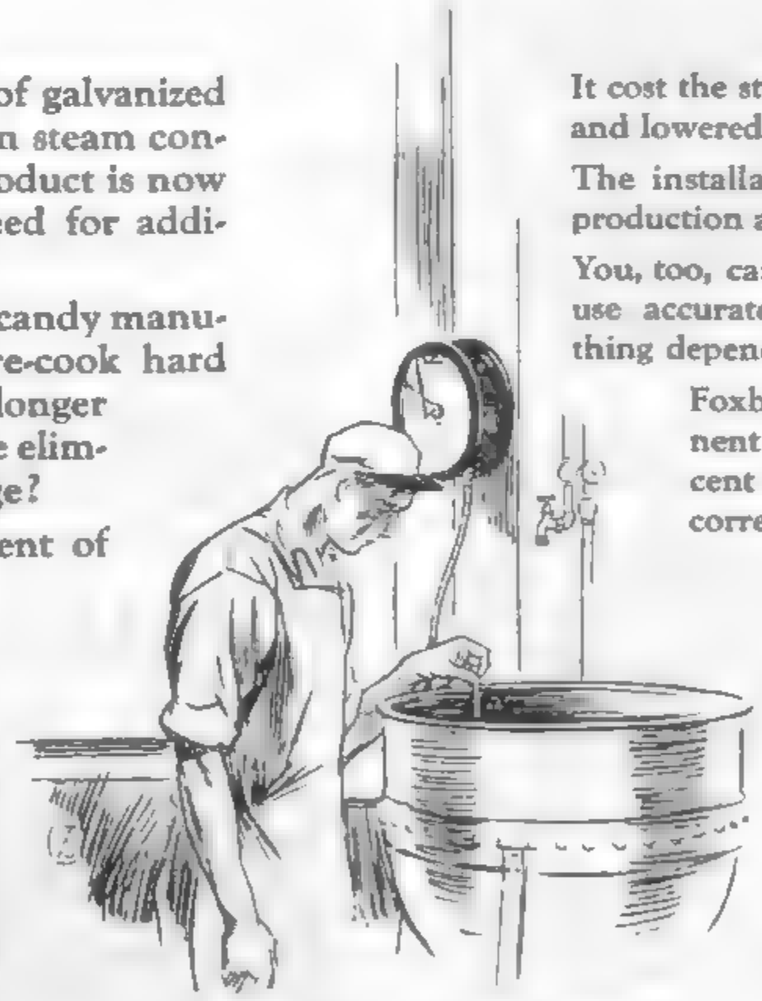

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THE MENACE OF COMMODITY CONTROL

(Continued from Page 4)

must be marshaled in swift review. The reason is that the sun never sets on those products of jungle, desert and plantation which contribute so vitally and so indispensably to our monster mass production. We must range from the headwaters of the Amazon, the Argentine hinterland and the Chilean coast, through Mexican wilds and along the banks of the Nile, to the hot stretches of the Middle East. Thus our commodity emancipation—the new economic freedom that must be more than a phrase—is geared to the whole globe.

Fully to comprehend what has happened in rubber, which is merely the symbol of a varied and widespread operation, we must analyze the various kinds of monopolistic activity which extend in one form or another to so many commodities. Whether these stewardships are direct, such as exist as far as the bulk of output is concerned in rubber, potash, nitrates and iodine; virtual, as obtains in Mexican sisal; or through benevolent governmental policies, such as the direction over Japanese raw silk—the result is usually identical. By any other name, official interference with the law of demand and supply operates just the same. In the end it almost invariably means high prices, which stifle consumption, reduced standards of living and impaired production.

Now the one logical justification for control is wartime expediency. It is an inevitable step to counteract economic distortion, to prevent hoarding and profiteering, and to stimulate output not only in the necessities of life but the materials for national defense. There is no idea then of restriction save to avoid waste and extravagance. In the natural course of events, or rather at the conclusion of unnatural events such as war, control should logically end.

But the controls that now exist are, with few exceptions—notably Brazilian coffee, which began with a restriction of planting in 1902—the creation of the last few years and have been devised principally to advance prices through limited production or release of output. Rubber is only one instance. In referring to controls in general, one well-known authority made this illuminating statement:

"They plainly revolve around the monopoly possible over certain raw materials which temporarily or permanently are dominantly produced within the confines of a single nation and upon which fifty other nations of the world are dependent for their standards of living and comfort. In no case does any one country possess the total supply of one of these commodities, but in many cases they possess enough that, when mobilized, they can control the prices."

Patching a Deflated Boom

These controls take various forms. A few will be outlined to show just how they function. The most spectacular, as far as the limelight is concerned, and the one that has been brought home recently to the American people, is in rubber. In the passion engendered over what has been indicated as "restraint of trade enforced by government decree," as one Englishman put it to me, all idea of the original purpose of British restriction has been lost.

Rubber restriction resulted from a temporary condition of oversupply of crude, following the deflation which came with the puncturing of the postwar boom. Three years of overproduction, with large stocks in London, brought the price down to fourteen cents a pound in 1921. This was far below the cost of production. The planter-growers faced ruin, because, unlike conditions in wheat or corn cultivation, where nonplanting will effectively meet such a situation, the plantation investment and overhead cost go on just the same.

Following the failure of an attempt to bring about voluntary restriction of export, and after protracted inquiry on the part of special government committees, chief of which was the Stevenson Committee at the Colonial Office, it was decided that the government must help the industry to save itself by regulating exports under what is known as the Stevenson scheme. The operation of this scheme, or rather the consequences, precipitated the controversy which is still so fresh in the public mind.

The object of British restriction was to stabilize the price of crude rubber at roughly thirty-six cents a pound, which was fixed as the rate which would not only give a satisfactory profit to the producer but also stimulate the investment of new capital in the planting of additional acreage. Stated in the briefest terms, the scheme took the actual output of each producer for the year beginning November 1, 1919, as his standard production. During the first quarter of the operation of the scheme each producer was permitted to export at the low minimum rate of export duty only 60 per cent of his standard production. If he exceeded that percentage he was required to pay what would prove to be a prohibitive duty. The more the amount exported exceeded the prescribed percentage, the higher was his duty. I refer to this to show that no planter could afford to exceed his quota of export.

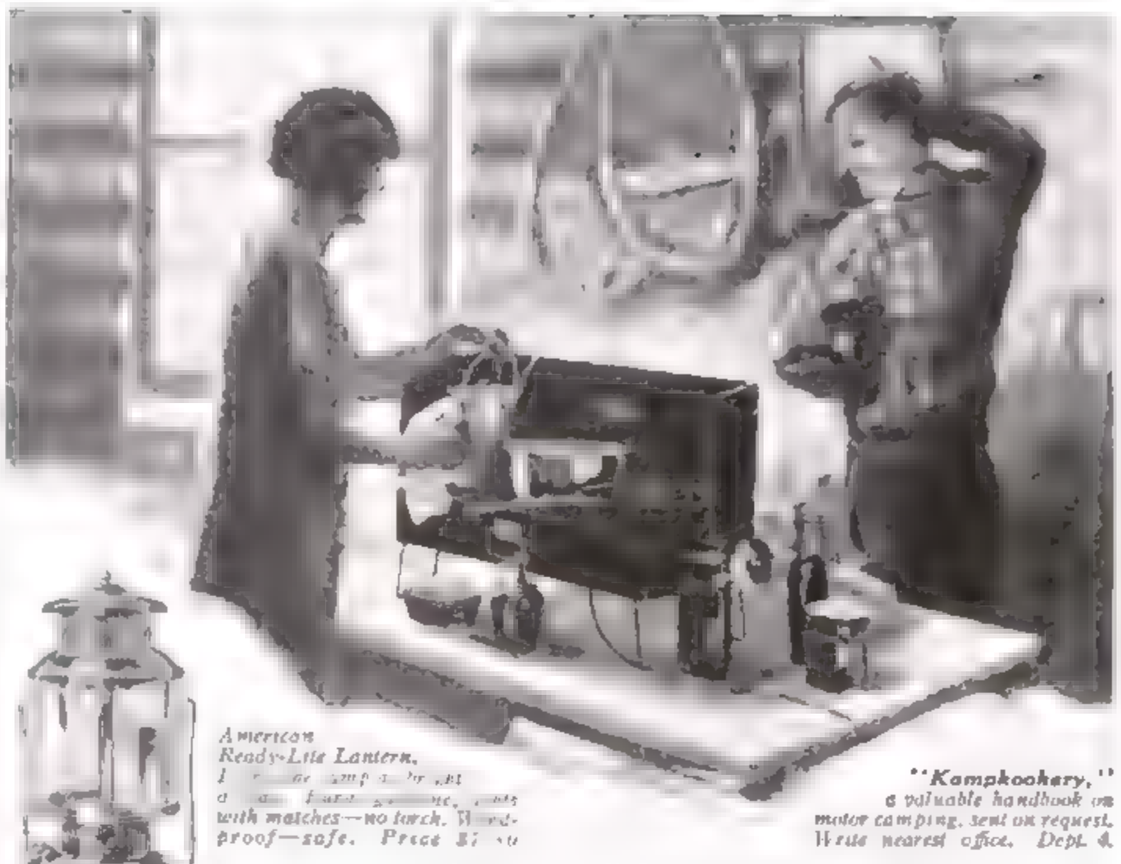
The Stevenson Scheme

The amount of rubber exported depends upon the market price. If the average price for a certain quarter is between thirty and thirty-six cents a pound, the exportable percentage during the following quarter at the minimum rate of duty is increased 5 per cent. If the price is thirty-six cents or over, the prescribed percentage is increased 10 per cent. The plan eventually brought exports up to 85 per cent of the total standard production by the end of 1925. On February 1, 1926, prices had advanced so that the full 100 per cent of standard production was permitted. But this production was that of 1919–1920 and not the larger output of later years.

On the other hand, the scheme decrees that if the average price falls below twenty-five cents a pound, the exportable percentage is decreased to 55 per cent of the standard production. If that reduction does not raise the average to thirty cents in the next quarter, a further reduction to 50 per cent in export becomes effective, and so on.

The Stevenson scheme went into operation November 21, 1922. With the depletion of accumulated stocks, together with an unprecedented demand for rubber, the inevitable happened. As I have already indicated, the price since May, 1924, has ranged from twenty cents a pound to $1.21. Obviously restriction has not brought about stabilization of price, nor has it effected anything like normalcy of supply, because the British were forced to institute restriction without the coöperation of the Dutch, who produce about 29 per cent of the Middle East output. This Dutch output complicates the situation.

One factor already alluded to, but which must be repeated because it bears on this vital matter, has been the phenomenal increase in rubber consumption. It has expanded so rapidly that the manufacturer has been at a loss to know what he needed. I interpolate it here to offset the British argument that we should have bought big stocks of rubber when the price was low. Less than fifteen years ago, our requirements were 40,000 tons a year, while our actual consumption in 1925 was 390,000 tons. The contributing factors have been the astounding production of motor cars, increased use of trucks and busses, and the growth of balloon tires, which consume one-third more crude than high-pressure tires.



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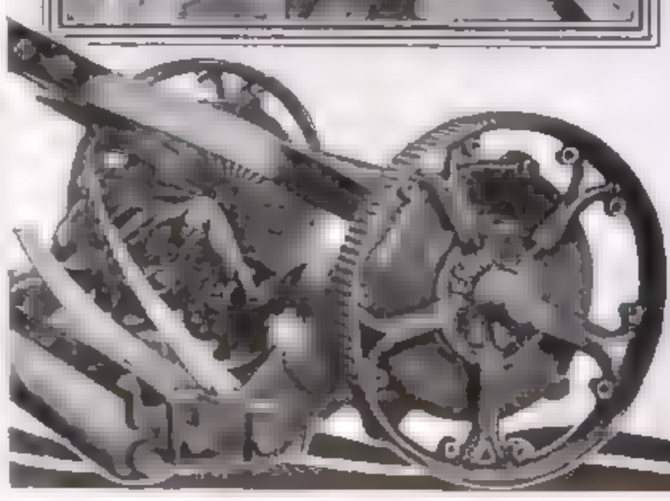
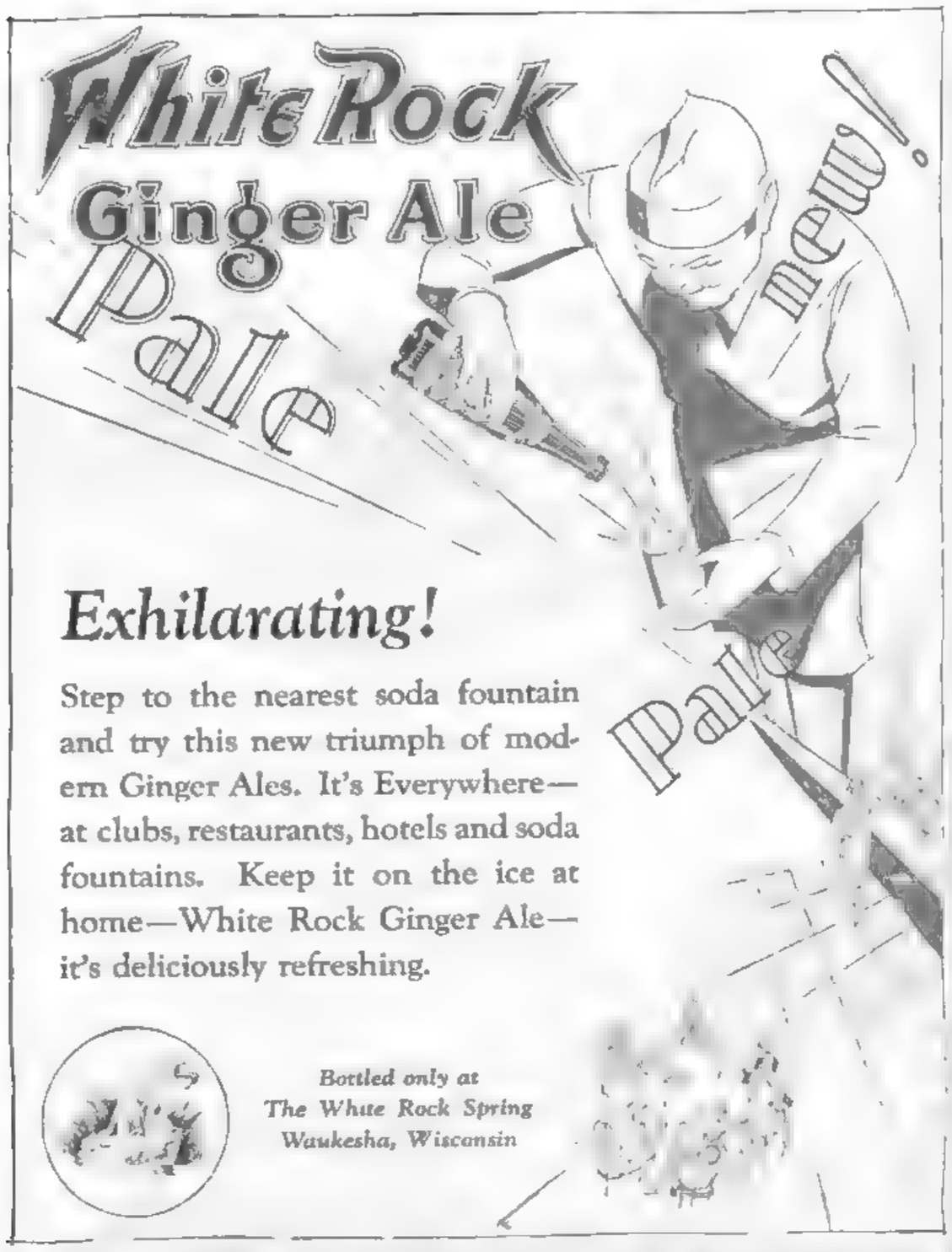


PENNSYLVANIA Quality LAWN MOWERS



Exhilarating!

Step to the nearest soda fountain and try this new triumph of modern Ginger Ales. It's Everywhere—at clubs, restaurants, hotels and soda fountains. Keep it on the ice at home—White Rock Ginger Ale—it's deliciously refreshing.

Bottled only at
The White Rock Spring
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—How much softer the rug feels now!
And how luxurious underfoot—making the entire room richer and more restful!
Ozite is a soft cushion of "ozonized" felted hair
Ozite makes rugs last twice as long
Ozite keeps rugs from creeping
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Easy to lay—just roll your rug over it
Buy Ozite at Furniture, Rug and Department Stores.
Ozite
Rug Cushion
CLINTON CARPET COMPANY
Ozite is made of sterilized hair—the only rug cushion that is ozonized" Patented Sept 9th, 1924
Doubles the Life of Your Rugs
CLINTON CARPET CO.
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SEP-10
Kindly send me without obligation your free booklet "The Proper Care of Rugs and Carpets" and small sample of Ozite.
Name
Address
City
State

If I have made the somewhat complicated operation of the Stevenson scheme clear, you now know that the export release quota depends automatically upon price.

The American contention is that release has not responded quickly enough to price. If the increase comes one day after the beginning of a new quarter, there is no release under it until the following quarter. During the latter part of 1925, with a price increase of more than 200 per cent, there was a release increase of only 20 per cent. This is why our side of the Atlantic maintains that rubber restriction is inelastic.

This, however, is not the time or place to enter into a discussion of the merits or demerits of the restriction, since the next article will be devoted exclusively to an examination of the rubber crisis in all its phases. The necessarily brief allusion I have made to it here is to place rubber in the category of types of restricted commodities.

Rubber restriction was devised primarily as a measure of self-preservation for the British planter. Not so with the Brazilian coffee monopoly. It was conceived to exercise, frankly and unashamed, all the power that government control could mobilize to maintain an artificially high price. Hence with coffee we encounter control through valorization.

Valorization means the entrance of the government—in this case it happened to be that of the powerful state of São Paulo—into the coffee market, on a scale which enables it to control the price of the commodity. An official price is fixed at a rate higher than the prevailing market. In order to maintain its control, the government purchases options, segregates stocks at a series of warehouses in the interior, and regulates the flow of the product at Santos, the principal port of shipment. Thus a congestion of stocks which would naturally depress price is prevented. Before valorization, about 85 per cent of the new crop got into Santos within six months after it was picked. Under valorization, years may elapse before this happens.

The Brazilian scheme, which is now in the hands of an Institute for the Permanent Defense of Coffee, enables the government to acquire enough of every current crop to dominate the world markets. When stocks of the consuming countries are sufficiently low, it can force buying at prices highly profitable to the Brazilian grower.

Chile, Nitrate and Co.

As was the case with our tire manufacturers during the peak of rubber price inflation, persistent valorization of coffee has intermittently created ferment in the business. The coffee roaster does not belie his name when he expresses himself about the ethics of the São Paulo monopoly. It is just one other evidence of the discontent and ill will that government control of commodities almost invariably begets.

Another, but none the less arbitrary, control is in Chilean nitrates, in which the government is an accessory before and after the fact, as it were. Nature also has contributed to this trust, because the world's entire supply of nitrate of soda lies practically within the confines of Chile. Eighty per cent of the output is used as fertilizer, while the rest is employed in the manufacture of explosives, dyestuffs and other products of the chemical industry.

The nitrate monopoly operates through the Nitrate Producers' Association, which not only fixes the price but allocates sales. The buyer, no matter where he may live, does not do business with the individual or firm engaged in mining nitrate, but with this association. The Chilean Government is a partner in that it exacts a high export duty—it approximates 20 per cent of the sales price—on every ton, because there is practically no consumption inside the land of origin. The state is represented on the board of directors of the association.

Closely linked with Chilean nitrates is another perfect little monopoly in a highly useful article. I refer to iodine, a by-product in the refining of *caliche*, the raw material from which the nitrate of soda is extracted. Its production is controlled by a close combination under governmental auspices to such an extent that any iodine producer who should attempt to remain outside it would face ruin. The combine assigns production quotas, regulates exportation, establishes prices and supervises sales. A considerable portion of the nitrate from which iodine is extracted is allowed to go to waste in order to keep up the price. The manufacturers have the bulge on the consumer, because there is no substitute for iodine.

To round out this explanation of the various kinds of more or less government control of essential raw materials, I must refer briefly to the comparatively recent Franco-German potash combine, which presents still another variety of monopoly.

Before the World War, Germany practically dominated the entire potash output through her Potash Syndicate. The owners of all the mines of any consequence were allied with it. The syndicate fixed prices and regulated production, with the aid and consent of the old imperial government.

Tying Up the Twine Market

This joyous state of affairs came to an abrupt end with the Versailles Treaty, which restored Alsace and Lorraine to France. A large part of the old German potash holdings are in Alsace. The French immediately got busy and literally planted Alsace potash throughout the world, especially in the United States, which has been a good customer for the old German article.

This did not appeal especially to the Germans. After a series of negotiations a working arrangement was effected in 1924 by which they would share the American market with the French on a 63–37 per cent basis, they to have the big end. This proved so successful that in 1925 the agreement was expanded to cover the whole world. Germany has 70 per cent of the business and France 30 per cent. The original American quota agreed on remains in force, however. Thus the prewar potash monopoly has been reestablished in full force.

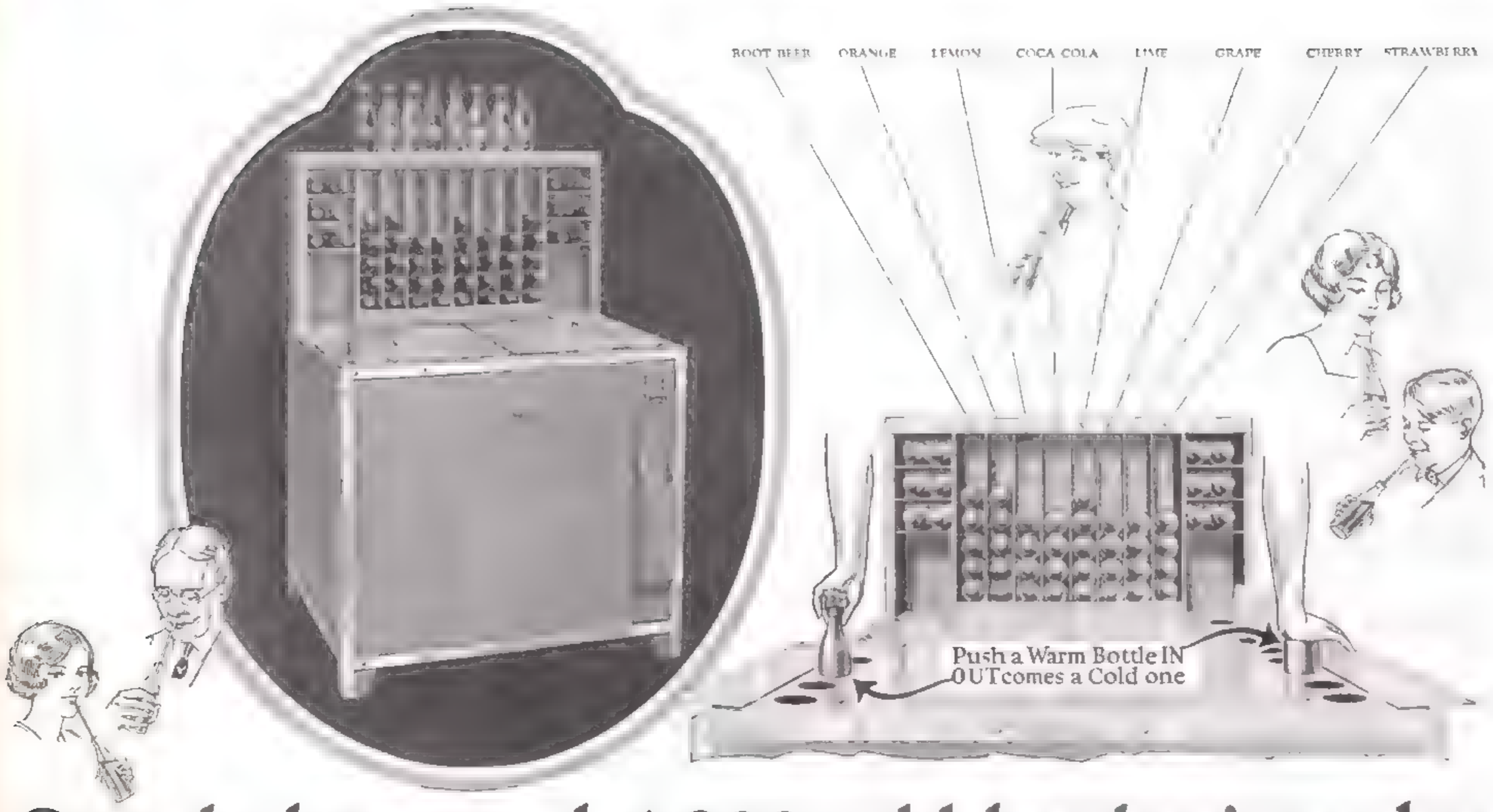
Rubber, coffee, nitrates and potash are only four among many other materials subject to control or monopoly, all of which affect American production and consumption in some way. Take long-staple cotton, over which the Egyptian Government exercises a supervision which has the effect of limiting and increasing the price abroad. We import practically all our long-staple from Egypt, the cost averaging $20,000,000 a year. Thus we find ourselves in competition with the Egyptian administration. The land of the Pharaohs is no stranger to restriction, because in 1915 and in 1921 cotton acreage under cultivation was limited by decree.

The sisal monopoly, which so intimately touches our bread consumption because the farmers must have binder twine, is almost air-tight. The crop is controlled through a combination of producers reënforced by legislative action of the Yucatan Government. In a subsequent article you will learn how the operation of the sisal trust ran afoul of the American Government.

Wherever you turn in an examination of many essential products which we use in huge quantities, you find an astounding dependency upon foreign sources. We consumed 76,000 tons of tin last year, yet we produced only 5 per cent of what we used. Some years ago the British Government imposed a high duty on the export of tin ore from Malaya, thus concentrating the smelting of tin in their Far Eastern dependency. We are easily the largest purchasers of this product.

We have even a greater dependency on quebracho, the extract used in tanning leather, the main source of which is Argentina. Just how vital this product becomes

(Continued on Page 225)



One dealer served 4,800 cold bottles in a day

with two Liquid Bottle Servitors and made $90 Profit

8 Cold Tubes for 8 different Flavors— the right Flavor always right on top, and COLD!

Send for "Buried Treasure," the book that tells how this innovation has made the sale of Bottled Drinks as sound as any merchandising proposition on earth

Look at These Records

Never Sold Drinks—Now Up to $26.10 Profits a Day—*"We had never sold Bottled Drinks before putting in the Servitor. Yet our profits averaged $22.81 the first ten days."—M. B Siegel, Chicago, Ill*

Saves 5 Clerks—*"One man with the Servitor can handle as much trade as six men without it —Central Park Amusements, Schenectady, N Y*

Cuts Ice Bills in Half—*"Our Servitor has doubled the sale of bottled drinks and cut our ice bills in half."—Chas. T. Drettick, Defiance, Ohio.*

"Almost All Velvet"—*"My Liquid Servitor draws trade for other merchandise and brings in a healthy profit that is almost all clear velvet." —Harry I. Wishnick, Chicago, Ill.*

NO matter what state you live in, there are stores and stands in every direction where cold Bottled Drinks are now being served to thirsty crowds from this novel dispenser—that keeps all flavors handily assorted, cold, clean and ready to serve in a flash.

The Right Flavor Quick!

The Liquid Bottle Servitor keeps Bottled Drinks sorted out for serving just as a cash register keeps money sorted out for quick change making. A separate tube for each different flavor passes through the ice chamber—8 tubes in all, holding 72 cold bottles assorted by flavors. A reserve rack above holds 72 more—making a total of 144 bottles within arm's reach, all sorted for instant service.

Customers get the flavor they ask for every time, and get it in a jiffy! For the channels are always filled with cold bottles of every flavor. A clerk simply takes a bottle of the flavor ordered from the reserve rack, pushes it into the cooling tube containing bottles of the same flavor—and out pops a cold one on the opposite side, perfectly chilled, sparkling and appetizing.

A warm bottle goes into the cooling tube every time a cold bottle is served. Hence, you never run out of any flavor. Bottles of each flavor are always cold, always on top. A clerk doesn't have to fumble among unassorted bottles. Customers get their drinks clean and quick.

Profits Hard to Believe

New dealers are starting off with surprising profits—and old dealers have increased their sales from 100% to 400% since putting in the Liquid Bottle Servitor.

M. B. Siegel, Chicago cigar merchant, had never handled bottled beverages. Yet the first ten days he had a Servitor his profits averaged $22.81 a day. Breymaier and Marx, Schenectady, N. Y., sold 4,800 bottles in one day, with two Servitors and cleared $90. The Coca-Cola Bottling Co., Winfield, Kansas, report large gains for dealers, running as high as 500%.

Only $100—Pay as You Profit

This remarkable invention is a handsome fixture as well as a profit-maker. Finished in light tan enamel with flashing nickel trimmings. People have guessed the price all the way from $200 to $500, but it costs only $100 on easy terms.

Many have paid for the Liquid Bottle Servitor from the first few days' profits; others by the saving in clerk hire; others by a 50% saving in ice; others by converting waste space into a veritable gold mine. (Read actual records in the left column.)

Write Today!

Floor space of only 30 x 35 inches accommodates this treasure chest—and this small space has been known to return profits as high as $675 a month and higher.

If that would interest you, mail the coupon, giving your local Bottler's name, and we will send you "Buried Treasure," our illustrated book, with full description, easy terms, photos, and signed statements of stores and stands that prove every claim we make.

Send for Book—FREE

Over 7,000 Servitors are now earning amazing profits for Drug Stores, Cigar Stores, Groceries, Clubs, Theatres, Play Grounds, Candy Stores, Fair Grounds, Amusement Parks, Railroad Stations, Office Buildings, Chain Stores, Bowling Alleys, Billiard Parlors, Gas Filling Stations, Waiting Rooms Roadside Inns and Stands—many of which had never sold Bottled Drinks before Mail coupon for full details and terms so easy you can pay from your Servitor profits

The Liquid BOTTLE Servitor

THE LIQUID CARBONIC CO.

3100 S. Kedzie Ave., Dept. 4-S, Chicago, Ill. · Branches in 11 Cities

Manufacturers also of Red Diamond Carbonic Gas which puts the life and sparkle in Soda Water

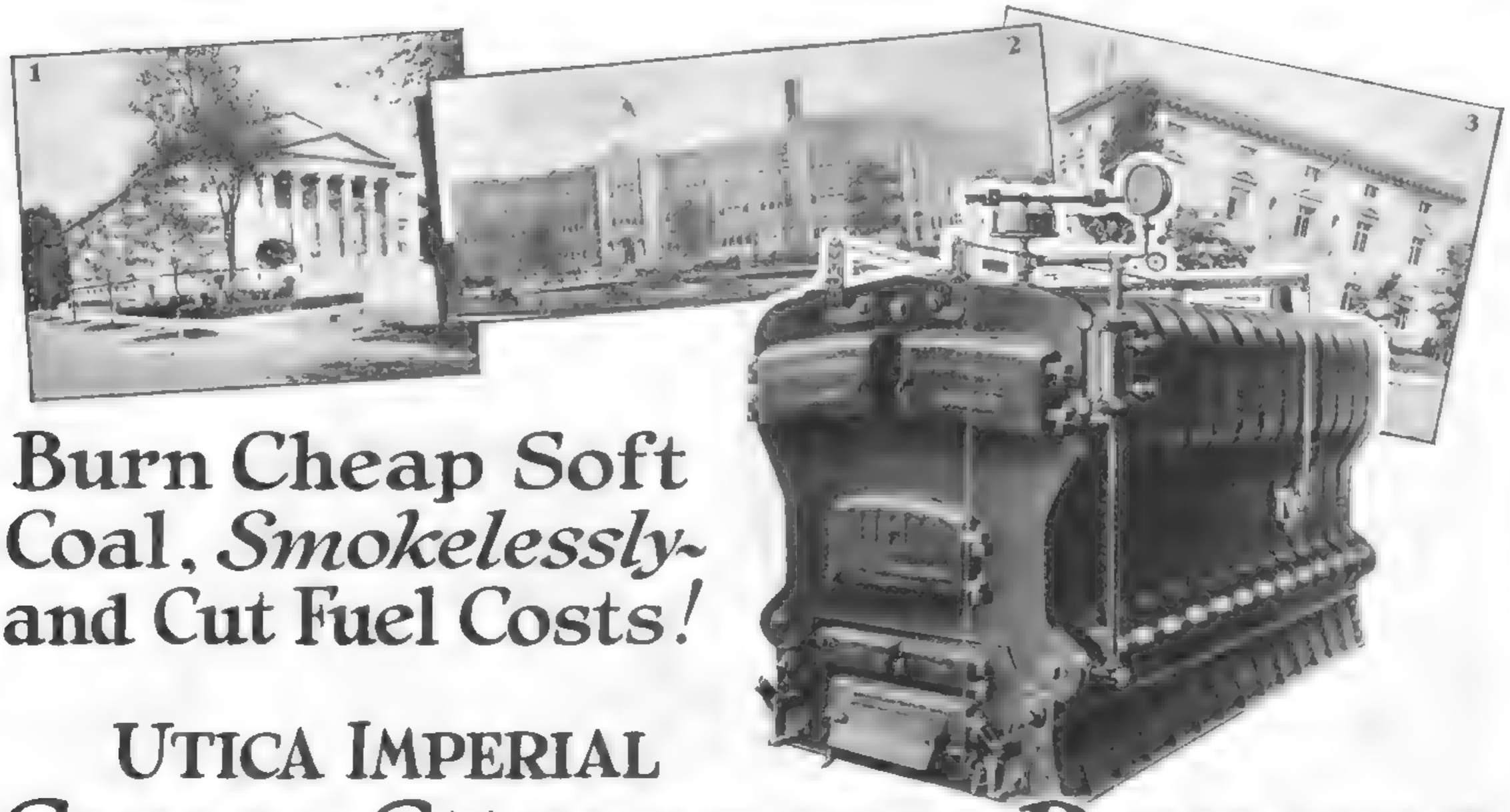
MAIL THIS COUPON

Liquid Carbonic Co.,
3100 S. Kedzie Ave., Dept. 4-S, Chicago, Ill.
Send your FREE book, "Buried Treasure," and easy payment plan on Liquid Bottle Servitor.

Name

Address

Local Bottler's Name



Burn Cheap Soft Coal, *Smokelessly* and Cut Fuel Costs!

UTICA IMPERIAL SUPER-SMOKELESS BOILERS

HOTELS, schools, theatres, churches, apartments, hospitals, residences, office, industrial and public buildings can end forever the needless waste of large quantities of fuel. They can now burn, ***smokelessly,*** the cheapest grades of soft coal—greatly increase the amount of available heat—and cut fuel bills radically by installing the Utica Imperial SUPER-SMOKELESS Boiler.

The BUNSEN-BURNER Principle

These highest-quality boilers, famous throughout America for their cleanliness and economy, utilize the Bunsen-Burner principle of *complete combustion.* An abundance of intensely heated air (oxygen) is injected into the combustion chamber at a point where it meets the smoke and soot just at the time they have been broken into fine particles by striking against the super-heated surface of the baffle section at the rear of the firebox. The injected oxygen mixes intimately with the released smoke and gases, causing a secondary fire, which burns the smoke and effects the most perfect combustion ever obtained in a heating boiler.

A bluish-white "Bunsen-Burner" flame is produced which travels spirally through the flues, super-heating the steam and keeping the flue surfaces clean. *The smoke is eliminated—changed into valuable heat!*

Typical Installations

1. *Sixteenth Church of Christ, Scientist, Chicago, Ill.*
2. *Wyandotte High School, Wyandotte, Mich.*
3. *Italian Embassy, Washington, D. C.*
4. *Hotel Lafayette, Lexington, Ky.*
5. *Residence, A. R. Erskine, Esq., South Bend, Ind.*
6. *Sherwood Apartments, Buffalo, N. Y.*

Write for the Complete SUPER-SMOKELESS Story

Utica Imperial SUPER-SMOKELESS Boilers burn any kind and grade of fuel, providing positive insurance against any fuel situation. They are particularly successful for oil-burning. If you are interested in a dependable heating plant for any type of building, write today for complete information.

UTICA HEATER COMPANY

"Pioneers in Smokeless Combustion"

UTICA, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 222)

is seen from the fact that we manufacture more leather goods than any other country and are the foremost contributor to the leather requirements of all civilized nations. Yet the quebracho industry is strictly monopolistic in character, and is controlled by powerful and highly organized concerns that conduct the business on prearranged lines. The forests of quebracho wood, from which the extract is obtained, in the province of Santa Fé belong entirely to two such firms.

We are equally dependent upon foreign sources for mercury, camphor, pepper, quinine, citric acid, pulp wood, raw silk, shellac, ammonium nitrate, palm oil, antimony, tungsten, vanadium, nickel, cacao, platinum, tea, Chinese wood oil for varnish, jute and burlap, all of which present possibilities for further alien monopolies.

Jute and burlap are essential for use in the manufacture of bags for coffee, sugar, potatoes and other products, covering for raw cotton, and many other purposes. It has never been asserted that there is a direct or indirect control over the production and distribution which might influence price. The fact that the United States uses more than one-quarter of the total jute and burlap produced in British India, where most of the world's supply originates, and the further fact that prices are double those of 1923, make the subject one of considerable concern at the moment. This last-named contingency, however, is due to a short but unregulated crop.

The potentialities for interference by the Japanese Government in raw silk are great, as we have discovered from time to time. Whenever the price drops, the Imperial Silk Corporation, or some other nationally subsidized concern, steps in and buys heavily to shove up the price. Our silk industry, which represents an investment of considerably more than $500,000,000, has sought to encourage an independent source of supply in China. It is worth noting that at one time the Japanese, through their dominance in the matter of the raw product, started to enter the manufacturing end as well.

All this world-wide control of essential commodities leads to two things. One is to restrict exports or, as has been well said, "to establish a unity in selling against the competition of buyers." Behind and beyond this is the speculation which inevitably results. The abnormal increase in the price of rubber was due not only to the inelasticity of the Stevenson Act but also to the fact that speculators, capitalizing the prevailing runaway market, got supplies of the actual article and squeezed the little fellow who had to have it. The big manufacturers who had what the British called forward contracts—we term them futures—were mostly to the good because they were made months ahead at lower rates. Here you again have the old story of the average person, whether consumer or producer, who gets the hot end.

Potential Monopolies

Perhaps the best comment on this state of affairs was made by a distinguished American, who said:

"These international monopolies have a very wide difference from governmentally created domestic monopolies. In all modern governments where we do create a monopoly, we likewise regulate its prices and profits in order to protect the consumer. In these international monopolies the consumer has no voice at all.

"We, as a government, have set up no such controls, and through our Sherman Act we prevent our citizens from doing it. The so-called Webb-Pomerene Act is not for this purpose. We have clung tenaciously to the belief that economic progress must depend upon the driving force of competition. The only thing of the nature that has ever been seriously proposed in our country was certain measures of agricultural relief which in themselves did not partake of this character, for they contained the benevolent aspect of proposing to fix a higher price to our home consumer than to foreigners and thus to bless the foreigner with cheaper food.

"The problem that faces the world, and possibly the most serious problem, is not alone the commodities that are now controlled but the spread of these ideas. There are many other raw materials whose sources are so situated that they could also be controlled by action of a single government. The price of wool could be controlled by governmental action within the British Empire. The prices of oil, cotton and copper could be controlled for many years by similar governmental action in the United States. Tea and jute could be controlled by India; antimony and tungsten by China; nickel and asbestos by Canada.

"But an even greater danger lies in the fact that if we conceive a spread of these ideas largely into international commerce, then it is perfectly practicable under government patronage for controls to be established by cooperation of producers in several countries and thus steel, vegetable oils and a long list of other commodities can be brought quickly into this menacing vision."

A consoling feature is that these foreign controls play no favorites, because the price of rubber has been the same to the British tire manufacturer as to the American. This is all right as far as it goes, but as is the case with coffee, we are by far the biggest consumers. In a larger sense, and to paraphrase an old saying, it is one community of control that not only makes the whole world of consumers kin but permits it to be charged fancy prices as well.

Additions to Our Annual Bills

One other observation is worth recording. Few of the controlled commodities have their origin in the great industrial nations. The coffee monopoly is in Brazil; the sisal in Mexico; the nitrates in Chile; the camphor in Japan and Formosa; and long-staple cotton in Egypt.

We can now proceed to the brass tacks of the matter. Since the pocketbook is the vulnerable objective of all controls and monopolies whether large or small, let us see what they have cost us and likewise what the overhead is likely to be this year.

Perhaps the most effective way will be to take four controlled commodities—namely, rubber, coffee, sisal and long-staple Egyptian cotton. They not only provide a wide range of need, but the estimated import value on them for 1926, based on the average import price of 1924 and 1925, will give some hint of the figures involved. I am using a special table prepared by the Department of Commerce.

We will begin with rubber. The import value during the entire twelve months of 1925 was $441,213,782, or an average price of more than sixty cents a pound for the spot product. This was two and a half times the average spot price of 1924. Turn to our estimated total rubber cost for 1926, based on prices in November, 1925, and you find that the bill for 1926 would be $598,500,000. Compared with 1924 prices, this would mean an excess of $385,200,000.

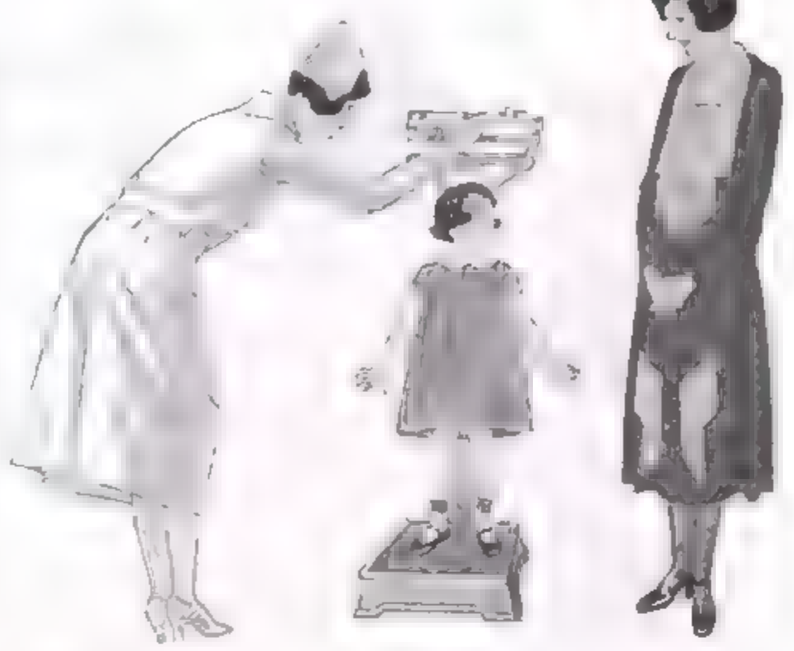
With coffee—the figures are for eleven months—the total import value for this period in 1925 was $257,928,000. At the average price in November, 1925, the cost of our breakfast cup for this year approximates $279,500,000. Compared with our bill for 1924, however, this shows an increase of $52,000,000.

Though the sisal figures do not begin to approach those of rubber and coffee, there is the usual advance under monopoly, and this is the point that I want to make. In the first eleven months of 1925 we spent $21,608,000 for the essential twine raw material. The forecast for 1926 at the average 1925 price shoves it up to $25,950,000.

The same degree of advance is evident in the statistics for Egyptian long-staple cotton. Again using the eleven-month period, you find that the bill for 1925 was $17,613,000. At the November, 1925, prices, the bill for the corresponding period

If every mother knew what every nurse knows!

Boys		
Age	Weight	Height
1 Yr.	20 lbs.	29 in.
1½ Yrs.	22.8 "	30 "
2 "	26.5 "	32.5 "
3 "	31.5 "	35 "
4 "	35 "	38 "
5 "	41.2 "	41.7 "
6 "	45.1 "	44.1 "
Girls		
Age	Weight	Height
1 Yr.	19.8 lbs.	28.7 in.
1½ Yrs.	22 "	29.7 "
2 "	25.5 "	32.5 "
3 "	30 "	35 "
4 "	34 "	38 "
5 "	39.8 "	41.4 "
6 "	43.8 "	43.6 "



Average weight and height of children as computed by authorities on baby feeding

See if your child is of normal height and weight

NURSES, doctors, authorities in child feeding, know that the proper choice of foods is the most important single factor contributing to the child's growth and development.

In 2000 nurses' training schools, sixty thousand nurses each year learn the value of whole wheat as a vital food for young or old, sick or well. Everywhere, eminent specialists in child feeding recommend Wheatena.

In thousands of homes, the tempting aroma of delicious hot whole wheat has started more children and grown-ups eating Wheatena than even the advice of doctors, nurses and dietitians.

Wheatena is whole wheat at its best—a natural unrobbed cereal, rich in the food elements required for nourishment—carbohydrates for energy, vitamin B, protein for growth, mineral salts for bone and tissue, just enough bran for safe regulation.

Treat your family to Wheatena for breakfast tomorrow. On your table in three minutes at less than two cents a pound.

Wheatena

The delicious whole wheat cereal

The Wheatena Company,
Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.

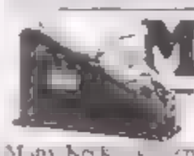
Please send free sample package of Wheatena and recipe book.

Name

Address

"DEAR MOTHER" CHOCOLATES

Something new and different. One of the most delicious candies in America. You'll say it's the best you ever tasted. Send only 60c and [illegible] fancy box. SUGAR BOWL, Chillicothe, Mo.



Men Wanted

Sell Keck Tape Dispensers and Printed Tape—eliminates string; advertises merchant's business.

$100 a Week

you can too—full or part time. Big market; quick sales; repeat orders on advertising tape. The Keck has made [illegible]

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Money back if not satisfactory
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OPERATING DE LUXE SERVICE IN

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Asbury Park	San Francisco
Boston	Salt Lake City
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Folders of above cities free

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Charles W. Matthews
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Ralph Young
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A. B. Arment
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18 or 80

Here's Cash for Your Spare Hours

WHATEVER your age, we will offer you liberal payment to care for our present subscribers and enroll new readers for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

Charles W. Matthews, for instance, has made $5.00 in one day. On Saturday afternoons and in the evenings, Grant DeK. Pritchard says he has many times averaged $2.50 an hour. Ralph Young, of Ohio, earns an average of at least $10.00 a week. A. B. Arment has made $100.00 in a single month.

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We need more men and women workers in your locality right now. You need only the willingness to try work that is easy, pleasant and dignified. To learn all the attractive details of our offer just send the coupon below.

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I'll be glad to look over a proposition which will pay me up to, say, $1.50 an hour for my spare time. No obligation, of course, if I don't like it.

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WANTED—one store keeper in every town and city outside of New England to have the exclusive sale of our Products—Vacuum Packed Regular Tin Cartons—Guaranteed. We are Importers, Roasters and Packers. The purest and finest in every particular. Holland-American FAR EAST Tea, Coffee & Cocoa Co., 27 Haymarket Sq. Boston, Mass. Satisfaction wherever we are represented. Send $2. for assortment worth $3 until dealer is appointed.

BIG BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY
$400 MACHINE EARNED $5640 IN ONE YEAR. $100 machine, $1440; $140 machine, $2160. Many St. Louis machines earned annually $4000. One man placed 500. Responsible company offers exclusive advertising proposition. Unlimited possibilities. Protected territory. $1000 to $3000 investment required. Experience unnecessary. NATIONAL KEI LAC CO., 320 N. 19th St., St. Louis, Mo.

Stoll 1926 Clear Space Tent

The last word in camp comfort. A roomy, rigid, portable home with patented advantages no other tent contains.

No Center Pole—No Corner Poles

Set Up by One Person in Five Minutes

Its ease and speed of erection; its firm rigidity; its clear space roominess, and its compactness when folded are the result of a new principle of steel arch construction which eliminates center pole, corner poles and guy ropes.

The patented arched frame comes in three jointed sections. Nothing to lose or forget. Extremely simple to set up. Nothing short of a cyclone can blow it down.

The tent is made of specially woven and treated dark green color-fast fabric—rain-proof and mildew proof. Has sewed in floor, screened windows and door, and large semi-enclosed arched awning that adds an extra room. A camp outfit that appeals to women particularly because of its roomy comfort and its insect and bug proof features. Choice of four sizes to accommodate 2, 3, 4, 5 or 6 people. Rolls into bundle 9 inches in diameter, 48 inches long.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG
and Name of Nearest Stoll Dealer

The catalog shows complete line of Stoll Clear Space Tents, folding steel beds, folding tables and chairs, water-proof mattresses, carry all bags, luggage carriers and other compact camp equipment.

THE STOLL MANUFACTURING CO., 3267 Larimer St., Denver, Colorado

this year would show an increase of $4,000,000.

Let me now present this price business in another way. I will take two groups of commodities. The first list will deal with those under actual monopoly or control and include rubber, sisal, coffee, long-staple cotton, iodine, camphor, nitrates, potash and mercury. Our estimated total bill for them in 1925—for the eleven months ending November it aggregated $728,594,000—was $794,830,000. They constituted 19 per cent of our total imports.

The second group includes 72 articles, ranging from raw silk and quebracho to pepper and tin. The estimated cost for 1925 by the end of November it had reached $1,138,896,000—was $1,242,432,000. This group accounts for 29.7 per cent of our imports. The two groups roll up the impressive total value of $2,037,262,000 and constitute 48.7 per cent of all our imports.

It is safe to assume that the extraordinary rise in rubber last year would probably have been accepted as an ordinary market episode without criticism if it had not been tied up to official action. The British cotton-goods industry has never rebelled at an advance in the cost of the raw staple, simply because the price had no connection with any kind of national supervision.

Under the free play of the law of demand and supply, prices rise; but no feeling is engendered, because the high price usually stimulates production and relief is almost automatically inevitable. On the other hand, with controlled production, the natural ebb and flow of economic forces are stifled.

There is still another dangerous by-product of control. It lies in the possibilities for political manipulation. If the present systems continue, the result, to quote an observer, "will be a world in which governments are engaged in negotiating and jockeying to procure favored positions in the distribution of the very lifeblood of industry and of the necessities of everyday life."

When Monopoly Backfires

The ramifications developing from such a state are little short of terrifying. Sooner or later essential supplies may be dictated by government officials. This means, in turn, that expediency, whose interpretation is legion, and not sound economic procedure, will influence both production and distribution.

Before leaving America to investigate the British rubber situation I asked Secretary Hoover to give me his conception of this phase of alien monopolies. His reply was:

"Nothing is more destructive of sound economics than government control of raw materials. When governments go into the control of commodities by restricting output, the whole vital merchant sense of expanding use is lost.

"A runaway market such as has existed in crude rubber, which is the result of a failure to restrict prices, not only works havoc but offers no stimulus to production. Rubber acreage has not materially increased under British control. On the other hand, with rubber at thirty-six cents a pound, a considerable part of the British Empire could be planted and everybody might be prosperous.

"An easy-going and tolerant world, anxious above all things to keep down international friction, might let these controls in international trade continue—objectionable as they are—if their product in every case had been merely to secure a reasonable profit to the producer. Some of them have advanced prices far beyond this point, and again demonstrate that inherent quality of all combinations in restraint of trade—that no unregulated monopoly is ever content with the reasonable, but always seeks to justify the unreasonable on some ground or another."

One further consequence of control remains to be outlined. It is embodied in the defense that manufacturers and consumers are erecting against excessive price and limited output. Range the whole field of monopoly and you discover that many of the arbitrary institutions to restrict price and output are slowly but surely developing into Frankensteins that will eventually destroy themselves. It is the usual result of overplaying the game.

What might be called the phenomenon of retribution in the overplay of monopoly is aptly illustrated in the decline in our imports of Brazilian coffee. In 1910, 75 per cent of our coffee came from Brazil and only 8 per cent from Colombia. At the time I write the Brazilian percentage has fallen to 65 while our consumption of the Colombian product has risen to 18. Hence Brazil's loss of 10 per cent in our trade has been exactly offset by Colombia's increase. While Brazil marks time because of opposition to her valorization procedure, the rest of the coffee world, which believes in unrestricted sale, climbs steadily upward and onward.

Harmony Through Trade Accord

The protest against monopoly takes various forms. As is the case with both rubber and coffee, the consumer is resorting to every device to restrict his use of the product. The coffee drinker either makes his supply last longer than ever before or turns to tea, cocoa or other substitutes. The motorist patches his tires. The tire manufacturer concentrates on the reclamation of old rubber. The indications are that the output of reclaimed rubber in the United States this year will be at least twice and possibly three times that of 1925. It is bound to operate against purchase of the crude.

Moreover, for the first time, our tire manufacturers are seriously organizing for the establishment of independent sources of rubber supply in the Middle East, notably in the Dutch areas where there is no restriction, in the Philippines, in Liberia, and even in Brazil. As I have already indicated, an annual crop of 100,000 tons of American-produced rubber would swing the market.

What is true of rubber and coffee is equally true of other products. The American farmer is demanding synthetic nitrates We are seeking to establish sources of potash supply in Texas. We are giving definite encouragement to the cultivation of sisal in Cuba. We are using artificial silk to the increasing exclusion of the real thing. Thus substitutes of one form or another are playing a big part in the drama of consumer defense.

Of course we could take another tack. We could prohibit credits in the countries that maintain control. We could boycott the products of certain monopolies. We could set up purchasing combinations and meet the issue of a national seller with a single buyer intrenched behind unlimited capital. We could assume the lead in organizing the world of consumption against the domain of production that enforces its arbitrary will.

But, as Mr. Hoover has pointed out on more than one occasion, such procedure means trade war, with all its possibilities for wider misunderstanding, and we want to dwell in trade peace. The way to international political harmony lies through economic accord.

In the end the larger safeguard seems to lie in the establishment of our own sources of supply wherever possible. In the case of rubber, wherein this is peculiarly practicable, we would learn the hazards and handicaps of the game. One result could easily be an Anglo-American cooperation to bring about the much-desired stability of output that a great industry, now so vital to life and progress, needs.

Meanwhile we shall probe into all the alien monopolies in raw materials and see how our independence of some of them can be achieved.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with alien commodity control. The next will be devoted to the crisis in rubber.

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The Modern Farm Paper

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

"No, the house hasn't 'settled'— *only the doors have warped!*"

THOUSANDS of solidly built homes on firm foundations are misjudged because of warping doors. Architects and builders know that certain conditions of atmosphere and climatic changes will play tricks with ordinary doors. They "sag," jam, rattle and split. That's why each Laminex door is *built-up*, scientifically . . immune from all such conditions.

Science shows that wood contains tiny cells, or *tracheids*. These never change in length; but with moisture, heat and cold, they shrink and swell in width, causing warping. It is this characteristic of wood that Laminex construction overcomes.

In Laminex doors, the upright stiles and cross-rails are built on a core of interlocking blocks with the grain crossed in adjoining sections. All parts, including the plywood panels, are welded with Laminex water-proof cement; then placed under tremendous hydraulic pressure for 24 hours.

Thus it is that Laminex can go through so many sensational tests without warping or coming apart. Last October, at the Los Angeles "Home Beautiful Show," a stock Laminex one-panel door was kept in water for 233 hours, without damage. During the same month at the Canadian National Exposition at Toronto, another Laminex door survived a continuous soaking for *fourteen days*. No damage of any kind. Millions of Laminex doors in use . . all giving satisfaction.

The famous soaking test as originated by Prof. Bror. L. Grondal, proving that Laminex is unaffected by moisture. Under this sensational test, repeated in all parts of the country, no Laminex door has ever warped or come apart.

Part of a group of 61 residences being built at [illegible], Connecticut, by J. P. Jones, large operative builder. Mr. Jones says: "The fact that Laminex doors are free from warping and shrinking or private rebuilding and refitting I consider a great advantage. I have always advertised and sold Laminex doors and since we have used Laminex greatly assisted in making sales."

Look for "Laminex" guarantee

There is only *one* door that'll give Laminex results — that's Laminex! Carried in stock by leading millwork and lumber merchants in popular designs. Look for the replacement guarantee label and brand on end of door. Mail the coupon for literature and sample of Laminex wood.

Sales Offices: New York, Chicago, Memphis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Spokane. Foreign: Woco Door Co., London; E. J. Van de Ven, Paris; Paul Solari & Co., Genoa.

THE WHEELER, OSGOOD COMPANY
Tacoma, Washington

LAMINEX DOORS

Will not shrink, swell or warp

THE WHEELER, OSGOOD COMPANY, Tacoma, Washington
Gentlemen

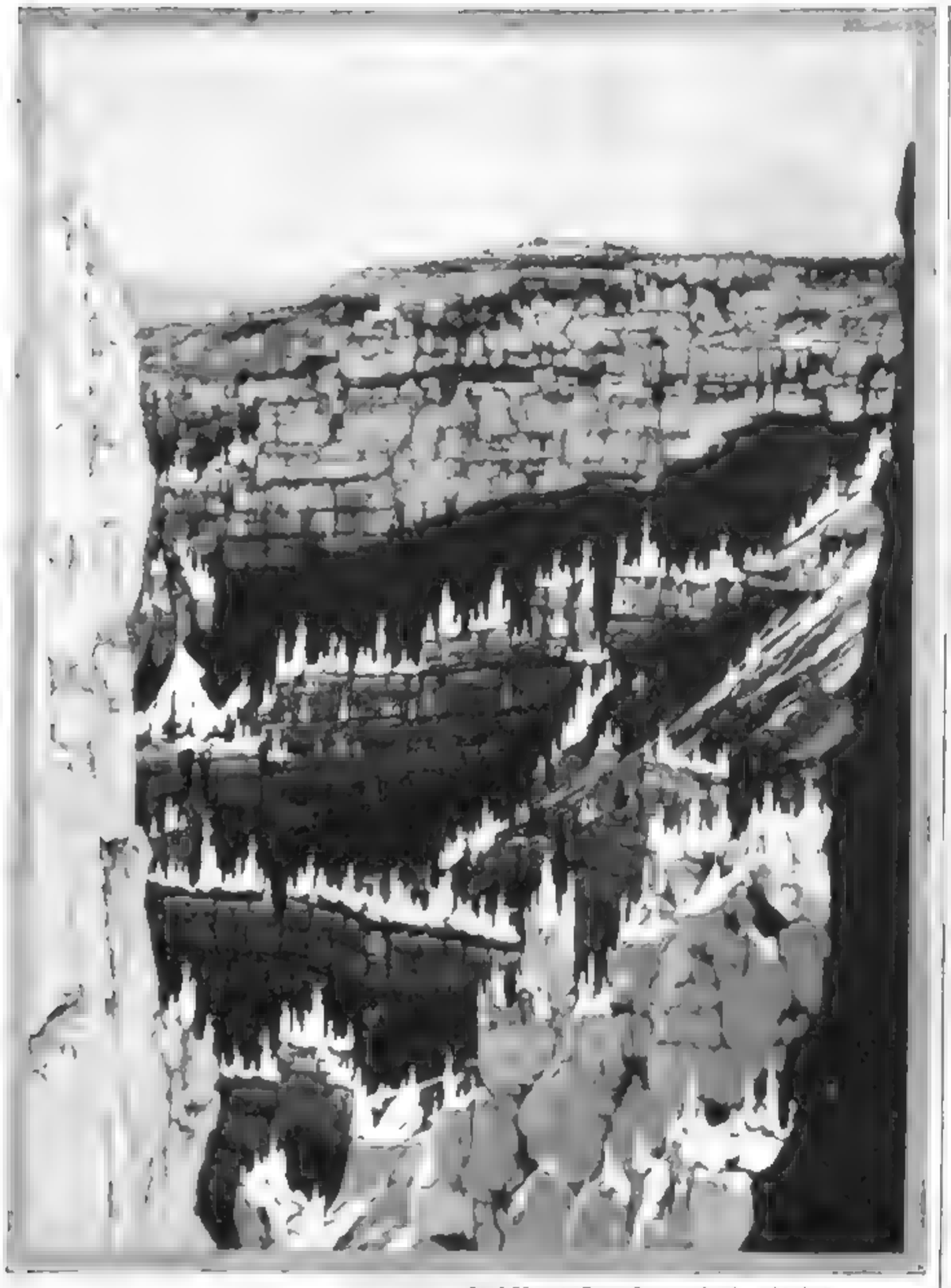
Please send illustrated literature on Laminex doors and sample of Laminex built-up wood I wish to make my own tests to prove that Laminex will not warp or come apart.

Name

Address

City ..... State

I am interested as a
(Please state whether Home-owner, Architect, Contractor, Merchant or Realtor)



A Vista in Bryce Canyon, Southern Utah

Make-Believe Land Come True

See Bryce Canyon—Zion National Park—Cedar Breaks Prismatic Plains—Kaibab Forest North Rim Grand Canyon

Season June 1 to October 1

Every shade and tint of every color plays over the rock castles, cathedrals and galleries of sculpture crowded in the colossal chasms and canyons of this new vacation wonderland. Cliff dwellings, Mormon pioneer outposts, wild horses, white-tail squirrels and thousands of deer in a forest beautiful as a dream—and sublime Grand Canyon! Where else can you see as much?

Low fares. Through sleeping cars to Cedar City, then 5-day motor-bus tour including Kaibab Forest and North Rim Grand Canyon, or shorter 3 or 4-day tours to Zion, Bryce and Cedar Breaks only. Also escorted all-expense tours. Comfortable lodges. A memorable vacation itself or an easy side trip on tours to Salt Lake City, Yellowstone, California or the Pacific Northwest.

Handsome book in natural colors tells about this new wonderland in Utah-Arizona. Ask nearest Union Pacific Representative or address

General Passenger Agent (Dept. Z) at
Omaha, Neb Salt Lake City, Utah Portland, Ore. Los Angeles, Cal

UNION PACIFIC

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 36)

Nor deign to tell me Fare You Well,
Nor So Long, Bill, nor Go To Hell;
But as he went I seemed to hear
Him sob again, "Not here, not here!"

III

I met him in the wilderness;
His car was red with rust;
A million punctures, more or less,
His every tire had bust;
His teeth were gone, and his hair eke;
I saw despair about him reek,
And when I stopped he 'gan to speak:

"O fellow flivveroo," quoth he,
"Give ear and I'll enlighten thee!

"My whole long life I've spent in quest!
From north to south, from east to west,
Year after year, I've roamed afar,
Seeking a place to park my car!

"Now age has bowed my once proud head;
My nerve is shot, my spark is dead;
I hand the torch to you instead!

"North, south, east, west, I hopeful steer,
Day after day, year after year,
And see the legend sneer and fleer
And mock my woe—'NO PARKING HERE!'"

IV

His aged flivver gave a cough
That shook its differential off;
His aged flivver gave a groan,
And dropped down dead as any stone.

I screamed with grief. I could not bear
To gaze upon the anguish there;
I sobbed and turned my face away;
And as I sobbed, I heard him say—

"Farewell, farewell!
Yet. . . . Who can tell? . .
Mayhap, in some land, lying far
Beyond yon dim and distant star,
I'll find a place to park my car."

His head fell back the earth upon;
His head fell back and he was gone.

Yet eftsoon to my shrinking ear,
Horripilating me with fear,
I heard his hopeless voice from out
That far-off place he spoke about—
"Not here. . . . Not here. . . . Not here!"

—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Five Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

The new father buys many things

Cigars are just the beginning of a string of purchases, many things he never thought of buying before

YOUR CUSTOMER IN THE MAKING

Every time a marriage license is issued; every time a child is born; every time a salary is raised; every time a home is bought—a new customer is created for goods he never bought before. These new customers appear daily by the hundreds of thousands. To reach these people in the mass is the function of printing and direct advertising.

THIS man giving away cigars does not smoke. But an event in his family caused him to buy a box of cigars and pass them around. And this is just the beginning of new needs.

Hardly a week will pass that these parents will not have to buy some goods they never bought before.

How will they make their decisions on what to buy and where to buy it?

Largely on the basis of printing.

We are able to live, to grow, to meet emergencies and cope with new situations because of what we learn and have learned from booklets or other printed pieces.

That most of this printing is advertising makes no difference.

The American people have accepted advertising as the right and economical method of learning how to live and how to buy.

We buy our foods, clothe ourselves and our children, furnish our homes and care for our possessions from advice and information supplied by business men and made available by printers.

We travel, we cook, we select schools and make our wills by advice that comes from the printing press in the form of advertising books and booklets.

So true is this that you can hardly name a great business in America without naming a great buyer of printing.

And if you are in a business that you wish to see grow, remember that business growth without the use of printing is like travel without the use of mechanical power—possible maybe, but painfully slow.

If your business deserves to grow, if your goods deserve to be sold, it is very hard to use too much printing. The bigger the business, the better this fact is understood.

To merchants, manufacturers, printers, and buyers of printing

Advice and information on the preparation of effective direct advertising is contained in a number of books on various phases of the subject issued by S. D. Warren Company.

Copies of books now printed and those to be issued may be obtained without charge by addressing any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers, or from S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts. Please indicate the subjects in which you are most interested.

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS
Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding and binding

[better paper better printing]

$15 and your old fixture

for this new five-light Riddle Fitment, in drop-light style illustrated, candle piece of the same type, or semi-ceiling fitment with chain suspension. The 25 per cent trade-in allowance reduces the regular retail price of $20 to only $15.

Prices of Riddle Fitments do not include lamps.

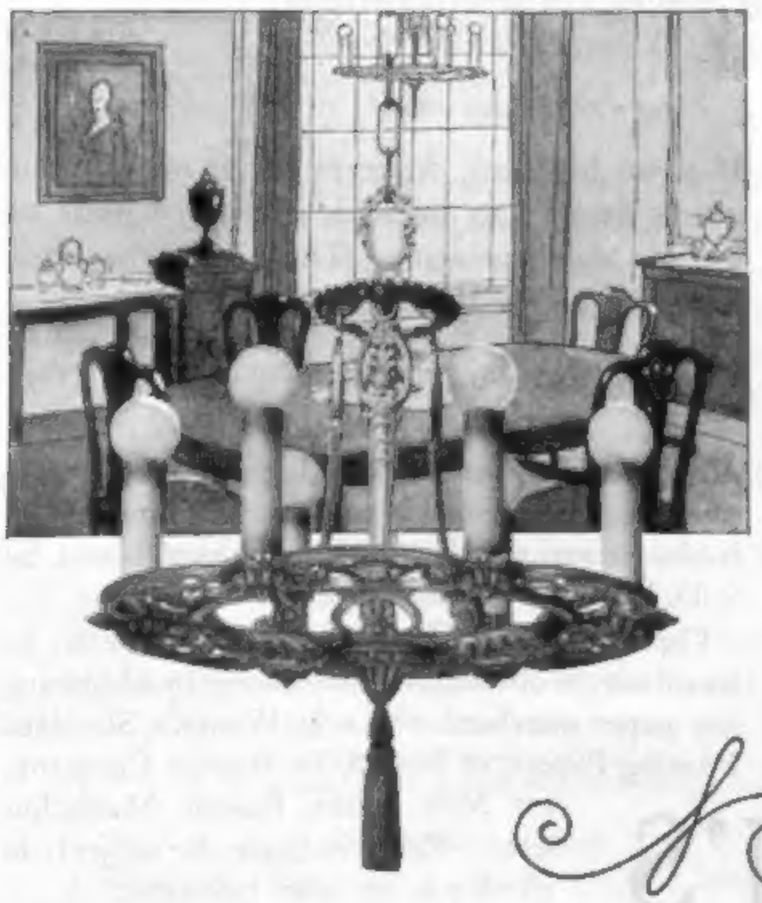
Trade in your old lighting fixtures

Your lighting fixtures probably attract more attention than any other item in the home. Why have lighting equipment that is out of style when you can trade in your old fixtures and receive 25 per cent allowance on new Riddle Fitments, the standard of residential lighting? Spring months—the redecorating months—provide an ideal time to make the change.

Three beautiful new sets of Riddle Fitments included in our great *Trade-In* allowance offer

There is an added advantage now in trading in your old lighting fixtures for new Riddle Fitments. The 25 per cent allowance from the regular nationally advertised price applies not only to all the present beautiful Riddle styles but also to three new sets of Riddle Fitments that have just been designed and may now be secured from any Authorized Riddle Dealer. The illustration at the top shows the drop-light fitment of one of these new sets—an unusual and effective type which also represents an exceptional value at the regular retail price of $20—and an even greater value at the trade-in allowance price of $15 . . . Below are illustrated two other new fitments, priced $32.50 each. The fitment at the left is a six-light piece of oval shape particularly designed for the popular elongated type of room, or for use over an oval or rectangular dining table. The other fitment, also priced $32.50, is of generous size for dining and living rooms of relatively large dimensions. The trade-in allowance of 25 per cent reduces the cost of these $32.50 fitments to $24.37 . . . The fitments illustrated are especially notable for their grace of design, enhanced by chaste modelling and by the colorful and permanent decoration characteristic of all Riddle Fitments. Available for replacement purposes at 25 per cent less than the regular price, they offer a truly unusual opportunity for beautifying the home at minimum cost . . . If you are not acquainted with an Authorized Riddle Dealer, through whom the trade-in allowance is available, write us.

THE EDWARD N. RIDDLE COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO



Your old fixture and $24.37 for either of these new $32.50 Riddle Fitments

Either fitment in drop-light style if desired. All other Riddle Fitments also available for replacement purposes at 25 per cent less than the regular prices—including complete new installations for homes and apartments.

Riddle
DECORATIVE LIGHTING FITMENTS

Rock walls are always *safe* walls

Copyright 1926, United States Gypsum Co.

"Very beautiful, indeed," said the guest to the proud member of the New Building Committee. "And what became of the old clubhouse?"

"Burned down. Caught fire some way, and being out here in an exposed position, not much could be done. It was a total loss. We are building this one fireproof."

* *

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